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THE MILITARY CONDITION OF FRANCE IN 1889.

BY COUNT PAUL VASILL.

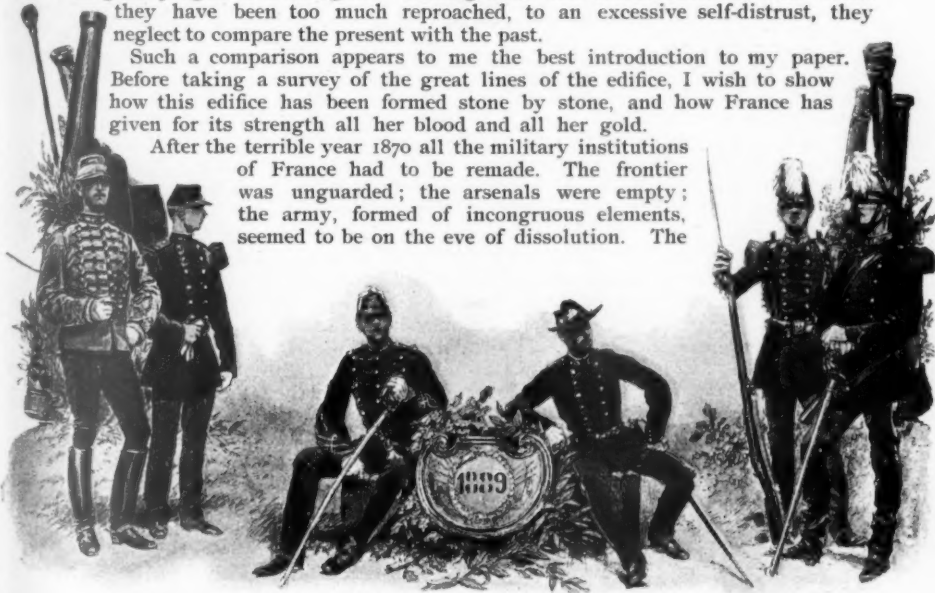
PART I.—THE REORGANIZATION OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

TO write about the French Army is, if not an easy, at least a tempting task for a sincere friend of France. The army is the only French institution of which nothing but good can be said. It has remained, amid the wrangles of the parties which contend for the mastery of this noble and unfortunate country, the living embodiment of the nation as it is when united in the presence of an enemy. In spite of the instability of the parliamentary *régime*, in the absence of a permanent and unchangeable system of management, the army has not ceased to improve by the concurrence of all well-disposed people and by incessant sacrifices.

Of this improvement, the French, always inclined to extremes, are perhaps not as good judges as a foreigner. Passing from that self-satisfaction, with which they have been too much reproached, to an excessive self-distrust, they neglect to compare the present with the past.

Such a comparison appears to me the best introduction to my paper. Before taking a survey of the great lines of the edifice, I wish to show how this edifice has been formed stone by stone, and how France has given for its strength all her blood and all her gold.

After the terrible year 1870 all the military institutions of France had to be remade. The frontier was ungarded; the arsenals were empty; the army, formed of incongruous elements, seemed to be on the eve of dissolution. The



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THE FLAG OF ST. CYR.

troops of the Empire and those organized for the defence of the nation, when confronted, looked at each other with unfriendly eyes.

The most pressing need was to form an army which would be homogeneous and truly national. This was effected by the law of 1872.

This law relating to recruiting, while borrowing its principles from the German system, increased the burdens of that system, to compensate for the numerical inferiority of the sources of recruiting for the French army. It was perceived that the success of the Germans was due not to their number alone, but still more to the fact that all the vital forces of the country were put at the service of the army, and that all the elements of the nation, all classes of society, without exception or privilege, combined in forming that army.

At the head of the law, then, was

placed the declaration that all able-bodied Frenchmen between the ages of twenty and forty are obliged to render military service. All of the same age are a "contingent," and the twenty contingents provided by the law are apportioned thus: The five youngest contingents are in the active army, the next four in the reserve. The five following form what is called the territorial army, and the remaining six the reserve of that army. It was explicitly provided that the territorial army shall be used only for the defence of a territory included within certain limits, and that the territorial

reserve shall not be called out except in a case of national danger.

The obligation of military service, general in time of war, admits in time of peace of certain restrictions and degrees, rendered necessary by certain social necessities and family needs.

Besides men absolutely unfit to bear arms, the law exempts from service in time of peace, recruits of a physical constitution of only moderate strength, and all below the minimum height, whom it places in various auxiliary services of the mobilized troops. It dispenses with the services of those who are the support of a family, the eldest sons of widows, the eldest of a family of orphans, and so on, all of whom are enrolled as part of the reserves only. It relieves from all military services those engaged in public instruction, and the clergy, as long as they remain in the active discharge of their duties. It admits to the benefit of the reduction of active service to a

single year: first, young men destined for the liberal professions; second, a part of the contingent determined by drawing lots, and the number of whom the minister fixes every year in accordance with the means placed at his command by the budget.

Under this system, out of the two hundred thousand able-bodied men who are every year put at the disposal of the land army, about one hundred and ten thousand serve for five years nominally, although in fact only forty-six months; thirty thousand men serve one year, and sixty thousand, who come under the exceptions above mentioned, receive a very cursory instruction during two periods of twenty-eight days.

This proportion of men insufficiently instructed appears too considerable, and a new law submitted to Parliament imposes on them an active service of one year. At the same time it extends the age of military obligation to forty-five, assures the organization of the territorial reserve, and assimilates the territorial army to the active army. The effect of

these measures, which were rendered necessary by steps taken beyond the Rhine, will add about a million of men to the two millions of instructed soldiers that France can at present place on her frontiers.

The law of 1872 furnished the men. It was necessary to organize them and prepare them for prompt mobilization; to form in time of peace those great organic unities of the army, *corps d'armée*, divisions, brigades; to provide these with their staffs, with their different services and their equipments; to establish a simple relation between the unities of the command and the divisions of territory; to group the districts containing the reserve about the subsistence corps. To do this was the object of the law of 1873. By that law France is divided into eighteen *corps d'armée* districts of nearly equal extent, and each containing about two million inhabitants. Each of these districts is subdivided into eight districts, corresponding to the eight regiments of infantry of the corps. All the troops of the corps, infantry, cavalry,



THE POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL.



A CHASSEUR.

artillery, trains, and different services are stationed in time of peace each in its own territory; each active regiment having in its depots the arms, equipments, provisions, and wagons necessary to put it on a war footing, as well as those of the corresponding territorial force.

At the time of mobilization the infantry reserves domiciled in a subdivision of the district—that is to say, within a radius of forty kilometres—fill up the regiment garrisoned in their subdivision; the men belonging to the territorial army contributing at the same place to the mobilization of the territorial regiment. All the reserves, then, are essentially local and grouped around a *corps d'armée*. The corps, on the contrary, on its peace footing, is formed of recruits drawn from all parts of France. The latter arrangement at the same time cements the national unity, and assures in the active army a happy mixture of all conditions and races of men belonging to French soil. The simultaneous play of national recruiting and local reserves

guarantees the rapidity of mobilization, and keeps up, with its complex qualities, the type of soldier I shall try to analyze farther on.

Carry your thoughts back to the sad experiences of 1870; recall those corps made up without due preparation, those field officers who were unacquainted with their troops and compelled to search for them at the various points of concentration; those troops led to the frontier without camp equipage and subsistence; the ordnance for the entire army accumulated at the one park of Vernon, out of which it could not be got,—and some estimate can be formed of the progress made!

When France is at war, she utilizes every man. But that does not suffice. The army claims all the resources of the country, its various crops, its working-stock, its horses. The horses especially are necessary to move the numerous equipages, the two thousand wagons which follow each *corps d'armée*. To the one hundred and thirty thousand horses constantly in use by the army must be added about three hundred thousand borrowed from agriculture or trade. The law of requisitions foresees and provides for this levy by the army on all the national wealth, on the railways, and on the beasts of burden. The method of making requisition for horses is arranged in a very ingenious fashion. Every two years military commissions take a census of and classify the horses of the country. Lists of the horses fit for service are made out, and they are classified according to their suitability for the different arms. The staff of the *corps d'armée*, working on these lists, distributes among the regiments, according to their needs and prox-



IN SAUMUR.



CAVALRY DRILL AT SAUMUR.

imity, lists of the classified horses within their districts. When the army is mobilized, commissions of requisition take immediate possession of the horses.

An army organized and provided with all its *matériel* requires, besides, to be instructed and to have capable company officers. The greater the number of men to be handled, the more important becomes the individual training of the soldier, and the thorough instruction of the company officers, commissioned and non-commissioned.

France does not spare expense in her efforts to accomplish these two ends.

From the soldier she requires not only four years of active service, but, be-

sides, two periods of instruction, each of twenty-eight days, every year during the time that he is numbered among the reserves, and a period of thirteen days each year while he is on the rolls of the territorial army. Eleven millions of francs are devoted every year to the expenses of those different musters. No European power consents to greater sacrifices.

The musters of the reserves take place at the same time as the grand manœuvres, and give to the new institution its full development. A true picture of war, the autumn manœuvres are for every one—generals, officers, and soldiers—the best of schools. They accustom the population to endure without murmurs the burdens



A PUPIL OF THE CAVALRY SCHOOL.

of the quartering of troops and the requisitions. All the *corps d'armée* take part in these manœuvres during a period which varies from fifteen to twenty days. Besides these manœuvres may be mentioned, as means of instruction for the officers, the visits of the staff to other countries, the exercises of the company officers, the studies required in winter time, and so on.

To form good non-commissioned company officers is not an easy thing when the term of service is short. The Germans have solved the problem by forming their sets of non-commissioned company officers and corporals exclusively of those who enlist after their term of service has expired, that is to say, of soldiers by profession. In France they have tried to follow the same system without success, in spite of all the advantages offered to non-commissioned officers who consent to remain in the army. Premiums, high pay, retiring pensions, various allowances, of which the total may exceed five thousand francs, have been powerless to keep up a regular current of re-engagements. The economic conditions

are different in the two countries, and the general well-being in France disinclines the French non-commissioned officer to follow a military career.

Now, however, it is hoped to keep him in the army by reserving for him, by a new law, a large portion of those civil employments which are the promised land of all Frenchmen, every one of whom is born, more or less, a public functionary. Let me add that a new institution, schools for the children of soldiers and non-commissioned officers, will furnish, after a few years, an abundant nursery for non-commissioned officers. Already there are in operation six of these schools, with three thousand pupils.

Other schools have been founded, which assure, under the best conditions, a supply of company officers. These, under the former system, were taken partly from the soldiers and non-commissioned officers, partly from the Polytechnic School and that of St. Cyr, to which youths are admitted immediately after leaving the Lycées. To the establishments already existing, St. Cyr and Saumur for infantry and cavalry, the Polytechnic School and Ecole d'Application for artillery and engineering, have been added, for non-commissioned officers capable of advancement, schools at St. Maxent for infantry, at Versailles for artillery and train service, an annex at Saumur for cavalry, and an Ecole d'Administration at Vincennes.

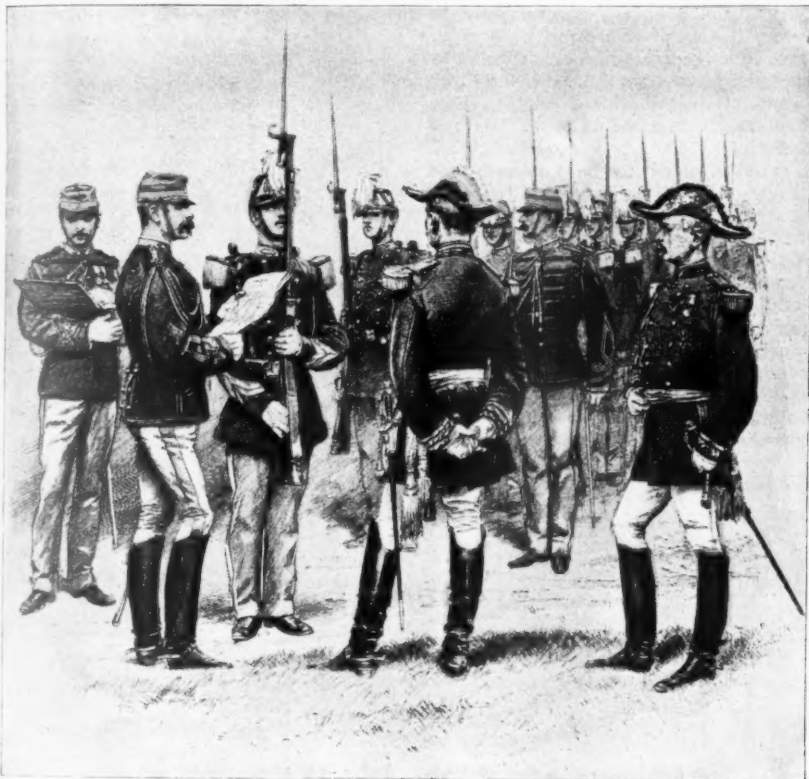
The infantry officers improve themselves in the district schools of marksmanship, in the schools of gymnastics, and the schools of company work. The artillery officers can learn how to command batteries in practical courses at Bourges. The medical corps begin their studies at the Ecole de Santé recently established at Lyons, and finish them at the Val-de-Grace.

At the head of all these establishments of instruction has been placed the Superior School of War. This is at the same time a sort of academy intended to develop in the army military knowledge of a high order, and the source from which the service of the Staff is recruited. Officers of all arms can apply for admission there after five years of active service. They are received to the

number of from seventy-five to eighty every year, and pass two years in following the course of instruction. Their age, the constantly increasing number of those who apply to be examined for admission, the nature of their studies, make them a real *élite*, and from those who stand highest in it are chosen the members of the Staff.

The Staff, recruited in this way, is con-

elaborating plans of mobilization and concentration, with studying theatres of operations and foreign armies, the General Staff is the artisan of all that work of preparation which has in it the germ of success or disaster in wars to come. It corrects, in part, the deplorable effects of ministerial instability, and it would correct them entirely if the Chief of the Staff was a permanent officer. Here I



INSPECTION REVIEW AT ST. MAXENT.

stantly renewed and strengthened by the rotation established between its service and that of the corps. Besides, the Staff, as in Germany, has its link of attachment to the General Staff instituted for the Ministry of War.

The creation of this General Staff of the Minister was the first reform in point of time, and not the least important of the reforms which followed the unfortunate campaign of 1870. Charged with

touch one of the weak points of the French army.

The army has for its sole chief, both administrative and military, the Minister, who combines in his hands the powers which in other countries are divided between the sovereign, his minister, his chief of staff, and perhaps a prince who is commander-in-chief. Never have more responsibilities been heaped upon a merely ephemeral personage. Twenty ministers

have succeeded each other since the war of 1870, and it is remarkable that, with a direction so variable, the military condition of the country has been, little by little, restored. It has not been, however, without a notable loss of time, of money, and of effort.

The evil is too evident not to have awakened attention in France. Different remedies for it have been sought, of which the happiest, beyond doubt, is the institution of five army inspectors. These five general officers, destined to command armies in the field, form the nucleus of the Superior Council of War. They constitute a stable element in the chief command. A suggestion of theirs may be expected to be followed, but always upon the delicate condition that the Minister is willing to follow it. The true remedy, in my opinion, would have been the separation of the administrative and military duties of the Minister, confiding the latter to a commander-in-chief assisted by a chief of staff.

Such are, in outline, the reforms and improvements made since 1870. Recruiting, organization, instruction, command,—in these are combined everything which concerns the army. Not to these alone, however, have the efforts of the country been confined. Surprised by the destruc-

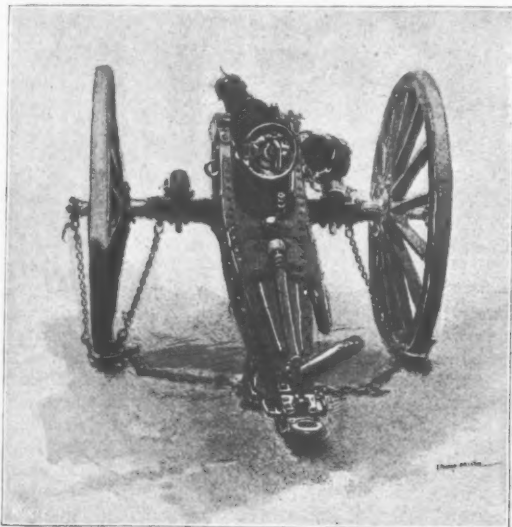


BREVET OFFICER OF STAFF.

tion of their brave troops, the French have obeyed a natural reaction in devoting themselves perhaps too much to the investigation of mechanical forces, and in being absorbed in perfecting their *matériel* and armament. Holding too cheaply that factor essential to success in offensive war, *the man*, they have conceded a very large part to the secondary factors, the passive elements, the arms, the *matériel*, and especially the fortifications.

We Russians smile at all these technical influences and all this progress of modern mechanical art. "It is not precisely those who know how to kill," says our Dragomirow, "but those who know how to die, who are all-powerful on a field of battle."

With this reservation we must offer homage to the pecuniary sacrifices which this indomitable nation has made, and to the marvelous material results it has obtained.



NEW FIELD GUN.

The army equipages, more than twenty thousand wagons, kept complete and on wheels, with their harness, are divided among the different places of mobilization. At the same points, in the storehouses for mobilization, are stored the uniforms, equipments, arms and ammunition necessary for two million men. Immense stocks of provisions for mobilization, concentration, and the reserves are laid up and are kept fresh by the daily consumption.

In fifteen years the armament of the troops has been twice changed. For the *matériel* of seven and of five of the Reffye system, created immediately after the war, the artillery has substituted pieces of ninety-five, ninety, and eighty millimetres; for wooden caissons, iron caissons. The infantry has just exchanged its Gras gun of the 1874 pattern for the repeating Lebel gun of the 1886 model, which is considered the best arm in use in European armies. The powder fac-

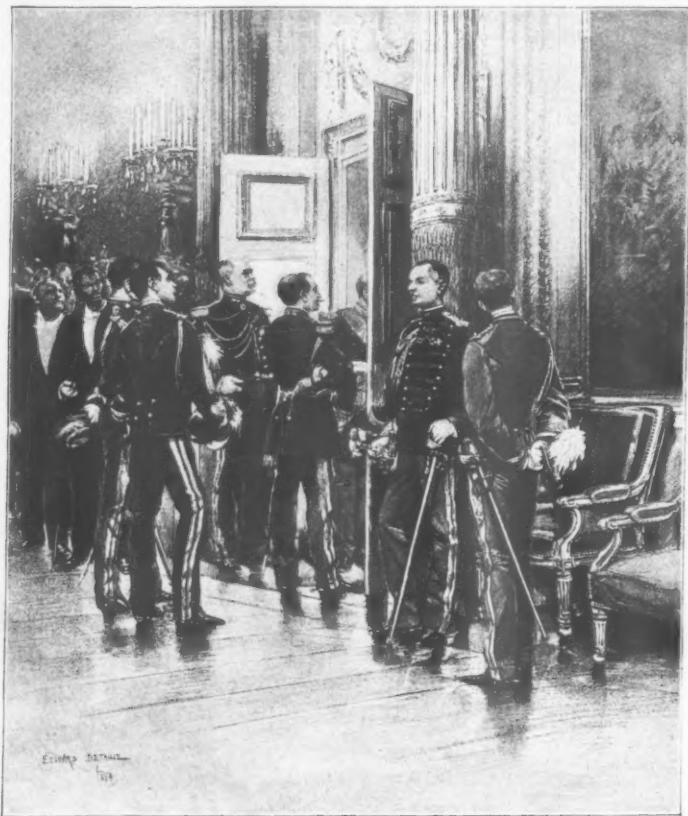


STAFF OF GENERAL OF DIVISION.

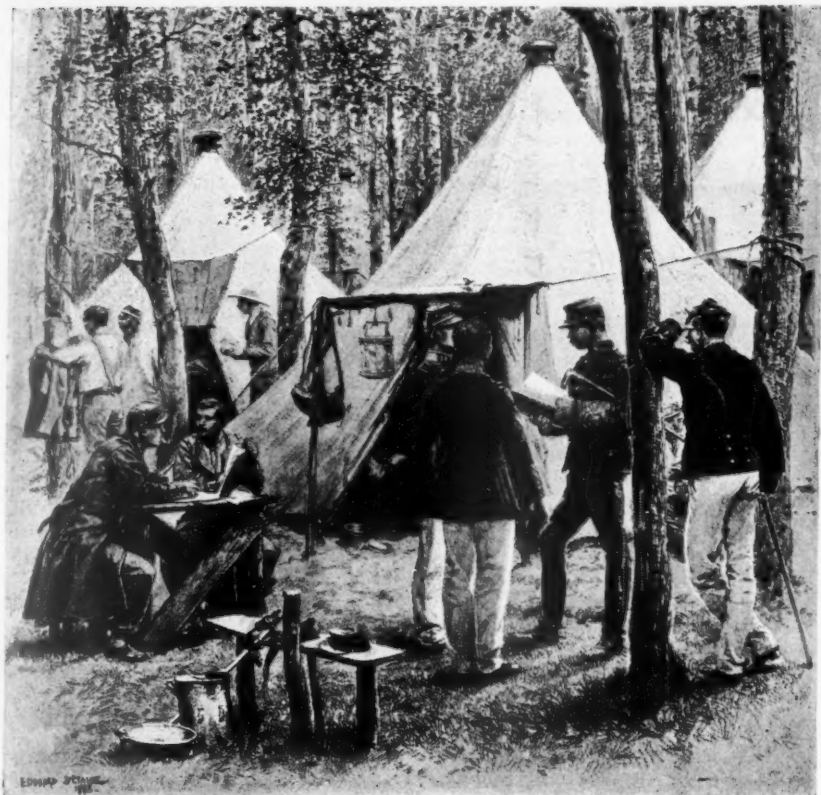
tories make for this gun, and perhaps for the artillery, a smokeless powder, of which the projectile force is wonderful, and the composition of which is kept secret. From their laboratories comes mélinite, an explosive more powerful than dynamite. The spreading fuse and the grape-shot shell made their appearance in France long before they were known in Germany.

The expense of these costly inventions is counted by hundreds of millions of francs. And yet it is always possible that these inventions may be surpassed, and consequently their use is of doubtful value. To give the soldier a new arm appears an excellent thing, but always on condition that he will have to use it soon.

Not less burdensome are the fortifications which have been built everywhere on French soil. The eastern frontier presented no good line of defence. So an artificial frontier has been constructed on the most easterly of the five consecutive elevations which the geologists designate as surrounding the basin in which Paris lies. Verdun, Toul, Epinal, Belfort, immense entrenched camps, are the points which connect this defensive line. From Verdun to Toul, all the openings through the hills of the heights of the Meuse, from Epinal to Belfort, all those of Faucilles, are guarded by stone forts. This continuous line of entrenchments leaves for armies two roads only,—one between the strong places of Mézières and Verdun, the other between Toul and Epinal,



MILITARY HEADQUARTERS OF THE PRESIDENT.



OFFICE OF THE SERGEANT MAJOR.

where the French flatter themselves they will be able to stop a German invasion.

Belfort itself is connected by a continuous line with Montbéliard and the Swiss frontier. On the latter, all the passes of the Jura are guarded by works and the entrenched camp of Besançon.

Along the frontier of the Alps, Grenoble bars the valley of the Isère, Briançon that of the Durance, Nice the road along the seashore. All the places which had been built before have been altered according to the most recent models. In the interval, forts have been built to guard the high valleys of the Isère at Conflans, of the Arc at Lesseillon, of the Guil at Mont-Dauphin, of the Vesubia near Utelle. Lyons, strategic key of all this region, and the objective point of an

Italian invasion, is surrounded by forts in a double girdle, of which the circumference is sixty kilometres.

On the northern frontier, Belgian neutrality has not been thought a sufficient guaranty. Dunkirk, Lille, Valenciennes, Maubeuge have become entrenched camps of the first order. I may mention, in passing, the defences of the sea coast, and the works, in other respects insufficient, at the war ports of Brest, Cherbourg, and Toulon.

Behind this first line of defence established on the frontiers of the north, east, and southeast, a second line has been constructed. The triangle formed by Laon, La Fère et Soissons stands up to bar the opening of the Oise. The unfinished camp of Rheims is situated between the Aisne and the Marne. Langres and

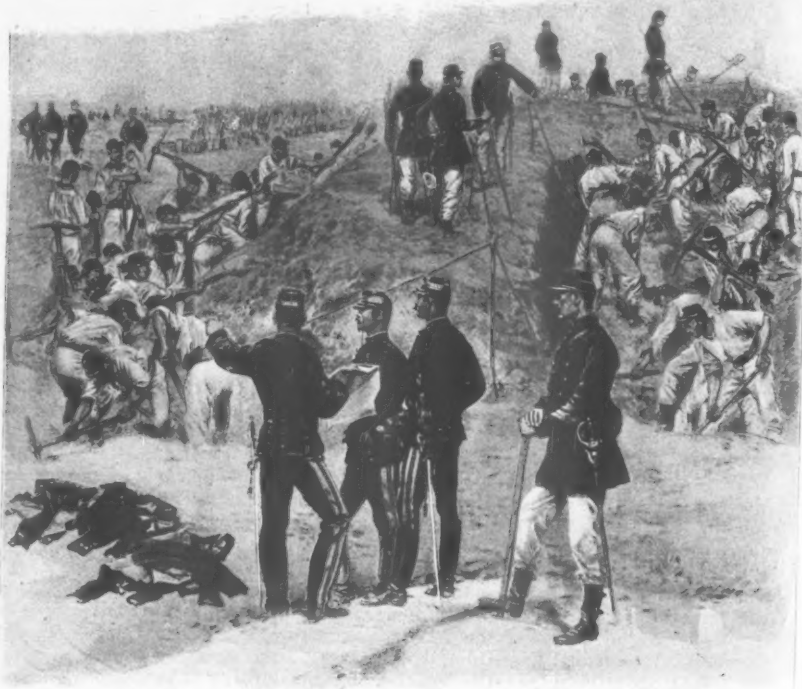
Dijon command the passages of the plateau of Langres.

Behind all these, Paris, supreme support of the national defence, offers its triple line of forts, and its entrenched camp of two hundred kilometres, capable of enclosing two millions of men.

All this system of defence, ingeniously planned, and which has cost more than a half-milliard of francs, appears to be seriously weakened by the discovery of the explosives hellhofite, belhite, m  linite. If the great entrenched camps, by reason of their movable garrisons; if the defences of the Alps, by reason of their situation,—seem to be always susceptible of being utilized, the stone forts are no longer of use. This is a sore loss for France, but a lesson by which she will profit, and her true friends ought to be glad of it. This lavish supply of fortifications was contrary to the national temperament. It weakened from the beginning the direction of operations, and

prepared a defensive campaign. Four hundred thousand men would hardly have been sufficient to garrison all these strong places, and the absence of these men would have been cruelly felt on the battlefields of the Meuse or the Moselle. "The Russians," writes General Zukow, "have no need to shelter themselves behind ramparts or to surround themselves with trenches." I think the state of the case is the same with their future allies, their old rivals before Sebastopol.

The more I condemn the expenditure of the sums which have been thrown away on fortresses, the more I approve of what has been spent upon the system of railroads. They are a fifth arm in modern war, and the arm which contributes most strongly to assure an offensive campaign. We are learning this in Russia, though a little late. In France the results already obtained are prodigious. The



CONSTRUCTION OF A REDOUBT.



BATTERY OF ARTILLERY.

system of railroads which amounted to sixteen thousand nine hundred kilometres in length in 1870, now amounts to more than thirty-three thousand, and will reach thirty-seven thousand kilometres. Eleven lines with a double track end on the frontier, which extends from Mezières to Belfort, furnishing means of transportation for two mobilized *corps d'armée*; and more than a hundred military stations, ranged one behind the other *en echelon*, at the terminal points of the road, assure the prompt landing of the troops, and especially of *matériel* in the zone of concentration.

Figures have their eloquence,—a little

dry to read, but very convincing. I will cite a few of them as a conclusion to this first part of my article.

The sums that France expended up to 1887 for the restoration of its army, under the head of extraordinary expenses, reached the respectable figure of two milliards two hundred and forty-three millions of francs. In 1888 a new account was opened, which, so far as can be seen, will exceed eight hundred millions of francs.

The ordinary war budget, which under the Empire did not exceed four hundred and fifty millions of francs, reached five hundred and eighty-two millions in 1886,

and is five hundred and fifty millions for 1889. If to this be added the average marine budget (without regard to the colonies), say two hundred millions, it appears that France appropriates for the support of her land and sea forces nearly eight hundred millions of francs, the fourth of her total budget. Happy the countries which are ignorant of these unavoidable necessities, and devote in peace their forces to the development of their well-being and the progress of civilization.

So much for the sacrifices France makes. It would be unjust not to mention the results obtained by them.

The imperial army numbered on paper four hundred and thirty thousand men, but in fact, three hundred and eighty thousand, of whom hardly two hundred and fifty thousand could be put in the field at the beginning of the campaign. Its reserves amounted to more than one hundred and fourteen thousand drilled men. The Garde Mobile furnished about five hundred thousand men without any sort of training.

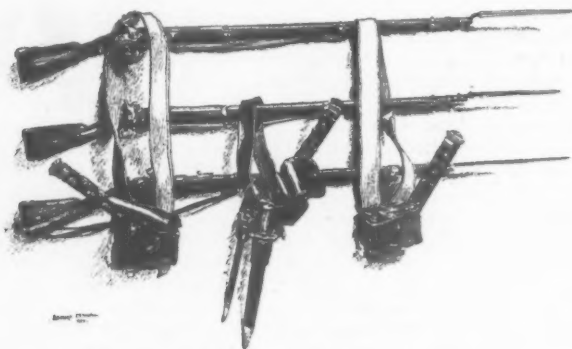
To-day the French army on a peace footing has an effective force of twenty-six thousand officers of all grades, five hundred and fifteen thousand soldiers, one hundred and forty thousand horses. Making allowance for the gendarmerie and those absent on leave, the net effective force is in 1889 four hundred and seventy-three thousand officers and sol-

diers. Further on, we shall see that the reserves of men thoroughly drilled will bring this army up to nearly one million three hundred thousand men. An equal number of drilled soldiers will be found in the two classes of the territorial army.

(To be concluded next month.)



ORDNANCE OFFICER.



OLD AND NEW RIFLES, WITH MARSHALS' BATONS.



ENTRANCE TO TUXEDO PARK.

AN ORIGINAL, SOCIAL, EXPERIMENT—TUXEDO.

BY B. L. R. DANE.

"TUXEDO PARK!" ejaculates the guard, thrusting his white cap into the car for a moment, and speaking in a tone that suggests he has just discovered this fact in geography, and must promptly retire to investigate it. The train draws up at a picturesque little station-house set against a background of wooded hills. Two languid young men look out of the window contemplatively a moment, and having demonstrated that they never by any accident allow themselves to be hurried, rise slowly, thrust the papers they have been reading into their pockets, and saunter out. They have been preceded by a jaunty elderly gentleman with crisp white curls round a wholesome, ruddy face, who is faultlessly dressed and has the buoyant step of twenty years. His valet follows with traveling-cases and a bundle of umbrellas and canes. There are also two women, handsome, perfectly appointed, and reaching the mellow period where the happy and prosperous halt long, between the ending of growth and the beginning of decay. The guard has completed his geographical investigations, and, mounting the car, pulls the bell and announces to the remaining passengers that some unpronounceable thing is "next," and they all go away in search of it. There is a liveried serv-

ant in charge of a little yellow buckboard and two satin-skinned, short-tailed brown ponies, that wait for the vigorous old gentleman. A mail phaeton with a big English horse receives one of the languid young gentlemen, while the other, with the two ladies, takes his seat in a stage, low, wide, and handsome, that waits for them. There are seats outside, and one may go up there if one wishes, and climb the hills in the clear autumn air behind three fat black horses and get a bit of coaching gratis. The languid young man concludes he doesn't wish to, and so the liveried attendant who has taken all baggage checks and looked after every one's luggage shuts the door and gives the signal to start. There is one little street opposite the station-house, containing a chemist's shop, a post-office, half a dozen small shops, and the headquarters of the "Tuxedo Park Association." All the houses are as neat and pretty as the station-house, and evidently built by the same hand. There is no town of Tuxedo, and these little shops have grown up as an adjunct to the Park.

The stage turns to the left at the end of the street and through a great stone gateway. An official with uniform and badge stands on the porch of a little house on the right, and he and the stage



PIERRE LORILLARD.

driver exchange a glance. All is well, and it drives on. Immediately opposite the official's house is the gatekeeper's lodge, built, like it, of the rough stones taken from the hills,—irregular boulders covered with lichens. It is as large as many a summer cottage, and is built upon an arch across a little chattering stream. There are boxes of late scarlet geranium blooming on the deep ledges of the muslin-curtained windows; and as the stage drives by in the autumn dusk the light from a big log fire streams through the open door, and passengers see a gamekeeper in cords and leggings, with a pair of tall hounds on either side of him, standing near the blaze and gossiping with the lodge-keeper's wife.

"It looks like a frontispiece to an English novel," remarks one of the handsome women to the other as they pass.

"The whole place is like a great well-kept English estate," replies her companion,—a description of Tuxedo in a sentence. Tuxedo Park, a few years ago, was a wild tract of six thousand acres of forest, with a lake in the middle of it. It was—and is yet—the property of Pierre Lorillard, the well-known New York millionaire, society leader, yachtsman, lover and racer of horses, and manufacturer of tobacco. It has descended to him from his grandfather, and lies in the county of Orange, in the State of New Jersey. Later, when the club was formed, William Waldorf Astor was appointed a committee to inquire into the origin of its queer name. There were two expla-

nations. The common people declared that because the lake, where good duck-shooting was to be had in winter, was surrounded with cedars, the place had been called Duck Cedar, and later corrupted into Tuxedo. The students of Indian languages derived the word from *P'tauk seet*—Algonquin for "bear"—and *tough*—"a place;" for students of the Indian tongues, like the employees of the Heralds' College, can find anything they happen to be looking for. So Mr. Astor reported in favor of the Indian origin of the name, which signified "a place of bears," and the discussion was concluded.

Mr. Lorillard and a great many of his friends had been in England, and enjoyed the hospitality of English country houses; having, in consequence, a well-developed admiration for the methods of life, the luxury, dignity, and splendor of the owners of these great estates. There was nothing in the least resembling it in this country, and Mr. Lorillard undertook to supply the want. Tuxedo is the result. When an Englishman by sword or ledger achieves great fortune, his first impulse is to buy land.

He schemes and saves to constantly increase his estate, his children marry with an eye to outlying acres, and when the whole is enclosed in a ring fence he proceeds to decorate and beautify a spot in the center for his own residence. He wants seclusion, he wants to own everything in sight, to be lord of his horizon; and his sense of dignity is flattered by the fact that the house of his nearest neighbor is a mile away, and half the land between is his own. He fills his house with guests at times, at times shuts it up to travel, or go to London for the season; but it is his home, it passes from father to son, and each generation finds the repose and solitude to be found there pleasant to think of, even if they rarely avail themselves of it. The American, on the contrary, is by instinct gregarious. He can have no conception of pleasure which includes solitude or any degree of remoteness from his fellow man. When he is in command of the revenues of a duke he first of all builds a city house which is essentially his home, and all his rural instincts are satisfied by the purchase of a building-lot, less than an acre square, for an enormous sum, at a

fashionable resort, whereon he builds another great palace so close to his next neighbor that he could throw biscuits into his windows, did such a form of exercise ever appeal to him as amusing. The pleasure that may be had in privacy, far away from the high road, and behind walls and hedges, is simply inconceivable to him. His wealth gives him no pleasure if there are not many people about to see him enjoy it.

After Mr. Lorillard had secured all these delights of his eyes, he felt something was still lacking, and, remembering how pleasant had been the ducal estates he had seen on the other side, determined to have one too. "What is this personal magnetism I hear people talking about?" asked a petulant beauty. "Tell me what it is and I'll have some." Most of the great country places at which Americans had enjoyed English hospitality were the result of the labor, taste, and liberality of half a dozen generations; but the American, in the person of Pierre Lorillard, had that faith in his millions which we are assured will move mountains, and said, "Go to! Here are six thousand acres of forest. I will make me a great ducal estate, the like of which is not surpassed in the three kingdoms." It never occurred to him to live in the midst of this estate alone. In

the place of the English ducal residence was to be a club-house and cottages.

Hood says that the foreign count who married Miss Kilmansegg had but one rural idea—

"That the country was green turned up with brown,
And garnished with trees that might be cut down,
Instead of one's own expenses."

And the American's one idea concerning the country is "building lots!"

Mr. Lorillard, with the characteristic energy of Americans, began the apparently herculean task, and in three years turned a forest into a superb park, the like of which does not exist on this continent, which half the English peerage might envy, and where the sale of building lots goes briskly on. He formed a club whose roll was limited to the sacred number, four hundred, and its ranks recruited from the Brahmin class. They, through their representatives, and under the leadership of Mr. Lorillard, govern the destinies of this great demesne, fill vacancies in the club membership, and pass upon the applications of would-be purchasers of land. Some forty or fifty cottages have already been built, and the settlement of the park is rapid.

During this interval of explanation the coach has rumbled swiftly along the macadamized road ("There are thirty miles of this road over the estate," ex-



THE CLUB-HOUSE IN WINTER.



THE BARBEY COTTAGE.

plains the first well-preserved lady to the second, up and down hill, through spaces of forest, past a charming little rustic church (St. Mary's, presented to the place by Mr. T. H. Barbey), past Mr. Lorillard's own residence, loftily placed and commanding noble views; wound about the lake side (a silver sheet a mile or more long and half as wide), and finally sweeps around into the region of clustering cottages, and draws up in front of the great club-house.

"Bruce Price did it," explains the first lady. "It's very successful. He's done a lot of cottages too, and has one himself. The architects find it pays them to come and live here."

A servant comes forward, opens the door, and takes the rugs and traveling-cases. The travelers are welcomed by groups of friends and acquaintances clustered about the broad veranda that runs all around the club-house; but they pass into the square hall, whose center is occupied by a great fireplace, where logs are burning, for the air of the autumn evening is crisp. There is a big table near it, with lamps and books, and the great sil-

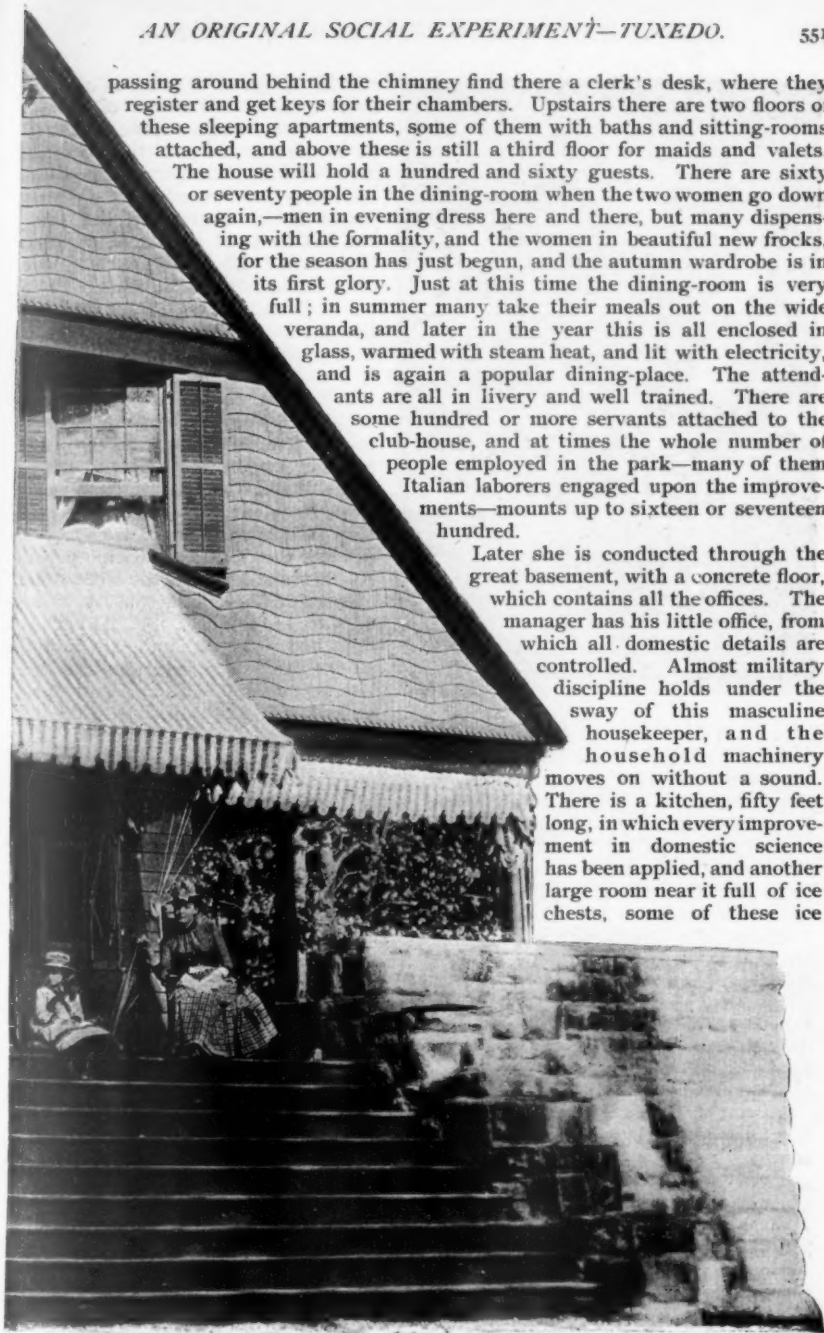
ver cup given by Mrs. Astor as a prize for the greatest number of sailing-matches won by a woman between June and November. Some one is looking at a list hanging near the door, and says the three names oftenest on the list of winners so far are those of Mrs. George Griswold, Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, Jr., and Mrs. Walker Breese Smith. In the long low parlors on the left, five-o'clock tea is being drunk. A big silver urn hisses on a tray near the fire, and men and women are grouped about near it. A few of the men are in hunting-dress. They have been, with the others about the hall fire, discussing the day's sport,—for the preserves at Tuxedo are excellent, and good shooting is to be had for grouse, pheasant, quail, and partridge,—and have ventured in for a moment for a cup of tea. The women, too, are still in out-of-door costume. They are freshly home from driving, tennis, or walking, and it is not yet time for the dressing-bell.

One would scarcely suspect this was not an autumn party at an English country house were it not that the travelers

passing around behind the chimney find there a clerk's desk, where they register and get keys for their chambers. Upstairs there are two floors of these sleeping apartments, some of them with baths and sitting-rooms attached, and above these is still a third floor for maids and valets.

The house will hold a hundred and sixty guests. There are sixty or seventy people in the dining-room when the two women go down again,—men in evening dress here and there, but many dispensing with the formality, and the women in beautiful new frocks, for the season has just begun, and the autumn wardrobe is in its first glory. Just at this time the dining-room is very full; in summer many take their meals out on the wide veranda, and later in the year this is all enclosed in glass, warmed with steam heat, and lit with electricity, and is again a popular dining-place. The attendants are all in livery and well trained. There are some hundred or more servants attached to the club-house, and at times the whole number of people employed in the park—many of them Italian laborers engaged upon the improvements—mounts up to sixteen or seventeen hundred.

Later she is conducted through the great basement, with a concrete floor, which contains all the offices. The manager has his little office, from which all domestic details are controlled. Almost military discipline holds under the sway of this masculine housekeeper, and the household machinery moves on without a sound. There is a kitchen, fifty feet long, in which every improvement in domestic science has been applied, and another large room near it full of ice chests, some of these ice



MRS. POTTER AT TUXEDO.



ONE OF THE DEER HERD.

boxes being made on an improved plan invented by Mr. Lorillard himself for the preservation of game. On the other side of the basement is the barber-shop, and the rooms containing the lockers and rod-closets of the anglers, for Tuxedo preserves its fishing as well as its game. There is no laundrying below stairs; all such work is done in New York.

After dinner—this being Saturday evening and the beginning of the season—Landers's band plays in the big circular ball-room at the rear of the house. The floor is smooth as a mirror, and laid in elaborate parquet patterns. The walls, like those of the two drawing-rooms, are plastered in rough finish and tinted a deep pinkish cream. Above is a broad frieze of frescoed gold and silver ribbons and looped garlands, and the ceiling is a soft blue, and ribbed with heavy rafters. There is a brown-plush divan around the room, between the windows, and a row of camp-chairs where a few chaperons sit, while slim girls in gauzy skirts and long, corset-like silk bodices circle about in the arms of men whom an all-afternoon's tramp in the stubble after birds

has not fatigued. There is a handsome stage at one end of the room, with velvet curtains, scenery painted by Goatcher, and all the appurtenances for amateur acting. The room has often been crowded to see Mrs. James Brown Potter act, but since she has deserted the amateur ranks there is no one to succeed her, and the curtain remains unlifted. There are traditions of Mrs. Potter all about the place. She was one of the earliest guests and cottagers here, and it was on the club paper she wrote that famous note of recommendation of a well-known complexion nostrum. She helped to make the place popular, engineered amateur theatricals, looked after the first great balls, invited influential people to stop with her, and wrote much matter out into the world on the club paper. At first she occupied the little stone cottage at the lake's edge, near the club-house, but Mr. Potter bought land, and built, high on the mountain side, a place of sharp spires and turrets that is one of the most conspicuous features of the place. Her old

cottage is now the residence of Mr. Francis Carley, of Louisville, and his beautiful daughter, Mrs. Hunt. With the exception of Mrs. Potter, no actress has ever been the guest of the club.

All this the newcomer learns from her friends during the progress of a game of billiards in the great room full of tables opposite the dining-room. It is fitted in a style to match the other apartments on this floor, and after dinner many of the women take a cue, and some of them play extremely well at both billiards and pool. Out of this opens the smoking-room; there are screens near the doorway, and one can not catch more than a glimpse of the interior. As the evening grows late the men begin to drift in here, and the women disappear up the shallow winding-stairs. There is a long oval wing to the house, known as the Bachelors' Annex, and they do not fear disturbing any member of the gentler sex by their late hours.

The days at Tuxedo furnish varied amusements that change with the seasons. In winter the stables are full of sleighs, and there are thirty miles of

roads through forest and open. The lake, on whose shores the club-house stands, is kept free of snow, and the skating is good and constant. There is a lower lake into which this one empties, and above this is the famous Tuxedo toboggan slide, very nearly a mile in length. It ends at the lake's edge, and the momentum sends the tobogganer sliding the whole way across, along the icy road swept through the snow. Sleighs at the other end wait to carry the sliders back to their starting-point. The slide is lit with electric light, and on frosty nights the narrow icy path is covered with whizzing sleds that carry parties of gay, blanket-clad men and women over that mile in considerably less than a minute. There is a bowling alley attached to the club-house to furnish indoor amusement, and the winter season is a gay one, particularly at Christmas. The place is crowded. Every train

brings delegations of men and rosy women buried to the ears in fables. "The pace that kills" is set and kept; everything goes with the rush and swing of the season, whipped into swifter step by the keen exhilaration of the dry, keen air of the winter hills. People run away for a week to rest from the terrible exigencies of the fashionable season, and then dance all night, skate, drive, and toboggan all day. It is a class that lives on the prickling foam of life's champagne. Stop the allowance of excitement, and the world grows flat, stale, and unprofitable. They never bear trouble; they make the virtues of courage, patience, and forbearance obsolete; for whatever is unpleasant to remember or recognize is simply ignored, forgotten.

The gayety only changes in the spring: it does not pause. The cottagers have their saddle-horses up from the city and explore the budding forests. Tennis ap-



THE TROUT PONDS.



CHAPEL OF ST. MARY OF TUXEDO.

pears as soon as snow is off the ground. For the dinners are substituted afternoon teas on the balconies, and the trains come loaded with guests for lawn parties. The club members move their dinner tables out on the veranda, and eat their meals in the warm twilight, overlooking the lake.

The regattas begin at this season, and cups are put up to be sailed for through the summer. A curious duck-like boat, that no wind can turn over, is the craft in which the women sail these races. Mrs. Astor's cup, a great two-handled silver jar with a wreath of ivy leaves in raised work, stands on the long table in the hall, and inspires the contestants to new efforts, while Mr. Ronald's cup is supposed to exercise the same influence upon the men. There are canoe and rowing races also, and the lake is gay with these contests. Between the two lakes is a swimming-bath, fed from the upper one; a tank forty feet long, and of a depth varying from four to ten feet. It is surrounded by little dressing-rooms, has a spring-board, and steps running down into the water, and all the morning is consecrated to the use of women, who are excluded after four o'clock.

Also between these two lakes lie the fish beds, where trout and bass are hatched and bred. In the autumn the eggs are procured from the Government hatcheries, and are placed in half a dozen wide, shallow boxes in the hatching-house. These are turned over every day, and the young fish are fed, even in this elementary condition, by the nutriment they

absorb from the small pieces of chopped liver thrown into the water. In the spring, when they emerge from the egg, they are transferred to the beds sunk into the earth until the edges are nearly flush with the turf, and with gravel bottoms. These are fed with running water brought by siphon from the depths of the upper lake, and as cold as a mountain brook. The ends of the beds are of fine wire netting, and at the upper one, where the fresh water pours in, the little creatures cluster by thousands, their noses pressed against the wire, and plainly manifesting their delight in the chill of the water that is almost painful to the human hand inserted for a few moments. As they increase in size they are transferred to ever deeper and larger beds, and here they begin to show signs of their future beauty and activity. By autumn they are large enough to be transferred to the lakes, the trout going to the one below, and bass to the upper lake. Eight hundred thousand eggs were hatched there this season, and most of them have come to maturity. The trout run about two and a half pounds, the bass five or six; and this though the lakes have only been stocked in the last few years. Mr. John Hecksher, Mr. Breese, and Mr. P. C. Hewitt are on the Committee on Fish, and have the best records to their rods. Mr. Hewitt is the son of New York's ex-mayor, and all the family are members and frequent visitors.

Since Mr. Lorillard has gone back to the turf—he sold out his racing-stables when he undertook to create this great estate—he has begun to consider the question of racing in the park, and about half a mile from the gate a three-quarter mile track has been laid out, the center of which is to serve as a polo ground. Here there will be running, trotting, and pony races next season, ridden by gentlemen jockeys, and for cups offered by Mr. Lorillard and other members of the club; for the determination of the club members appears to be that Tuxedo shall include *all* the attractions of *all* the great English estates in one.

When the autumn comes on the shooting begins, and though the pheasants have not been a conspicuous success—they never are in this country, it seems

—the quail, partridge, and grouse have done well and afford good sport. There are kennels full of sporting-dogs, but these, as well as the stables, are far enough removed from the club-house and cottages to be invisible from that part of the park. There is a herd of some thirty deer, but these of course are not hunted, and are intended only as an ornamental feature. They are carefully watched by the gamekeepers to preserve them from injury by outsiders, and in winter are driven into a great enclosure, where they are fed and sheltered. After the first of September the sound of the coaching horn is heard in the land, echoing in the gold and crimson forests and amid the frost-touched hills. Four-in-hands come clattering through the gateway and draw up smoking in front of the club-house to discharge their freight of

fashionables, who have driven from New York, from the Country Club, and even so far as from Newport and Lenox. Sometimes it is only a stopping-place on the road of a long excursion, and sometimes the goal of a lot of gay people.

Most of the cottages are occupied by well-known people. The Cryder cottage is a charming bit of Colonial revival. Mr. W. W. Astor has a handsome residence here, and so has Pierre Lorillard, Jr. Sir Roderick Cameron has a shooting-box in the park, in which he spends one or two autumn months. Grenville Kane, who first introduced and popularized coaching in this country, drives his four-in-hand up here with parties whom he entertains in his own cottage. James Brown Lord, the architect, has built a pretty home in the woods overlooking the lower lake, and next to him he is



A TUXEDO INTERIOR.

putting up a little box for his brother-in-law, De Lancey Nicoll, who is, so report says, to bring a bride to it within a twelvemonth. James M. Varnum, H. C. Pell, George Lorillard Reynolds, J. F. O'Shaughnessy, J. C. Parish, Miss Breese, Mr. T. Burnet Baldwin, the manager of the park, and many more equally well known, have residences scattered about in different portions of the six thousand acres.

Looking over the visitors' book one does not find the names of men distinguished for other things beside money. Count Arco Valley, a diplomat, Prince Dhuleep Singh, the Hindoo, are the only lions' signatures one sees. "Oh, no!" laughs a resident, "we don't run after lions here. You see we confine it to the race of lions—ourselves."

It will be observed from the size of St. Mary's chapel, the one church of Tuxedo, that the religious side of this social experiment does not seem to have been developed in what would exactly be called due proportion with the "toboggan-slide" aspect of the community. The architecture of St. Mary's can not be said to be a reproduction of any of the great cathedral works of Europe. It is more properly renaissance—renaissance of what a Virginia writer, some years ago, described as being "that cross in architecture between a log-pile and a woodshed."

In winter Mr. Lorillard is generally absent, but there is always carefully preserved about the whole place that

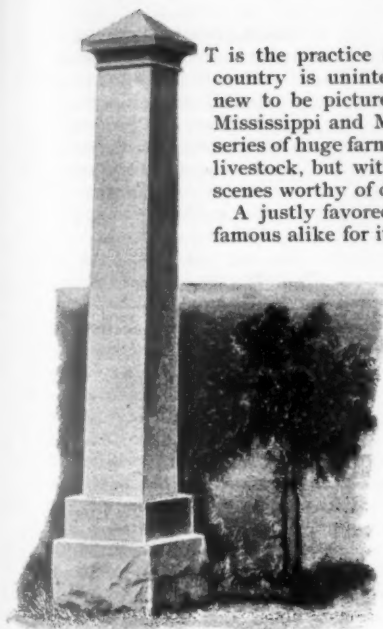
atmosphere of the English country house, and of every one being a member of a specially invited party. He has put over two millions of dollars in the improvement and perfecting of the place, and though the land sells at high prices he will never, of course, realize from his experiment any interest on his money. Presumably he is content to make so extensive a social experiment one of the world's most interesting pleasure-grounds, created out of a wilderness in three years by the sheer force of will and the miracle-working power of millions,—an estate such as in England is only the result of a dozen generations of wealth and power. This may seem an expensive luxury to the practical American mind; but, though Mr. Lorillard may not himself get six per cent. on his capital, his grandson, little Pierre, to whom the whole estate has been willed, with a life-interest for his father, will be heir to a superb inheritance in the "unearned increment," and it is only by such great ventures on the part of their ancestors that the estates of the English peers have been brought to their present condition of splendor. Little Master Lorillard may be seen any day playing about under the trees in charge of his nurse, with small companions from the Baby's Annex; for no children under fourteen if they be females, or sixteen if they be boys, are allowed in the club, and a very carefully appointed building is set aside for the use of them and their maids a short distance from the main house.



THE LAKE.

A GREAT IOWA FARM REGION.

BY S. R. DAVIS.



MORMON MONUMENT, MOUNT PISGAH.

It is the practice of some Americans to proclaim that their own country is uninteresting in its natural scenery, and entirely too new to be picturesque. The great region of country between the Mississippi and Missouri rivers they seem to consider simply as a series of huge farms, somewhat fertile in the production of grain and livestock, but with no diversity of landscape, and containing few scenes worthy of description or illustration.

A justly favored locality is the blue-grass region of Kentucky, famous alike for its luxuriant pastures of blue grass, its fast horses

and fine cattle, and its beautiful women. Unmistakable, however, is the fact that the luxuriance of the blue grass is the chief feature in the prosperity of rural Kentucky. This wonderful product, hardy, yet tender and succulent, seems to impart its own strength and beauty to every creature deriving sustenance from it. The blue grass diet imparts not only beauty, symmetry, and strength to the horse, but gives fine grain and flavor to the mutton and beef.

There is another blue-grass region which is destined to become as famous as its respected contemporary. That region is Southwestern Iowa, which some day will have a place not only on the map, but in the traveler's notebook, as one of the ideal pastoral regions of the world.

It is not claimed that Southwestern Iowa is the only portion of the West where the blue grass thrives. It grows abundantly in locali-

ties all over Iowa and Illinois and Missouri. It is a fact, however, that Southwestern Iowa is a natural grass country, where the blue grass predominates, but where the soil is kind to all the tame grasses. There is certainly no region of country which exports more baled hay. The principal markets for this at present are in the South—Nashville, Louisville, Atlanta, New Orleans, and all the large Southern cities being large consumers.

It may seem strange to talk about winter pastures in a latitude so far north as Southern Iowa, but farmers and stockmen know their value. Horses, cattle, and sheep need little feed except the blue-grass pasture from early spring until the snow falls and the ground freezes; and in winter, when the snow melts, the grass is as nutritious and palatable as in the spring. When, as often happens, there is a mild or "open" winter, livestock of all kinds flourish on these bountiful pastures with but little additional feed. Only recently have the people of this favored region awakened to a realization of its natural resources as a grass and stock country. A number of progressive farmers, however, discovered several years ago that it was not profitable to raise corn to sell, and began to seed down their farms to grass. They found that timothy hay was a sure crop, and that blue grass was a natural product of the region. The change has been wonderful. Every progressive farmer is turning his attention to grass and fine stock. The mongrel and scrub cattle, horses, swine, and sheep are fast disappearing, and pure-bred stock is the rule instead of the former exception. A few years ago, at the country fairs, Norman, Clydesdale, Percheron, and Shire horses were few in number, and were exhibited more as curiosities than as products of the region. There were also a few Short-horn cattle and Chester White swine



THE LATE THOMAS J. POTTER.

listed at prices beyond the hopes of even the well-to-do farmers. Now these exhibitions consists of herds of these noble breeds of horses, the natives equal to the importations from France and Scotland. Every neighborhood has its draft horse association, its herds of Short-horns, Jerseys, and Holsteins, and droves of Poland, China and Chester White hogs.

Probably the most conspicuous of the men who discovered the great resources of this region was the late Thomas J. Potter. Mr. Potter's fame as a railroad manager is co-extensive with the Northwest. He made his fame on the Burlington system, where he was known and loved by every employee, from section man to the president. It was Mr. Potter's intention to retire in a few years from railroad business and devote the remainder of his days to agricultural pursuits. He often declared that no part of the United States—and he had traveled extensively—equaled Southwestern Iowa as a natural grass country. Accordingly, he bought two large farms near Creston, a town which had been the scene of his early railroad triumphs, and for which he entertained much affection. He stocked them with fine horses and cattle, and was looking forward to the pleasures of rural life, when death terminated his useful career. Mr. Potter's memory is fondly cherished by all the people of Iowa, among whom he wrought so faithfully and well, but by none more than the

farmers of Southwestern Iowa, to whom he gave so much encouragement and inspiration.

The soil of Southwestern Iowa is a black, rich loam, somewhat impregnated with sand and lime, and old Kentuckians say in this respect it much resembles their famous blue-grass region. In wet seasons it has been noticeable that the yield of grass and hay was enormous, and upon the uplands no amount of rain except floods and wash-outs could destroy the certainty of a good crop of corn and small grain. But the past two seasons of extreme drought, unprecedented in the history of this region, has brought out another wonderful feature of Southwest Iowa; and that is the fact that few countries can stand drought so well. The crops of these seasons have averaged well with apparently more favorable seasons of the past. Indeed, there has been more baled hay shipped out of Southwestern Iowa within the past few months than during any similar period in its history. The soil is porous, and seems to retain moisture like a sponge. The eastern portion of the region is a rolling prairie country, which, viewed from a car window, discloses few large streams and sources of water supply in cases of drought, and yet presents a view of luxuriant verdure and vegetation unsurpassed by the richest valleys of the Nile. But it is not from car windows that a country can be judged and its productions accurately measured. A ride across the rolling prairies discloses the fact that Southwestern Iowa is one of the best watered regions in the world. The country is seamed through and through with narrow streams, scarcely large enough to be called creeks, but which are always supplied with living water. If you find a farm-house built on the side of a hill or bluff, it is not unusual to find also a living stream of clear, cold water, gushing out of the hillside, ample for family use, and sufficient, when the streams are low, to furnish the stock with refreshment. These little streams or ditches are tributaries of a number of small rivers of the region, which are the great arteries of this Iowa blue-grass country. Commencing on the east the Chariton River waters a large scope of country, as rich and productive as can be

found anywhere. A few miles west flows Grand River, a beautiful stream which pursues a serpentine course through the center of the region. West of Grand River a few miles is the Platte, a small but vigorous stream. Further west a few miles and the famous Nodoway moves south-west into Northern Missouri. West of the Nodoway is the Nishnabotna River, probably the largest and most important stream in the region except the Missouri, which is the western boundary. A

glance at the map will show that these streams all tend southward, are only a few miles apart, and afford a natural system of irrigation which is not surpassed by any territory of similar size in the country. If these upland prairies are so productive in seasons of drought, it is apparent that the valleys along these small rivers are remarkably so. The eastern portion of the region is more distinctively a grass and stock country, while the western portion is one of the most famous corn and fruit sections of the West. These distinctions will be noticed by every observant traveler, who will easily know the reason to be that there is more of valley than upland west of the Nodoway River.

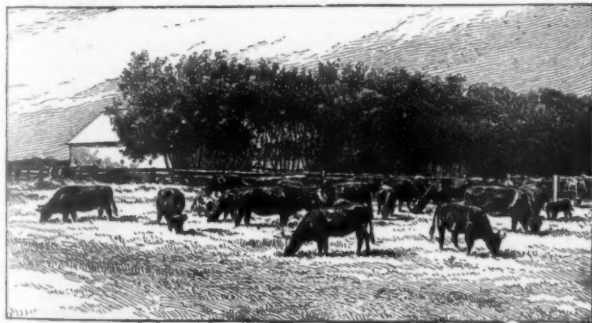
In the production of corn and hogs Iowa is the leading State of the Union,

and the State statistics will show that the southwest portion of the State contributes a liberal share to this remarkable showing. In the valleys watered by the Nodoway and Nishnabotna rivers is one of the richest corn regions of the world. It follows that Southwestern Iowa is a great beef and dairy country. Here the Jerseys and Holsteins have become naturalized, with all the vigor and virtues of their ancestors across the sea, and certainly faring better on a more generous soil and richer diet. The cheese and dairy products of Southwestern Iowa are already famous in the markets of the world, and its beef and mutton are always in active demand.

One of the former great drawbacks of the region was the lack of fuel. Along the rivers there was always wood enough for the farming communities, but as the towns began to grow in size and importance, the fuel supply was a problem. Soft coal had to be shipped from the East at a heavy freight expense, and occasionally a coal famine was the result. Happily, coal was



FARM RESIDENCE ON THE POTTER ESTATE.



A CATTLE PASTURE ON THE POTTER ESTATE.



THE MISSOURI RIVER VALLEY.

discovered to exist in large quantities along the various railroad lines, and now the supply is abundant. All along the line of the Burlington road in Iowa, from Lucas county east to Burlington, there are large mines of excellent coal, but in Southwestern Iowa alone, nearly every county seems to be underlaid with coal beds. The report of the Iowa State Mine Inspector for 1887 shows that in that year there were one hundred and eleven mines opened, the output being seven hundred and twenty thousand and forty tons. Of these mines only a very few are systematically worked,—excepting the excellent mines at Center-ville and Lucas,—and it is confidently predicted that in a few years the supply of coal in Southwestern Iowa will largely exceed the home demand.

No agricultural and stock country, however fertile and productive, can make material progress if remote from markets. Southwestern Iowa has enjoyed remarkable advantages in this respect ever since the Burlington road was built through the State. The builders of this great commercial highway laid their track from Chicago to Denver through the richest agricultural fields of the world, no portion of which territory is more productive than the blue-grass region of Southwestern Iowa, through the center of which the main line runs in almost a bee line from east to west. Shooting out in every direction from the main line, the Burlington has built

branches which penetrate every productive locality of the region north and south. The total railroad mileage of South-western Iowa approximates nine hundred miles, of which the Burlington operates more than seven-eighths. Until quite recently Chicago has been almost the exclusive market of the products of this region, and this great city is now less than twenty-four hours' ride from the center of Southwestern Iowa by the Burlington fast trains. The marvelous development of the packing industries of Omaha and Kansas City, however, has created new and more accessible markets for the products of the region, especially the pork product, and it is only the question of a few years when these young cities will also afford the most desirable markets for the beef and mutton of the Iowa blue-grass region. The wonderful development of Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha, and Council Bluffs has sapped the vitality of every small city or town in Southwest Iowa. Many of their best mechanics have been drawn to these larger fields of work by the extraordinary demand for skilled labor; and finding steadier employment at better wages, have removed with their families to these cities. But these losses to the towns have been more than compensated by the permanent markets they have created for the livestock, farm produce, and fruit of the region.

Nowhere do grapes and small fruit grow more luxuriantly than in South-west-

ern Iowa, and the flavor of the fruit is as pungent and rich as any grown in the world. The development of Omaha and Council Bluffs alone has created a market for all of the surplus fruit product of Mills and Pottawatomie counties, and within the past few years more fruit farms have been established in the former county than in all the preceding years of its history. The beautiful Missouri valley is destined to become famous as a fruit region.

To those who have lived all their lives in a hilly or mountainous country, or on the level lands of the middle States, the landscape of Southwestern Iowa is a gratifying revelation of pastoral beauty. Everywhere, in every direction, to the bounds of the far horizon, the distinctive feature is the rolling prairie, but sufficiently diversified by village, farm and pasture to avoid monotony and repetition. This landscape is restful to the eye. There are no harsh surfaces, no sharp lines, no startling contrasts. Nature was in her most leisurely and tranquil mood when she fashioned this beautiful region. Everywhere is simplicity, with symmetry and strength.

Blue grass is king of the region. The blue-grass pasture predominates, but is always adjoined by the cornfield. The farmer of Southwestern Iowa produces more than enough of small grain for his own use, but his hay and cattle and swine are the products which he knows will bring

him wealth and independence. It is the diversity of products which creates the diversified landscape of Southwestern Iowa, and gives it a rural feature peculiarly its own. Even the villages and larger towns illustrate the rural character of the region. Excepting the earlier vegetables and fruits, which are imported during the early spring season, the towns-people generally produce their own vegetables and small fruits. There is no soil in the world more kindly to the common vegetables. On account of this enormous production in the towns, the price of vegetables is very low, especially potatoes, which often retail as low as ten cents per bushel. The rural villager, and frequently the man in town, keeps a cow and produces his own milk and butter. The aggregate of these results is a rural region of remarkable productiveness and fertility, where the actual necessities of life are as cheap as anywhere in the world, and where pauperism and crime are rarely known.

Nowhere can the industrious and capable mechanic or artisan find a better opportunity to secure a home and lead a life of comparative independence than in this goodly land. There are new villages and towns occasionally being started, and the older towns are steadily growing every year as the adjacent farming country is being more thickly settled. There are no so-called "booms" in these towns to advance the prices of



FRUIT FARM NEAR GLENWOOD, IOWA.

town lots and place them beyond the reach of the toiler. Building lots can be bought and houses erected on the installment plan at small cost, and the dweller, under his own roof, feels more comfortable and content than in a rented house; and the interest on the mortgage, the taxes and insurance, are less burdensome than the rent of a smaller house. Wages in these country towns are not so high as in the cities, but the cheaper living, with the greater advantage of wholesome air, plenty of room, and opportunity for improvement of the condition of the ambitious and industrious workingman, more than offset the difference in wages. When one reads the accounts of the crowded condition of New York and other large cities, the feverish fluctuations of business, and especially the uncertainties of the labor markets as shown by the strikes and other evidences of discontent among the wage-workers,—it is a source of wonder that there are so many mechanics and artisans who prefer the hard grind of city life to the less exciting, but more comfortable life of the country. There is plenty of room for industrious and capable workingmen in the blue-grass region of Southwestern Iowa, but the unskilled laborer, who has no trade, but must depend upon odd jobs of simple kinds of work, is sadly out of place here, for nearly every man is his own universal tinker, and rarely employs labor to perform work which he can do as well himself. To men of small means Southwestern Iowa offers remarkable advantages. It is the ideal place for the small farmer. A man can comfortably sustain himself and family on a forty-acre farm, which will cost him from one thousand to one thousand five hundred dol-

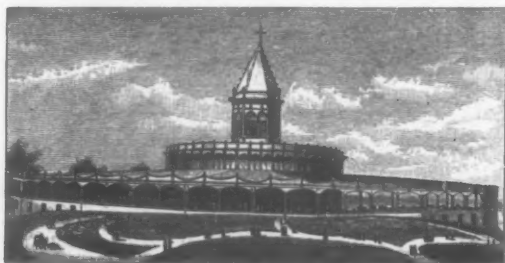
lars, good improvement included. Plenty of superior improved farms of eighty acres can be bought as low as two thousand dollars.

Southwestern Iowa is a country of large farms and farm owners. Landlordism has yet not obtained a foothold in this fair heritage. Nearly every farmer is his own landlord, and he owns from an eighty acre tract to a half section of this fat land, which flows with more abundance than was found in the milk and honey of Canaan.

The dark spot upon the region, as it appears to the observant traveler, is often the family residence and surroundings. In the distance is seen a beautiful farm. A row of graceful Lombardy poplars is outlined on the horizon. A large barn, generally painted with Venetian red, and surmounted by a pretentious steeple, about half the size of a church spire, looms up conspicuously. But the most insignificant and cheerless object is frequently the farm residence, unpainted and weather-beaten on the outside, and, on closer examination, poorly furnished and cheerless within.

Here is one of the chief reasons for the discontent among the farmer's sons and daughters. The contrast between these surroundings and the comforts and conveniences of the town residence is a striking one, and the country boy often leaves the farm for the less independent but more comfortable life of the town, while his sister prefers to be a teacher, saleswoman, typewriter, or seamstress, rather than the companion and assistant of her mother in the dreary surroundings of her home on the farm. A whole chapter of moralizing and advice might be given here, but it would fall unheeded

on the ear of the man who has his eye on the adjoining tract of land, which he desires to add to his possessions. After this is acquired, and he is free from the debt its purchase has cost him, he promises himself and his wife and family a better house, and better furniture; but there is always a new shed to be built, or an addition to his stable, or a division fence, or a new



CHAUTAUQUA UNIVERSITY, COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.



VIEW NEAR GLENWOOD, IOWA.

mowing-machine to be purchased, and numerous repairs to be made, which consume his surplus. If the house is finally built and nicely furnished, he and his faithful wife are too old and weary to enjoy it, and his children are married and gone from him. Every farmer in Southwestern Iowa should read that witty, wise and helpful book of Donald G. Mitchell, "My Farm of Edgewood;" and though few may hope to achieve the results attained by this charming philosopher, they will certainly receive wisdom and inspiration from its reading.

The winters of Southwestern Iowa generally average with those of the middle States, growing less severe every year because of the steady increase of tree-planting. The farm-house on the prairie, without its grove on the north and west, is one of the bleakest spots on earth in midwinter. But with every year the value of the wind-break increases, and the thrifty farmer not only protects his residence, but his orchard and barn and cattle-yards, by groves of catalpa, box elder, and maple. Arbor Day in April is a great event in every school district in

Iowa, and the landscape is becoming more beautiful every year because of this annual tree-planting festival.

But if the Southwestern Iowa winter, from the middle of November to the first of April, is uncomfortable, there is always a cheerful certainty of a perfect summer and autumn, and an occasional early spring. In midsummer, when in the middle States, especially in the Mississippi valley, the days are torrid, and the nights are sultry and oppressive, the air on the rolling prairies of Iowa is as cool and refreshing as on

mountain heights. In midday the sun may shine fiercely, but its rays are tempered by the gentle breezes, which seem never to rest from their wholesome ministrations for a moment. At night the air is cool and refreshing, and the sleeper needs a blanket. No mosquitoes or other insect pests annoy the dwellers on these upland prairies.

To the artist in search of the picturesque, and the sportsman who loves the recreation of the rod and gun, there are many places in Southwestern Iowa richly worth visiting. There is a fine view of the Grand River valley from the summit of Mount Pisgah, near Afton, in Union county. This famous hill was named by the Mormons, who passed through Southwestern Iowa, in 1846, on their way to Utah, from Nauvoo, Illinois. Quite a number settled for awhile around Mount Pisgah; and a handsome monument, recently erected on its summit by the contributions of Mormon residents of Salt Lake City, marks the burial place of a number of these pioneers.

The Nishnabotna River is a beautiful stream and a famous resort for the hunter

in the spring and fall, when ducks, geese, and snipe make their regular visitations. After seasons of heavy rains, when the big Missouri River sweeps over its banks and swells the current of the Nishnabotna, the latter stream affords good fishing for the remainder of the season.

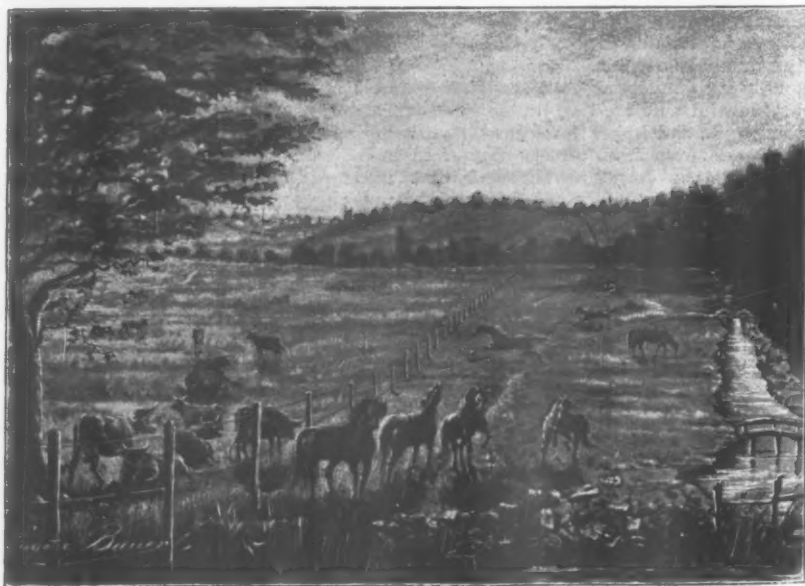
If our best beloved naturalist, John Burroughs, would camp a few days in June on the shores of the Nishnabotna, he would find in this heretofore undiscovered country as great a variety of birds as in any other northern latitude. Nowhere will he find his favorite songsters in better voice, and his search will be better rewarded than in his "Hunt for the Nightingale" in merrie England.

A famous drive in the Missouri valley is from Glenwood south to Lake Wahagbousy, a distance of twelve miles. The road skirts the bluffs through a beautiful forest. Living springs of pure, cold water gush out of the sides of the bluffs every few rods. These bluffs are covered with luxuriant verdure, with a profuse variety of wild-flowers. As the journey progresses through the forest there are charming vistas, disclosing hills and

dales and sylvan glens, until the shores of the lake are reached. Lake Wahagbousy is on the line between Mills and Fremont counties, only a short distance from the Missouri River. It is a famous hunting, fishing, and pleasure resort, with lovely and picturesque surroundings. From the crest of the bluffs above the lake there is a far reaching view of the Missouri River valley, with its numerous villages, farms, vineyards and orchards—a scene of pastoral beauty nowhere excelled in the world.

Everywhere in the country are school-houses. The horizon is broken by frequent church spires. The towns and cities have high schools and academies, and occasionally a college or great Chautauqua University. These indicate that the people of Southwestern Iowa are building on sure foundations.

There is one product of the blue-grass region of Kentucky, which its younger contemporary of Southwestern Iowa does not produce, and only moderately consumes, and that is whisky. There is no distillery, brewery, or legalized drinking place within the State. The open saloon in



A BLUE-GRASS PASTURE, IOWA

the rural regions of Iowa is banished for another generation at least. Until its urban population exceeds the rural,—a contingency which seems now quite remote,—the prohibitory legislation of Iowa will stand.

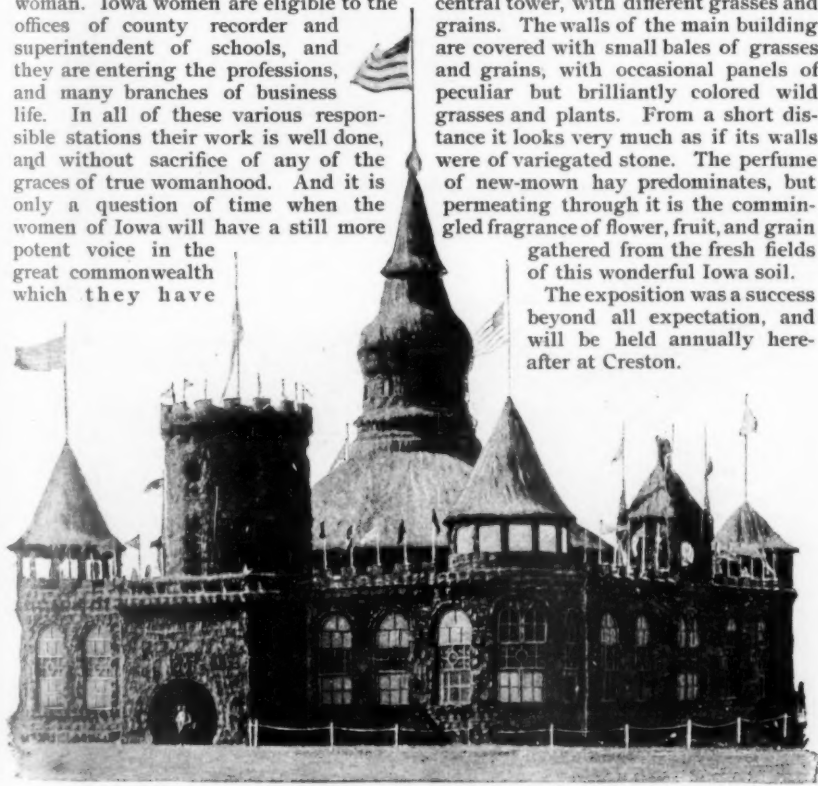
The last and most attractive product of the famous blue-grass region of Kentucky to be cited is its beautiful women. All the lovely graces and virtues of the Kentucky women are cheerfully acknowledged. But her superiority in any degree to her sister of this younger blue-grass country is not conceded. The Iowa girl is physically sound, her eyes are bright, her cheeks ruddy, and she loves the fresh air of the rolling prairies. Self-reliance is her chief characteristic. You can occasionally find a lazy man in the blue-grass region of Southwestern Iowa, but a search-warrant can not find a lazy woman. Iowa women are eligible to the offices of county recorder and superintendent of schools, and they are entering the professions, and many branches of business life. In all of these various responsible stations their work is well done, and without sacrifice of any of the graces of true womanhood. And it is only a question of time when the women of Iowa will have a still more potent voice in the great commonwealth which they have

adorned by their virtues, and where they have demonstrated the highest qualities of capable citizenship.

An association known as the "Blue Grass League of Southwestern Iowa" was organized February 26, 1889. Its most important movement thus far is the Blue Grass Palace Exposition at Creston, held from August 22 to September 7.

The interior of the palace contains sixteen thousand feet of floor space for exhibitors. The grand central tower is about twelve feet in diameter, and to the top of the flagstaff is one hundred and twenty feet high. It contains two band-stands, and a spiral staircase rises to the top of the tower, from which there is a magnificent view of the beautiful landscape of Southwestern Iowa. The great central dome of the main roof is thatched with wild prairie hay; the outside of the central tower, with different grasses and grains. The walls of the main building are covered with small bales of grasses and grains, with occasional panels of peculiar but brilliantly colored wild grasses and plants. From a short distance it looks very much as if its walls were of variegated stone. The perfume of new-mown hay predominates, but permeating through it is the commingled fragrance of flower, fruit, and grain gathered from the fresh fields of this wonderful Iowa soil.

The exposition was a success beyond all expectation, and will be held annually hereafter at Creston.



THE BLUE-GRASS PALACE, CRESTON, IOWA.

HIGH AND LOW TIDE.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY.

THE waves march in like warriors bold,
The sunlight tips their plumes with gold,
They leap the rocks with joyous cry ;
My heart leaps, too, the world is fair,
Their martial music fills the air :
The tide is high, the tide is high.

The breezes freshen, leaves are stirred,
The strong wings of the wild sea-bird
In silver circles sweep the sky ;
The beach sands sing beneath my feet,
Joy steps ashore from every fleet :
The tide is high, the tide is high.

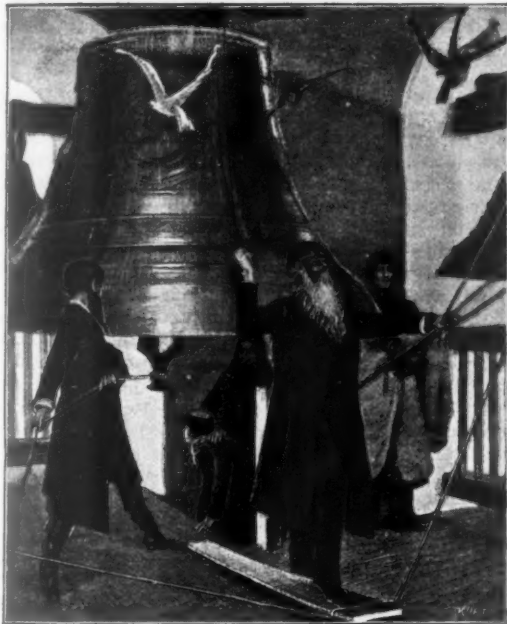
A spell has touched the summer light,
The sails are ghostly in their white,
Fate's footprints in the moist sands show ;
There is a face I would forget,
Like a mermaid's form in the vapors wet ;
The tide is low, the tide is low.

The sunset trails its crimson flame,
The hushed air listens for a name,
That died on men's lips long ago ;
A past, not buried deep enough,
Lies bare upon the ledges rough :
The tide is low, the tide is low.



THE RITUAL MUSIC OF THE RUSSO-GREEK CHURCH.

By D. E. HERVEY.



EASTER BELLS IN A GREEK CHURCH.

THE first thing that impresses the worshiper in a Russian church is the absence of any musical instrument whatever; though, in the practices of the singers, a violin is used. The reason given for this is that unaccompanied singing is in accordance with the earliest and purest Christian practice. When organs were so improved as to become instruments for the *virtuosi*, they were adopted in the churches of the West, and in a very short time the Western ritual music began to change, the influence of the organ was so great. But organs have never been admitted in Russian churches to accompany the voices of the singers. The music of the Eastern churches differs further from those of the West, not only in detail, but in principle. In the latter, whatever may be the practice, congregational re-

sponding is recognized; but in the East the theory is the direct reverse. The decree of the Council of Laodicea, in the infancy of the Church, imposed silence upon the congregation, because even in those primitive times the recognized tunes used in worship had become corrupted, and each one sang his own version. The council's decree was in the interest of decency and concord, and the choir was authorized to represent the people. So, in Russian and Greek churches, the Liturgy and Offices are sung by the priests and choir to a silent and worshipping congregation.

The Russian Church has preserved the original Byzantine airs to a much greater extent than the Greek Church itself, and in this particular matter it surpasses all the other Oriental churches. Prince Odoevski, a musician of great fame in Russia, said (1864): "The Russian Church airs are a great treasure whether considered from the spiritual, the historic, or the artistic standpoint. No other nation of Europe can boast of what we have, namely, a church song in the very form in which it appeared at least seven centuries ago." European musicians are of the opinion that only in Russia has the true Byzantine Church music been preserved. M. Bourgault-Ducoudray, a professor in the Paris Conservatory, in his book, "*Étude sur la Musique Ecclesiastique Grecque*" (1877), asserts that the true Byzantine Church singing must be looked for in Russia. He believed that the Byzantine music was carried to Russia far earlier than the tenth century, when Christianity was officially recognized, and that it really appeared in Russia at about the same time that it reached Rome. This may strain credulity somewhat, but it is about certain that a church existed at Kieff, dedi-

cated to St. Elias, in the time of Igor, the grandfather of Vladimir. The Russian monk, Nestor, who died in 1116, affirms that St. Andrew the Apostle came to the site of Kieff and predicted that a great city should arise on that spot, in which the Lord should have many temples to his name.

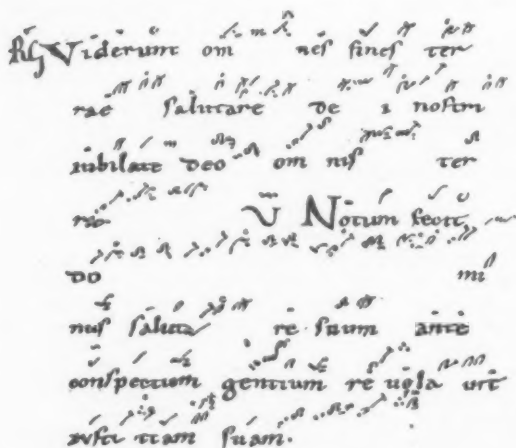
The chants sung by the Russian choirs are ancient, and are unbarred and un-rhythmical. The word dominates the note entirely, and the time in the music must always give preference to the accent of the words. There are eight principal melodies in use, which were written in the eighth century by St. John of Damascus, and these have been unchangeably preserved in the Eastern Church ever since. Throughout all Russia this uniformity is preserved. In the archives of old convents were found many original music manuscripts written in the dot, hooks and signs of the old Neume notation similar to the antiphonarium copied here. These manuscripts have been translated into modern notation. It appears that they were the production of the priests and monks of the early centuries, and it is not difficult to trace the descent of their characters from the ancient classic Greek notation. The translations have been edited and analyzed by

Undolsky, Saharoff, and the Archpriest Dmitri Razumoffsky. The latter has studied the old Russian Church music for thirty years, and has analyzed over two thousand of these melodies. The result of his studies was published in his book, "Church Singing in Russia" (1867-9), in which, for the first time, the eight principal Church airs were scientifically analyzed.

These original melodies are known as Znamenny airs. This term is derived from the word *znamia*, or note (*znaména*, plural), and its significance therefore is, that these melodies were sung by note, in distinction from those melodies which were sung by ear. Soon there began to appear in the Church other melodies, purely Russian in their origin, and the term Znamenny was restricted to those melodies which originally came from Byzantium. The manuscripts, which are still preserved, belong to the eleventh century. They are written with the note-signs, or hooks (*znaména*), over the lines of text. This mode of writing was that originally employed in Byzantium, and is said to have been invented by St. Ephrem the Syrian. He flourished about 370, and was a voluminous writer of vernacular hymns.

In the "Stepenny Book" (Church

Chronicle) is found the following assertion: "There came to Kieff three Greek singers with their relatives, and from them started in Russia the angel-like singing,—the beautiful eight airs." These eight airs were sung in Byzantium, but are now to be heard only in Russia. The modern Greek singing very little resembles the old Byzantine Christian singing, but the Russian Znamenny singing is identical with it. The Greek nomenclature has been adopted by the Russians, and we find troparia, stichyra, antiphonia, etc., etc., which have almost entirely disappeared from the Greek and the other Oriental churches.



MEDIEVAL MUSIC.

(Fac-Simile from the antiphonarium of St. Gall, written A. D. 790. The oldest of musical manuscripts.)

[illegible]

From the treatises of the Byzantine musicians it appears that in the fourth century, by a general agreement of bishops, it had been decided to use in the Church service only eight airs of certain scales, these having been selected out of numerous airs then in use. In these selected airs only two octaves appear, from A in the lowest space of the bass clef, to G in the second line of the treble, which include the medium range of the voices of men, basses and tenors. By the end of the fourth century it had become the accepted rule to write all church melodies in two tonalities or scales only, namely, the Lydian and Hypolydian, using these two octaves: consequently all the tones used in the sacred melodies of the Christians of Byzantium consisted of the notes above given. The Lydian tonality is like our modern scale of C major, and the Hypolydian like A minor. The note *b* was allowed to be flattened a semitone in certain cases, a peculiarity which was afterward adopted into the Gregorian system.

The original Greek scales were called

tropoi, and the eight Church airs which were taken to Russia from Byzantium were founded upon them, one on each; but the airs differed from the fundamental *tropoi* in the following particulars: The principal tetrachord in the *tropoi*—the lower one—occupied always a definite position; but the notes of the next higher tetrachord could be interchanged with their octaves, and thus the compass of each air might be made to include eleven notes. The airs differed from each other in their finals, their repeated notes or dominants, and in the notes which are found either above or below the principal tetrachord. We find these same peculiarities afterward characterizing the eight Gregorian tones, which were founded upon the Gregorian scales, as these Byzantine airs were based on the Greek *tropoi*. The first, fifth

and sixth of these airs ended on Sol; the second on Fa; the third and fourth on Mi; the seventh on Do, and the eighth on Re. In the fifth the Sol begins the tetrachord, but on the sixth it is the second. In the third the Mi is a fifth from the dominant, while in the fourth, it is a fifth from the bass and an octave from the upper dominant. These distinctions, apparently theoretical only, are in reality sufficient to give a separate character to each air. The first, second, fifth and sixth airs are major in their character, and the third, fourth, seventh and eighth, are minor.

Theoretically a scale of sounds may be indefinitely continued, but practically it must be limited by the compass of the human voice. Male and female voices provide antiphony in singing. As a general rule the compass of each voice is an octave and a fifth, or twelve notes; but as the lower voices—the bass and alto—are usually about a fourth below the higher ones—tenor and soprano,

—do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, *do, re, mi, la, sol.*
sol, la, mi, do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, *do, re, —*



HYMN TO THE MOTHER OF GOD."

(Znamenny melody founded on the second air, harmonized by Jury Arnold.)

there are, therefore, only nine notes coinciding in each scale. These nine notes give us the medium range of voices, and this medium range has been adopted for church singing. The lowest note of the range is the third of the Hypolydian tonality, or now Do, and the highest, the mesa, or medium, of the Lydian tonality, or now Re. Therefore all the Church melodies are included in this series of sounds, the Si being used both natural and flat. The eight Church airs are founded on the *tropoi*, as follows :

- | | |
|----------------|--------------------|
| 1. Phrygian. | 5. Hypophrygian. |
| 2. Lydian. | 6. Hypolydian. |
| 3. Mixolydian. | 7. Hypomixolydian. |
| 4. Dorian. | 8. Hypodorian. |

The quaintness of these airs as sung in the church choruses may be judged from the accompanying specimen, the second of the classic eight airs upon which all Russian Church music is founded. The words in Russian and English are these :

Radoysia Marie Bogoroditsa ; Hreme nerazrooshimy, patche je sviaty. Yako je vopiet Prorok ; Sviat hram tvoj diven vo pravde.

Rejoice, Mary, Mother of God. Thou art a temple indissoluble and holy. As the prophet has said ; Thy temple is holy and beautiful for truth.

All the melodies founded on these eight airs now used in Russia are Znamenny melodies, and though originally Byzantian are now distinctively Russian. In addition to these Znamenny melodies, the official books issued by the Holy Synod of Russia contain three other

kinds of airs, viz. : Greek, Bulgarian, and Kieff. These are used in the services of the Church, though not to such an extent as are the Znamenny melodies.

In considering the special character of Russian music, the nature of the people themselves must be studied. The Russian is a man of extremes. A recent Russian writer has said, that when a Russian is in a melancholy mood he sings the airs which, to use a Russian expression, "break the heart of those who listen to them." And this has been the predominant mood of the Russian for centuries, owing to the historic circumstances of the country. But when, on the other hand, the true Russian is merry, the melodies that he sings would break, not the heart, but the legs of the one who would undertake to dance in time to them. They rush like a whirlwind, and make every one within their hearing dizzy. Then, to the Russian, "the very sea seems but a knee-deep ditch ; then he would sing like a nightingale even on the way to execution ;" then "the very life is to him but a pennyworth."

These two national characteristics have been transplanted from secular life into the Church song, and we find some Easter songs which are in the same *tempos* as the Russian dancing tunes, while many of the Lenten melodies are of the most extremely mournful character. The Western mind can not easily appreciate these violent fluctuations in the same nature, but to the Russian they are natural enough.

The national music of the Russians is rich in characteristic melodies, in which the people express their joy, sorrow, love, and hope. It is as a whole melancholy, and yet there are outbursts of unrestrained mirth and brightness. The melodies are mostly in minor keys, agreeing in this peculiarity with Norway, Finland, and Hungary. With much of the music of these countries we have been made acquainted in the compositions of Rubinstein, Liszt, Svendsen, and Grieg. In Little Russia, especially in the Ukraine, are born the most of the national melodies which have spread over the whole em-



REV. IVAN SERGIEFF, REGENT OF CHURCH CHORUS,
ST. PETERSBURG.

pire. The melody of the "*Doumkas*," one of the most beautiful of these from the Ukraine, forms the basis of some charming variations by Weber. It is a farewell song of the Cossack who goes to war leaving his betrothed behind him. Many other European composers have drawn much from Russian sources. Chopin used the national Polish and Lithuanian melodies in his compositions; Field and Hummel have varied them in their piano-forte compositions; Haydn has touched them; Beethoven, with his all-embracing genius, took them; and even Rossini has taken a Russian melody for the aria, "*Il vecchiotto*," in his "*Barber of Seville*."

Church music in Russia, no less than

elsewhere, has at times felt the influence of foreign manners and customs. When the Russian court began to seek alliances with the other European powers, the musicians of other lands found their way, in company with the diplomatists, to St. Petersburg. Italian singers and composers reaped large harvests of money in the Russian capital. Paesiello and Galuppi composed many of their finest operas for the theater of the imperial city, and the influence thus exerted on the nobility and aristocracy spread to the Church, so that in many churches in the large cities and towns was introduced the Italian operatic style of singing in the services. The evil grew largely and rapidly, and though the orchestra never gained an entrance into the Church, religious concerts were organized, in which large choruses and orchestras were employed. On the occasion of Prince Potemkin's celebration of his victory over the Turks (1787), a *Te Deum* was performed with soloists, chorus, two military bands, drum-corps, and cannons, thus long anticipating the famous efforts in this direction at the great jubilee in Boston in 1865. This was considered the extreme limit, and under the Czar Paul a reaction set in. The composer Dmitri Bortniansky purified the Church music to a considerable extent. He was born in 1751, in the Ukraine, and died in 1825. He reorganized the Imperial Cathedral Choir, and gained for it a celebrity which extended beyond the bounds of Russia. He composed largely for the Church, and among his most admired productions are fifty *à capella* psalms for four and eight voices, and a mass. Bortniansky tried to produce his melodies on the basis of the old Russian Church airs, and yet he could not entirely throw off the Italian influence. He was followed by the Archpriest Turtchaninoff, and the famous composer Alexis Lwoff, author of the well-known "Russian National Hymn," and Feodor Glinka, the author of the other national hymn of Russia. Both of these worked very arduously in restoring the Church music to its original character and purity. They arranged a great number of the old Znamenny, Bulgarian, Greek, and

Kieff airs, for four voices. Turtchaninoff placed the melody in the alto part, while Lwoff gave it to the soprano. In both of these composers, however, the influence of Italian methods was still visible.

This question of the harmonization of these old melodies still remains an unsettled one, and Jury Arnold's book, published as late as 1886, is devoted principally to the subject. He claims that the harmonies should be constructed in accordance with the rules of the old Byzantine and Greek theory. Modern suspensions and chromatic discords he would banish altogether, and especially he would avoid the use of the tritone, that *diabolus in musica* of the old theorists. Up to 1772, no harmonies at all were permitted by the strict theorists, but though introduced so recently, the Russian people have developed a keen sense of harmony, and the only question now is, in what manner shall the Church ritual song be harmonized. The best Russian Church musicians agree with Arnold in his contention that the laws of the old ecclesiastical modes should prevail, and the most of the Church music is found harmonized in accordance with these principles. Necessarily, therefore, even though now sung in harmony, the Russian Church music retains its distinct and unique character. In the Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom, published with music by N. Bachmeteff, in 1876, under the authority of the Holy Synod, and for the use of the Imperial Chapel in St. Petersburg, the harmonies are all diatonic and close. Though the four-parts are all printed on one treble staff, the music is sung by male voices exclusively. In this liturgy the Prokimen, or sentences from the Psalms which are sung on different occasions, just before the reading of the Epistle, in the Mass, are set to melodies founded on the original eight airs written by St. John of Damascus in the eighth century. This liturgy can be sung entirely by the priests and readers, without the assistance of a choir. But this same Imperial Chapel has the finest choir in all Russia. It consists of about one hundred and twenty voices, men and boys. The director is continually traveling over Russia in search of fine voices. The



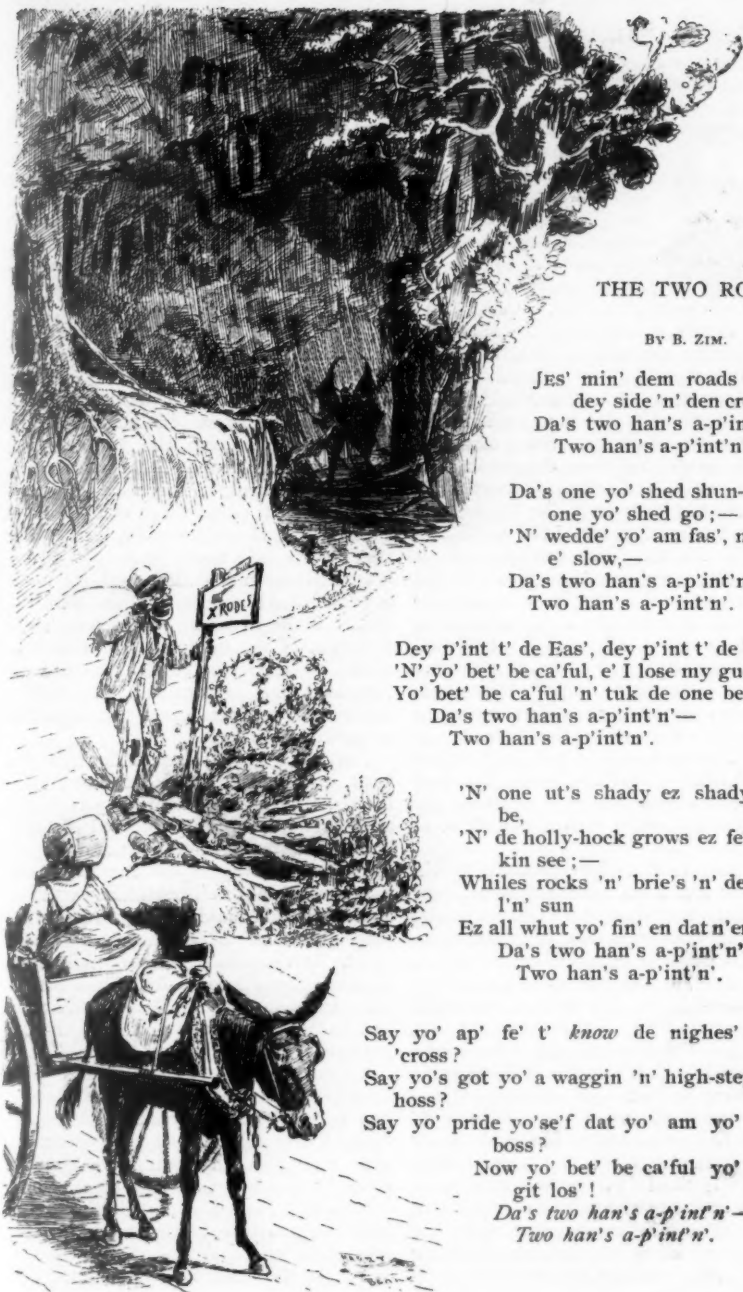
FEODOR GLINKA, AUTHOR OF THE RUSSIAN NATIONAL HYMN, "BOJE TZARIA HRANEE."

best basses come from North Russia, and some of these have voices so deep that they sing a special part written an octave below the ordinary bass. These singers are called Octavists, and take easily the C on the second line below the bass staff, and some of the best of them can take the F on the fourth line below, a note never heard from any human voice outside of Russia. The finest tenors come from South Russia, especially the region about Kieff.

Singing without instrumental accompaniment always leads to the constant improvement of the voices, and though a tuning fork or pitch pipe is the only instrument ever used in the Imperial Chapel, the voices are always in tune, and the pitch is maintained true.

In some of the convent churches women's voices are employed, and in volunteer choirs in country towns women singers are sometimes found; but the real Russian choir is male only. When the music is written for treble and alto voices, boys are employed. In this respect, at least, Roman Catholic, Russo-Greek, and High Anglican are agreed.

The study of the Russo-Greek ritual music is very interesting, and should attract more attention from church musicians in America than it does.



THE TWO ROADS.

By B. ZIM.

Jes' min' dem roads whe'e
dey side 'n' den cross;—
Da's two han's a-p'int'n'—
Two han's a-p'int'n'.

Da's one yo' shed shun—Da's
one yo' shed go;—
'N' wedde' yo' am fas', mejūm
e' slow,—
Da's two han's a-p'int'n'—
Two han's a-p'int'n'.

Dey p'int t' de Eas', dey p'int t' de Wes',
'N' yo' bet' be ca'ful, e' I lose my guess,—
Yo' bet' be ca'ful 'n' tuk de one bes'!
Da's two han's a-p'int'n'—
Two han's a-p'int'n'.

'N' one ut's shady ez shady kin
be,
'N' de holly-hock grows ez fe's yo'
kin see;—
Whiles rocks 'n' brie's 'n' de br'i-
l'n' sun
Ez all whut yo' fin' en dat n'er one,
Da's two han's a-p'int'n'—
Two han's a-p'int'n'.

Say yo' ap' fe' t' know de nighes' way
'cross?
Say yo's got yo' a waggin 'n' high-stepp'n'
hoss?
Say yo' pride yo'se'f dat yo' am yo' own
boss?
Now yo' bet' be ca'ful yo' don'
git los'!
Da's two han's a-p'int'n'—
Two han's a-p'int'n'.

VOLAPÜK—THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE THAT NO ONE SPEAKS.

BY P. G. HUBERT, JR.



FATHER SCHLEYER.

THE recent rumor—fortunately unfounded—of the death of the Rev. Father Johann Martin Schleyer, of Constance, Baden, Germany, the inventor of the so-called universal language, Volapük, has again directed attention to what has been wittily described as “a universal language that no one speaks.” Last year more than three hundred gentlemen and about a dozen women met in Munich to compare notes upon what had been accomplished toward teaching the world to write and talk in Volapük. In June another company, far larger and gathered from all parts of the world, met in Paris for the same purpose. It is believed that no less than five hundred enthusiasts went to the Paris Exhibition chiefly to discuss the best methods of spreading the new language. Information concerning Volapük is therefore timely. What is Volapük? How old is it? Who invented it? Who writes or speaks it? How can it be learned? Is it to be written or to be spoken? What is the use of it, and how many thousand years will elapse before it becomes the universal language in fact as well as in name?

The Reverend Father Johann Martin Schleyer has lived from childhood near Constance, a modest priest, whose hobby has been the invention of a language which should be a linguistic solvent, so to speak. He had pondered long upon the difficulties in the way of universal intercourse. The German could not talk with the Frenchman, the Frenchman could not talk with the Englishman; there were millions and millions of people in the East entirely cut off from all intellectual communication with their brothers in the West. To some extent Latin furnished a means of communication between scientific men, but Latin was a difficult language intended for the niceties of thought. Father Schleyer wanted some simpler means by which all men could communicate their thoughts

one to another, no matter what their nationality. Schleyer was born in Wittenberg in 1831, and was graduated from the University of Freiburg in 1855. From his earliest childhood he had a passion for acquiring languages, regarding them, however, solely as tools. He cared nothing about the derivation of words, but wanted to know the easiest and most appropriate word for a thing or an act that man had devised in any language. His admirers say that Father Schleyer has a good working acquaintance with nineteen languages, including Arabic and Persian, among the tongues not often heard in Europe. His earliest work in manufacturing a universal language began with the preparation of a universal alphabet, in which, however, he was not very successful; many improved alphabets, built upon scientific methods, notably that of Alexander Graham Bell, the father of the inventor of the telephone, and that of the late Prof. Haldermann, of the University of Pennsylvania, have promised far better results. Father Schleyer's writings upon the alphabet attracted no attention.

Ten years ago Father Schleyer began work upon a simplified language, fashioned according to scientific principles, and early in 1879 he published his first book. He says himself that after a long day of pondering upon the linguistic troubles of mankind, beginning with the Tower of Babel and getting worse ever since, he went to bed hopeless of any light. During the night, Volapük came to him,—the whole system from beginning to end,—and he sprang from his bed to write out the outlines of the scheme.

A grammar and dictionary were published. The public became interested; and though Volapük was at first looked upon chiefly as a curiosity, the Germans with their plodding patience began to study it; the very fact that there was in existence a grammar and dictionary of some language unknown to them was enough to induce scores of learned men in the German universities to take hold of it. In Holland, societies for the study

of Volapük were organized as early as 1883. Then came France, Spain, Italy, Sweden, Denmark, and Russia. The Russians were peculiarly interested, owing to the difficulties which their alphabet offers to Europeans. England has done but very little toward mastering Volapük. Upon the other hand, France has done a great deal, the most intelligent and interesting books upon the new language having been written by Prof. Kerckhoff, a Frenchman, who has done more to popularize the language than any one else. He has helped in simplifying and improving it, not always with the sanction of Schleyer, who believes in allowing no variations whatever from the scheme as laid down at first. "Any change," says Schleyer, "even for the better, would confuse people and cause them to give it up."

Schleyer's idea is simple. He said: "What is the use of a man trying to learn many languages when a lifetime does not suffice to make him perfectly expert in half a dozen of the hundred languages, each used by millions of people?" Many persons will at once say that if every one masters a mother tongue and one other language, whether it be English, French, or German, the question would be solved; but international jealousy would prevent any scheme of the kind: the Chinese would want to have their tongue made the one other language; the Frenchman would absolutely refuse to recognize German as a universal tongue, the Englishman would scout the idea of learning Chinese, and so on. A deeper objection is, that all existing languages are the products of custom and growth and are more or less difficult. Therefore, why not make a simplified language, containing as few words as possible, absolutely regular in construction, and using the best words to be found in the four or five languages in common use in Europe? In two months Schleyer constructed his language. He took a dictionary and translated each common word into Volapük, making the Volapük word out of the best word to be found in German, English, French, Italian, or Spanish. The simplicity of the grammar is no less remarkable; there are no artificial genders, a single conjugation, and no irregu-

lar verbs. The method of derivation is always the same. There are no exceptions. All its grammatical forms can be learned in an hour, and then with the aid of a dictionary anything written in it can be deciphered. The adjective, verb, and adverb are regularly formed from the substantive and have invariably the same termination; it suffices to learn the nouns of a language to know all the words in the dictionary.

Beginning with the word *Volapük*, it is pronounced in three syllables with the accent on the last; this is an invariable rule: all words are accented on the last syllable,—and it is an excellent rule, for the hearer knows just where the word ends. The greatest difficulty for the person trying to understand a foreign language is, that there seems to be no separation between the words. The meaning of the word *Volapük* is "the language of the world." It is a compound word, having for elements *Vol* meaning "world," and *pük* meaning "speech," connected by the vowel *a*, which is the sign of the possessive case.

Schleyer went through the languages of Europe to find simple and suitable words for Volapük. To take the substantives first, the declensions are uniform. For instance, if we take the word house, which in Volapük is "dom," we have "dom," the house; "doma," of the house; "dome," to the house; "domi," by the house. The plural is invariably made by adding "s." Every noun in Volapük can be declined in this way; gender is expressed by prefixing "of" to the masculine noun. For instance, *friend* in Volapük is "flen"; "of-flen" means the she-friend. "Tidel" means the schoolmaster; "of-tidel," the schoolmistress, and so on. The adjective is formed by adding "ik" to the substantive, as: "fam," which means glory, becomes "famik," which means glorious. The adjective follows the noun, as in French. The verbs in Volapük have an active, a passive, and a reflective form. The root of the verb is generally a substantive: "pük" means language; "pükon" is the verb to speak; "pen" means the pen, "penon" means to write. The imperfect of the verb is formed by adding "a," the perfect by adding "e," the pluperfect by adding "i," the future

by adding "o." The article is omitted in Volapük.

So far as possible, words are made of one syllable, except in cases where it is plainly a compound word, as, for instance, in "bukakonle" (library), from "konlet" and "bukas," collection and books. Very recently a suggestion has been made that, in all long Volapük words, the root word should be between quotation marks, so that it could be easily found in the dictionary. To show how one syllable is made to do the work of many, we have "dol," meaning pain, from dolor; "lug" (mourning), from lugere; "pop," meaning populace, from people; "sap," from sapientia, meaning wisdom, etc. Many words are borrowed from the English, as "beg" (prayer), "lad" (lady), "lif" (life); "smok" (smoke); "ston" (stone); "tim" (time). The grammar contains just sixteen pages of large type. With it and a small dictionary covering every word in common use, it is astonishing how fast one gets into the habit of constructing sentences in accordance with Volapük rules, simply because there are no variations. Any one familiar with several European languages will see in the following illustration from how many sources Volapük is derived. Here is the Volapük: "Plofed de literat flentik aliladom vono in klad funapukati fa Flechier au Turenne. Mayed stula e subin tikas alegalomis juleis valik, e val de oms asagom kosiko nilele omik: 'Kiup okono! mekon pukati sumik?' 'Vem obinol Turenne,' Votik agesagom." The translation of which is: "A professor of French literature was one day reading in class the funeral sermon of Fléchier on Turenne. The majesty of the style and the elevation of thoughts ravished all the pupils, and one of them said ironically to his neighbor: 'When will you be able to make such a discourse?' 'When you are Turenne,' answered the other." The explanatory notes to this translation are: "Binon," to be; "Fa," by; "Flent," France; "Flentik," French; "Funapukat," funeral oration, from "fun," corpse, and "Pukat," discourse; "jul," school; "julel," pupil; "Klad," class; "kanon," to be able; "kiup," when; "Kof," irony; "kofik," ironical; "legalon," to ravish, from

"galon," to rejoice; "liladon," to read; "Mayed," majesty; "mekon," to make; "mil," neighborhood; "mielel," neighbor; "plofed," professor; "Sagon," to say; "gesagon," to answer; "Stul," style; "Ven," when; "vono," one day; "votrik," other; "su," on; "subim," elevation; "tik," thought; "valik," all.

Perhaps one-third of the Volapük words are taken from English and German roots, the Germans having had the best of it so far, and having therefore learned it most easily. From the reports made at the Munich Congress, I should say that there are at least one hundred thousand persons in the world who have studied or are now studying Volapük more or less seriously. There are more than one hundred societies organized, and eleven Volapük magazines published respectively in Constance, Vienna, Munich, Breslau, Aalborg (Denmark), Paris, Madrid, Milan, Stockholm, Portorico, and Boston, Mass. Several enthusiasts who have begun to teach it in schools declare that it is play as compared teaching a living or dead language. Mr. Charles E. Sprague, the American member of a committee appointed by a Munich Congress to supervise the spread of the language, tells me that within a month an intelligent young man ought to learn enough to enable him to write business letters in Volapük with the greatest ease, using, of course, his dictionary and grammar more or less.

Perhaps the most curious part of the history of Volapük is the rapidity with which it has spread in the few years of its existence. Although the first publications of Schleyer date from 1879, his pupils are now numbered by thousands; there are nearly half a hundred societies for the diffusion of Volapük in Germany, Austria, France, Russia, Spain, Italy, Holland, Sweden, and even so far as Beyrout in Syria. Schleyer's Volapük Dictionary has reached its fifth edition, and contains thirteen thousand words. In almost every large book-shop one can now buy Volapük grammars and dictionaries, and exercise-books giving the student all the information he may desire.

No great effort has been made in the way of a Volapük propaganda. The scheme appeals to every one who has

occasion to communicate with foreigners. "Any one who undertakes to study Volapük conscientiously for three weeks," says Mr. Sprague, "giving an hour or two a day to it, ought to be able to write upon simple topics quite fluently, and in a manner not to be misunderstood." Mr. Sprague, whose enthusiasm for the new language may tempt one to qualify some of his praise upon behalf of the simplicity of Volapük, does not, however, look forward to a day when Volapük will be spoken. Some poems in Volapük were read at the Munich Congress; but any combination of letters must mean something so different to the Frenchman, the German, or the Englishman, that uniformity of pronunciation and consequent intelligibility is scarcely to be hoped for. Nevertheless, Mr. Sprague had this last summer one proof that Volapük may be spoken. He received a call from a Danish professor utterly ignorant of our language, but an expert in Volapük, who talked with Mr. Sprague in Volapük and carried on an intelligible conversation. But it is not probable that Volapük will ever be used for anything more than the baldest kind of commercial correspondence. For works of fiction or poetry it would be useless, for the simple reason that the value we give to all our words is largely the result of association. There will be no associations with Volapük words, except as we may see them through other equivalent words in some language which has grown up and has not been invented.

As to the uses of Volapük, it is easy to see that they may be many. I see nothing visionary in looking forward to the day when there may be a master of Volapük in every large shop, in every large commercial house, in every telegraph office, in every newspaper office. To-day the corresponding clerk who can speak or write in three or four languages is a valuable man, the more languages the more valuable. The corresponding clerk of the future will know his own language and Volapük. Thus armed, he will be able to communicate with every nation under the sun where business houses are equally equipped. Already Volapük is taught in some of the commercial schools of Germany; and there is a Volapük inter-

preter at the great Parisian shop, the "Printemps." The sign "Volapükon" hangs on the door. The great advantage of correspondence in Volapük is, that it admits of no ambiguity. A telegram in Volapük can not bear more than one construction, and, armed with a dictionary and a grammar, the correct translation is a matter of certainty. The very fact that the vocabulary is small as compared with that of a spoken language is an advantage. It may not allow of the niceties of expression, but that is not necessary in business communication. At a recent meeting of the French Volapük Association, the secretary said that, in his opinion, the number of disciples should not be reckoned at more than forty thousand, which is about the number of dictionaries sold. Some French, German, and Italian business houses put at the head of their letters "Spodobs Volapüko" (we correspond in Volapük), but very few of the great houses actually do correspond in Volapük. Among the curiosities of its spread may be mentioned an Arabic-Volapük grammar and a Japanese dictionary in Volapük. Out of one hundred and eighty-one students who applied for diplomas as experts in Volapük last December, one hundred and sixteen got diplomas from the French Society. The list of French Volapükists now contains fifteen thousand names.

The most recent news of interest concerning the spread of Volapük as a practical language has been concerning the support which Volapük has received from an unexpected quarter. In March, 1888, the American Philosophical Society, whose head-quarters are in Philadelphia, addressed a letter to several learned bodies in England and elsewhere, asking their co-operation in perfecting a language for learned and commercial purposes, based on the Aryan vocabulary and grammar in their simplest forms, and to that end proposing an International Congress, the first meeting of which should be held in London or Paris. At the meeting of the Philological Society of London, in the middle of last June, a paper was read by Mr. Alexander J. Ellis, in reference to this proposal. Mr. Ellis was for many years President of the Society, and is a high authority upon

philological matters. After an elaborate study, not only of Volapük but of similar other rival schemes which have sprung up since the success of Volapük, Mr. Ellis concludes:

"A careful examination of Volapük leads me to the conclusion that it is well adapted for the purposes for which it was intended, and displays great ingenuity in its construction. At the same time, Spelin seems to me simpler, easier, and more adapted for speech. We have, at any rate, two universal languages: both on a non-Aryan basis, both highly ingenious, both eminently suited for their purpose, both having the characters of living tongues, thoroughly compact and organic, without the slightest indication of patching or break-down; whereas such proposals as are avowedly formed on an Aryan (generally a Latin or Romance) basis have the appearance of mere make-shifts, or of jargons so dear to the hearts of the reporters. But Volapük alone has at present the ear of the public, and is in possession of a vast organization highly interested in propagating it and making it become, as its name implies, 'the language of the world.' Volapük, therefore, has the chief claim on our attention, and all those who desire the insubstantiation of that 'phantom of a universal language,' which has flitted before so many minds, from the days of the Tower of Babel, should, I think, add their voice to the many thousands who are ready to exclaim, 'Lifom-os Volapük!' ('Long live Volapük!').

"Hence, I recommend the Philological Society not to accept the invitation of the American Philosophical Society to take part in their proposed Congress, for reasons which may be thus summarized:

"1. Because the subject is not one which can be properly dealt with in a Congress, even if a complete programme were laid before it for consideration.

"2. Because the invitation is one-sided; and, while it is by no means clear from the reports what is meant by 'the Aryan vocabulary and grammar in their simplest forms,' it is also by no means clear, *a priori*, that an Aryan basis is desirable.

"3. Because there already exists a universal language, Volapük, which has a large number of adherents in all coun-

tries of the world, and which is completely elaborated in grammar and vocabulary, but has been formed entirely without reference to Aryanism.

"And, lastly, because the whole value of a universal language consists in its general acceptance; while the attempt to form an opposition scheme by the aid of all learned societies, upon an incompatible basis, would, if in any respect successful, materially impede the progress of Volapük, and would probably altogether defeat its object."

Upon the other hand, a French society, the Société Zoologique de France, in a report made by MM. M. Chaper and Dr. P. Fischer, dated June 12, 1888, decided against Volapük, and recommended the adoption of one of the living languages. The chief reason advanced by these gentlemen for their decision is, that no artificial product can take the place of a language which is the result of a natural growth. They admit that international jealousy is a tremendous obstacle against the adoption of any living language as the universal solvent, but they contend that such a reason should not be allowed to stand in the way of a serious attempt to make some one spoken language the language of science and commerce the world over. The report concedes the necessity for such a language, especially in view of the growing tendency of each nation to print all its documents in its own tongue. Latin, the universal language of the middle ages, can no longer serve, owing to the impossibility of adding to it or changing it according to the needs of science and art.

In the last ten years there have been no less than ten different attempts to produce a language which should be still simpler and more perfect than Volapük, but Schleyer's system is the only one which has attained wide acceptance.

Father Schleyer, who was to be present at the Paris Convention of Volapük believers, is an enthusiast, who might have made a fortune out of his sudden fame. But, as he says himself, he has no time to waste upon money-making; others reap the profits from the many publications upon Volapük. Schleyer himself leads a quiet life, happy in the deciphering of the Volapük letters, which students send him from all parts of the world.

CAIRO UNDER THE KHEDEVE.

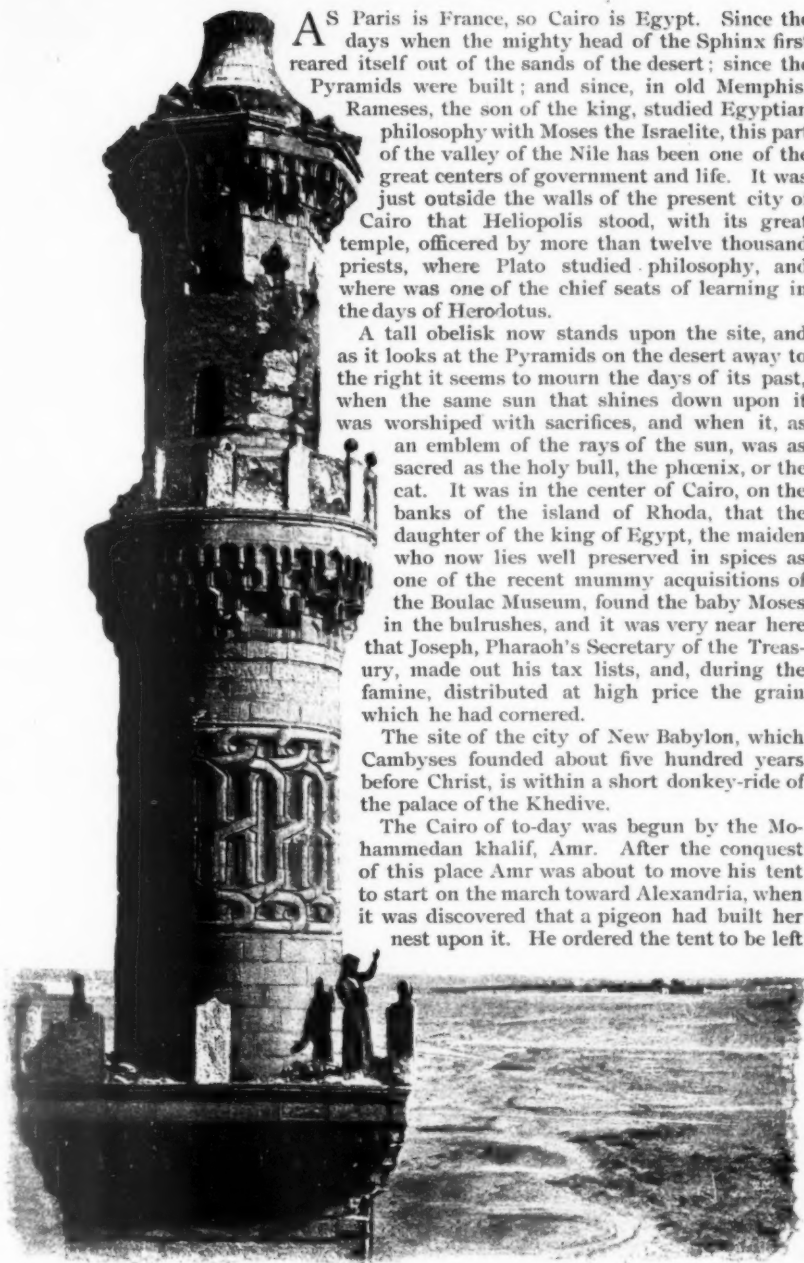
BY FRANK G. CARPENTER.

AS Paris is France, so Cairo is Egypt. Since the days when the mighty head of the Sphinx first reared itself out of the sands of the desert; since the Pyramids were built; and since, in old Memphis, Rameses, the son of the king, studied Egyptian philosophy with Moses the Israelite, this part of the valley of the Nile has been one of the great centers of government and life. It was just outside the walls of the present city of Cairo that Heliopolis stood, with its great temple, officered by more than twelve thousand priests, where Plato studied philosophy, and where was one of the chief seats of learning in the days of Herodotus.

A tall obelisk now stands upon the site, and as it looks at the Pyramids on the desert away to the right it seems to mourn the days of its past, when the same sun that shines down upon it was worshiped with sacrifices, and when it, as an emblem of the rays of the sun, was as sacred as the holy bull, the phoenix, or the cat. It was in the center of Cairo, on the banks of the island of Rhoda, that the daughter of the king of Egypt, the maiden who now lies well preserved in spices as one of the recent mummy acquisitions of the Boulac Museum, found the baby Moses in the bulrushes, and it was very near here that Joseph, Pharaoh's Secretary of the Treasury, made out his tax lists, and, during the famine, distributed at high price the grain which he had cornered.

The site of the city of New Babylon, which Cambyes founded about five hundred years before Christ, is within a short donkey-ride of the palace of the Khedive.

The Cairo of to-day was begun by the Mohammedan khalif, Amr. After the conquest of this place Amr was about to move his tent to start on the march toward Alexandria, when it was discovered that a pigeon had built her nest upon it. He ordered the tent to be left





THE KHEDEVE.

until the young birds should take wing, and, after capturing Alexandria, returned here and founded a city. Through the middle ages Cairo was a mighty Mohammedan center. It ranks in size to-day between that of St. Louis and Chicago, and it is the largest city on the continent of Africa.

Lying at the handle of the great green fan which makes up the vast delta of the Nile, it is bordered on the east by the Arabian Desert; on the other three sides stretch fields of guano carpeted with the richest of green, through which the mighty Nile runs, and beyond the plains of which rise, like great cones of blue smoke, the Pyramids. Cairo is, like Heliopolis, the city of the sun. The minarets of its three hundred and sixty-five mosques—one for every day in the year—seldom see rain-clouds, and the roofs of the native part of the town are flat rather than slanting or ridged. The bluest of blue sky always shines over it, and during the winter the winds which almost constantly blow over the desert are as cool and as invigorating as the breezes of the Atlantic. Cairo lies like a jewel binding the Nile to its delta. From a point nearly five thousand miles above it the great river flows northward in its course to the sea, dropping the

soil which makes up the Nile valley, and which for nine hundred miles above Cairo has built up a garden from four to nine miles in width, each side of which is bordered with desert whose only boundaries are the dry and thirsty horizon.

The city of Cairo is as varied in its architecture and population as the scenery which surrounds it. It is a city of the desert and the farm, of mud huts such as you find in the Egyptian villages, and of palaces which might have been transported by an Aladdin's lamp bodily from Europe. The Bedouins and the Turks trample upon one another's heels in its bazaars, and the Jew and the Greek haggle over the interest which they shall charge the bare-legged fellah in lending him money on his land. It is a city of the east and the west. The pantalooned man of the Occident bumps against the full-trousered Turk, and the Egyptian in turban and gown jostles the Englishman in silk tile and frock coat. The plate-glass windows of the foreigners' palaces now look out upon the same scenes as the Arabian lattices of the Mohammedan harem. There is a babel of Arabic, French, German, Italian, and Greek, heard in every part of the city, and the cab and the carriage dash past the camel and donkey.

The new Cairo is a different city from that of the guide books and history. It is growing in size, and it has changed very much since the rebellion of Arabi Pasha. I was in Egypt just before the late revolution, and upon my second visit, this year, I found that the old landmarks were missing. The new Cairo, like a clown, wears a parti-colored dress, one side of which is European and the other oriental. The French part of the city is

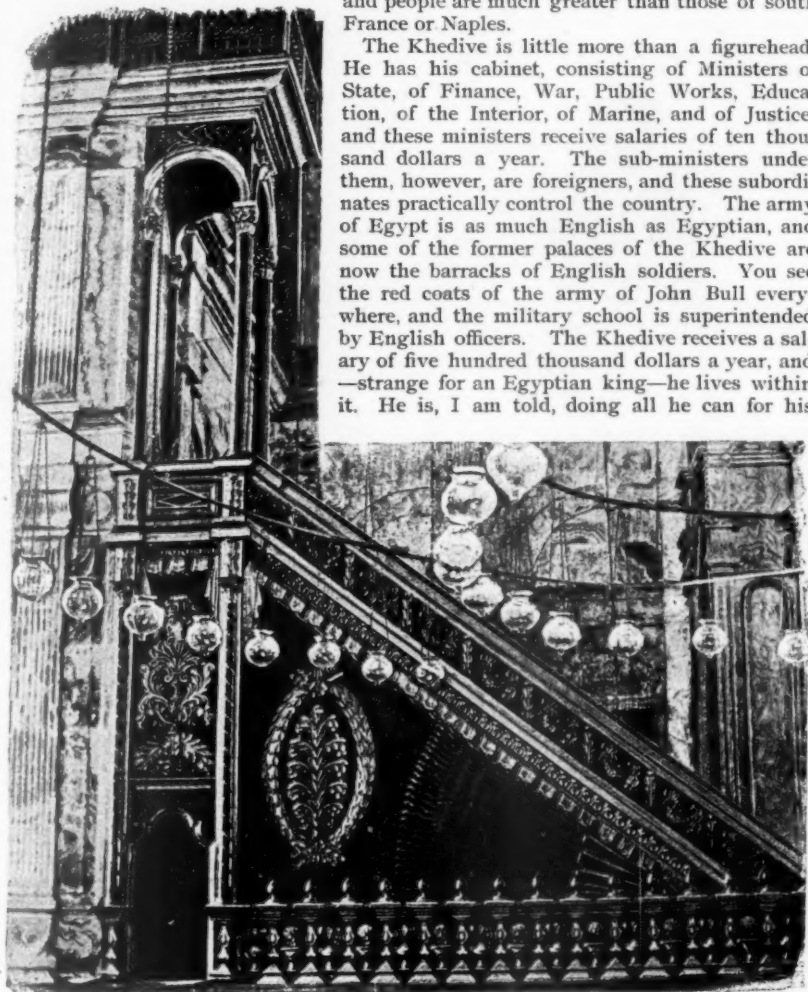


AN EGYPTIAN SMOKER.

much like Paris, and in the bazaars and narrow streets of the Arabian quarter you imagine yourself in the most oriental part of Constantinople.

The French part grows from year to year. It has wide, well-paved streets lined with large houses of European architecture, and the Mooski, which had once a covering to protect its bazaars from the rays of the sun, has lost its oriental charm, and is now filled with modern stores managed by Greek, Italian, and French merchants, who only differ from us in costume in that they wear red fez caps, and black coats which are cut high at the neck. Cairo has become the great residence city of Egypt. The rich Greek merchants of Alexandria have now palaces in it, and the social festivities of the city form one of its winter features. Many Europeans and Americans are choosing it as a winter resort, and the climate and attractions of scenery and people are much greater than those of south France or Naples.

The Khedive is little more than a figurehead. He has his cabinet, consisting of Ministers of State, of Finance, War, Public Works, Education, of the Interior, of Marine, and of Justice, and these ministers receive salaries of ten thousand dollars a year. The sub-ministers under them, however, are foreigners, and these subordinates practically control the country. The army of Egypt is as much English as Egyptian, and some of the former palaces of the Khedive are now the barracks of English soldiers. You see the red coats of the army of John Bull everywhere, and the military school is superintended by English officers. The Khedive receives a salary of five hundred thousand dollars a year, and—strange for an Egyptian king—he lives within it. He is, I am told, doing all he can for his



ALABASTER PULPIT IN THE MOSQUE OF MOHAMMET.

people, and he thinks that the giving up of the Soudan, which he did at the dictation of England, was a serious mistake.

The Esbikiyeh Garden, a beautiful park filled with all sorts of tropical plants and trees, with a fountain and a lake in its center, has now the appearance of a pleasure ground of a European capital, and every night the band of the Khedive, dressed in European uniform, here plays the same tunes that are heard in the White House grounds at Washington when the Marine Band gives its concerts

for President Harrison. The streets of this part of Cairo are as wide and well paved as those of New York, and the suburbs are cut with carriage roads lined with wide-spreading acacia-trees whose branches intertwine so that they form miles of arbors. The seven-mile avenue which leads to the Pyramids is as smooth as the driveways of the Bois de Boulogne or of New York's Central Park.

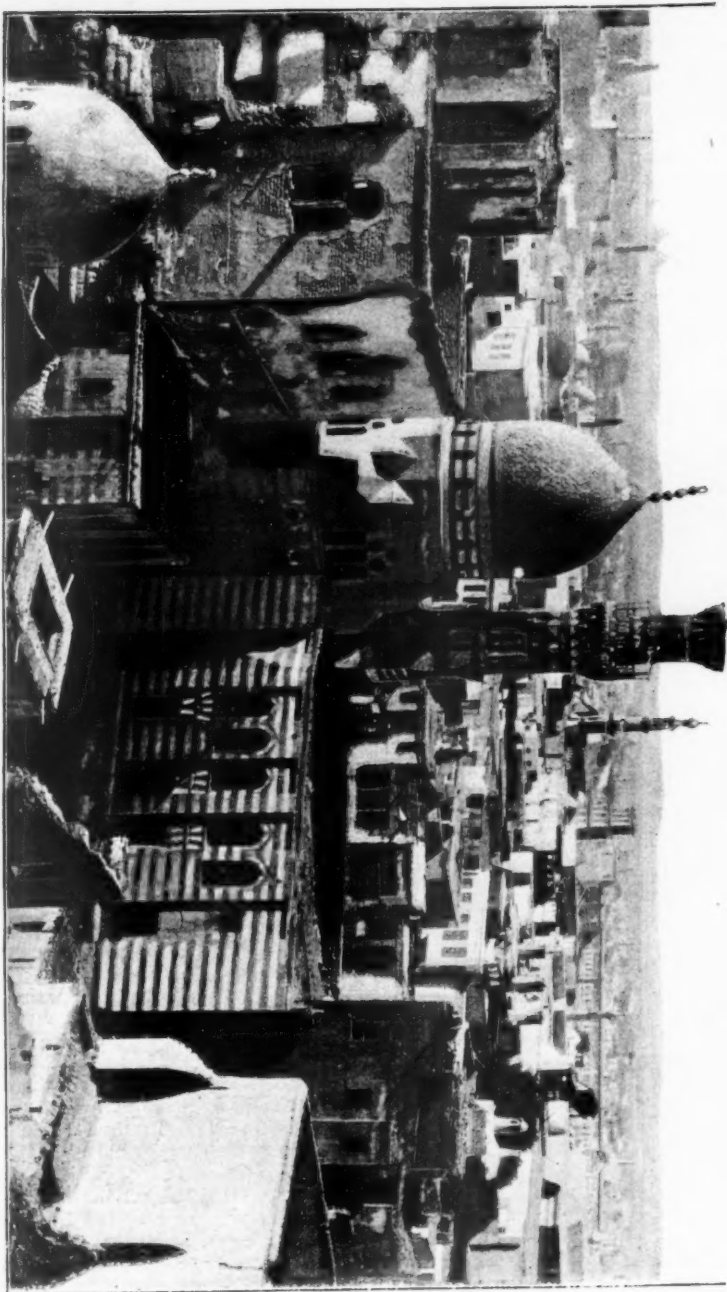
The Cairo of 1889 is a city of modern hotels, of electric bells and French cooks. It is a town of theaters and balls and poker, and too many of the disciples of the Prophet are breaking the Koran in sipping cognac and wine. It is a city of newspapers and French novels, and the telegraphic news of the day, printed in Arabic, in French, in Greek, and in English, for its cosmopolitan readers. The Egypt of to-day has more than five thousand miles of telegraph wire, and Cairo has a telephone company, the lines of which connect its various houses and, running out of the city, cross the valley of the Nile to the base of the Pyramids, and almost whisper their messages in the very ear of the Sphinx. The Pyramids themselves begin to wear the aspect of a summer hotel, since a lawn tennis court has been built at their base. The Sphinx has been dragged forth from the sand, and she is surprised every day by visits from foreigners who ride to her on camels, and who make, at times, her shadow the resting-place of their picnics. A few weeks ago one of the English regiments now stationed in Cairo swarmed over her body. They climbed up under her nose and sat on the tips of her ears. They filled the pits made by the excavations of sand between her front paws, and reminded her, I doubt not, of the battle of the Pyramids of three generations ago.

As I stood beside the Sphinx I heard the shriek of the locomotive as the train came whistling into Cairo from Alexandria, and I was reminded that this oldest of the old lands of the world has railroads on the plans of the newest, and that more than one thousand miles of iron roads connect its fertile parts. New railroads are now being built, and the lines are to be pushed northward toward the Soudan.

This change in Cairo extends to people as well as to material improvements.



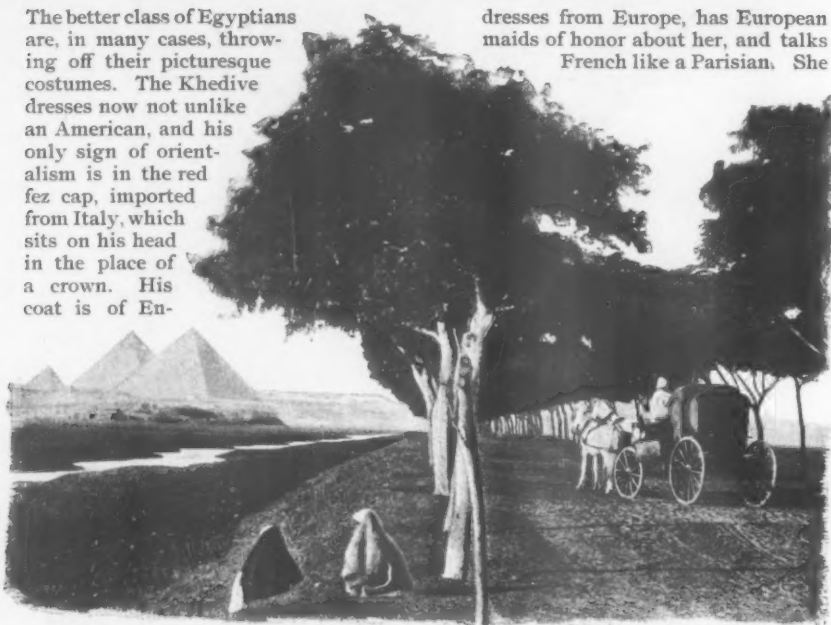
AN EGYPTIAN MOTHER AND CHILD.



VIEW OF CAIRO FROM THE CITADEL.

The better class of Egyptians are, in many cases, throwing off their picturesque costumes. The Khedive dresses now not unlike an American, and his only sign of orientalism is in the red fez cap, imported from Italy, which sits on his head in the place of a crown. His coat is of En-

dress from Europe, has European maids of honor about her, and talks French like a Parisian. She



THE DRIVE TO THE PYRAMIDS.

glish black broadcloth. He wears a watch, and, during the several times I have seen him in Cairo, patent-leather gaiters have shown out under a pair of pantaloons of the latest Broadway cut. He gives a military salute to foreigners as he rides about Cairo in his barouche with his retinue of soldiers in front and behind him. He speaks English and French, and his dinners are served as are those of Paris. It is said that he has a French cook, and the menus of his State dinners are not different from those of the clubs of Washington, Philadelphia, or New York. His children are educated by governesses from Europe; and his two boys are now in Berlin at school. He is a prohibitionist as to smoking and drinking; and the Queen of Egypt is the only wife of this Mohammedan king.

The Khedivieh, or the Khedive's wife, has as many modern ways as her husband. She dresses like an American lady, save that her face is covered with a thin gauze veil whenever she appears before the eyes of men. She imports her

has her receptions every Saturday during the season. She has set the example of a wider social intercourse among the Mohammedan ladies, and I am told that there is much visiting among the oriental women of Cairo.

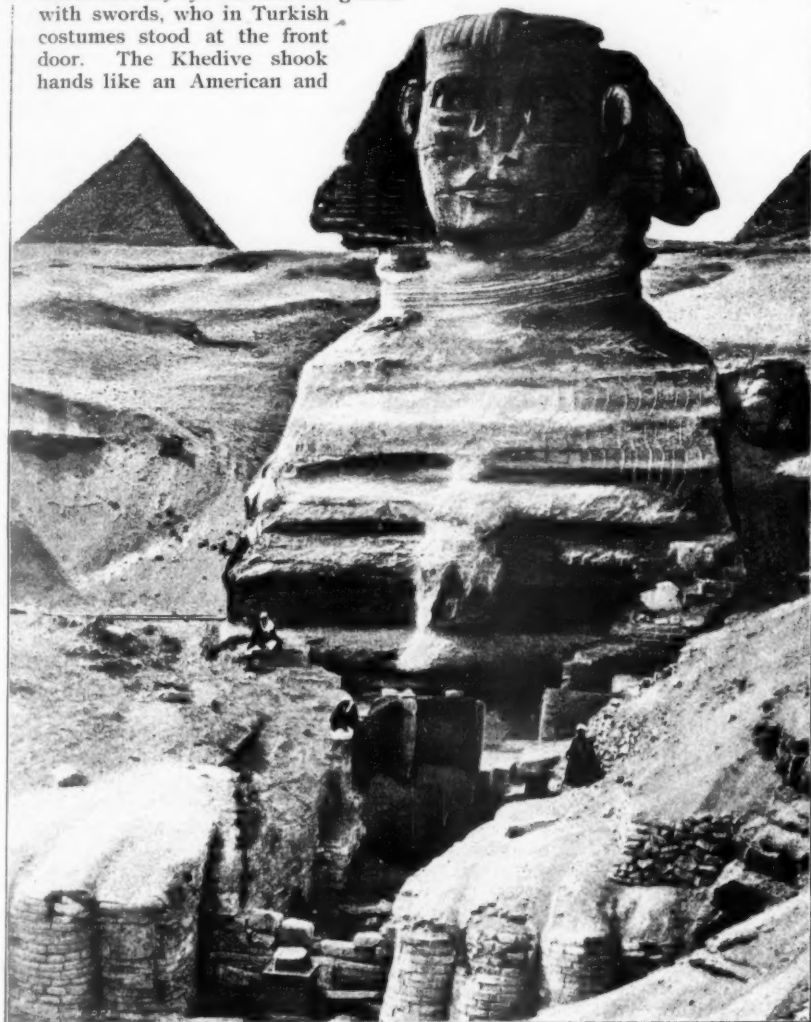
The palaces of the Khedive are not different from the great mansions in which the European kings live. Most of them have been built by foreign architects. They are gorgeous in furniture of satin and gold, and in many cases the magnificent cloths and rugs of the Orient have been superseded by gaudy hangings and glaring carpets from France. Some of the buildings are most extravagantly decorated, and the finish of most of them is in the white and gold paint which is so lavishly used at Versailles. I visited one day the palace of the Khedive known as Gezireh, which stands in a garden of palms on the banks of the Nile. It was used by the Empress Eugenie when she visited Egypt about twenty years ago. The three rooms prepared for her were each as large as the blue room of the White House. The

material covering the walls is the finest of sky-blue satin, tufted and cushioned like the costliest of satin sofas.

Abdien Palace, where the Khedive now lives in Cairo, is of vast extent. It faces a square of many acres, and it is built in the shape of a horseshoe. Its furniture is almost altogether European, and during an audience which I had with the Khedive the only sign of the Orient which met my eye was the two guards with swords, who in Turkish costumes stood at the front door. The Khedive shook hands like an American and

chatted with me, sitting on a sofa with his feet on the floor.

Cairo, however, has still its oriental section. The minarets of its mosques, with their turbaned muezzins crying out the call to prayer, remind you that you are in the land of the followers of the Prophet. The dark-faced Turks who move through the business part of the city on donkeys driven by



PRESENT CONDITION OF THE SPHINX.



A WATER CARRIER.

bright-eyed, brown-faced boys in long blue gowns, recall the Egypt of twenty years ago. If you will take a ride out into the green fields you will find yourself among the same people, living, dressing, and working in the same way as they have done since Pharaoh filled his brickyards with Israelites, and the women carried the water from the wells. On the banks of the Nile you see women dipping their earthen pots into the river, and carrying them back to their mud houses, balancing them so evenly on their heads that they walk and chat without appearing to notice their burden. You see the slave-like peasants farming their rich fields with wooden plows drawn by buffaloes or cows, and fat cattle dot the green plain. Along the road the camel moves with ungainly stride, its Bedouin rider in cap and gown bobbing

up and down beside your modern carriage, which is driven by an Arab in the cast-off clothes of some European traveler. Beside the mud huts by the roadside under the palm-trees you see group after group of pretty Fellahin girls; and you do not wonder, as you look at them, that they come

from the same land that produced Cleopatra. They are dressed in garments of blue cotton, but their eyes

are large, black, and lustrous. You note here and there one carrying her little baby brother, who, as naked as Cupid and of about the same stature, has his hands clasped over her head. These girls are the poorest of the poor people of Egypt, and one sign of their poverty is that their faces are not covered with veils.

In the city itself you will seldom meet a woman who has not a long veil of black crape, six inches wide, reaching from just below her eyes to her ankles, and fastened to her head-dress by a spool four inches long. This spool rests over the nose and between the eyes, and it measures the view that you obtain of the average Mohammedan woman. The eyes of these Egyptians are, however, wonderfully beautiful, and their long, thick, black lashes are fringes out of which peep the souls of the owners. The edges of the eyelids are blackened with kohl, and the mystery of what may be the faces to which they belong heightens the effect. The dress of these women is a long, shapeless gown, made, in the case of the poorer classes, of two strips of light-blue cotton, with a wide, dark, navy-blue band at the bottom, and, among the more wealthy, of black silk.

Take a walk with me through some of the narrow streets of Cairo. A few steps from the Mooski you forget that Europe exists, and you find yourself in the land of the Arabian Nights. There are no pavements here, and the streets are often so narrow that, standing in the middle, you can touch the walls of the houses on both sides. The houses are close up to the street, and you have to hug the wall when a donkey or camel comes striding

through with a great load of merchandise on his back. The buildings are all of the Arabian type, with latticed windows, which hang out from the walls above you, and you may, if you look, see now and then the dark eyes of a harem beauty peeping through. The first stories are given up to bazaars; and in narrow box-like cells, open at the front, turbaned dark-faced men in long gowns squat with their goods all around them, and on the ledge or divan which runs along in front of the cells other turbaned men sit and chaffer over prices, talk gossip, or smoke long pipes, and drink little cups of coffee as thick as molasses and fully as sweet.

Here a lady in black gown and veil is making a purchase, and there a storyteller is holding forth to a group of bronze men and boys who open their mouths as they listen. Here are two boys in blue gowns and fez caps. They have a round wickerwork table almost as large as themselves before them. This is covered with cakes, which they are selling to an urchin of eight, who drops the purchase as you pass, and calls out, "Backsheesh, back-

sheesh." This is the Arabic word for "A few cents, if you please, sir." You respond, "Allah yatik," or "May God give it to you," and go on.

Here is an orange-peddler who has a tray of Egyptian oranges on her head. She cries out a flowery sentence, saying that "they are as sweet as honey, and that God will bless the man who buys them." You turn to the right and look at a gray-bearded old Syrian who is reading aloud to himself. He is a Moham-medan, and his well-thumbed book is the Koran. We see this reading going on in nearly all parts of the Cairo bazaars, and at the hours of prayer, whatever be the business or the company, the followers of the Prophet bow down toward Mecca and go through their devotions. Cairo is a bigger town than Boston, and, indeed, our Consul-General thinks it is fully the size of Chicago.

Suppose you were shopping in one of the leading streets of these cities, and you should find every other merchant you visited reading the Bible, and at fixed hours of the day dropping business and engaging publicly in prayer, you would then have the



ARAB CHILDREN OF CAIRO.

condition that prevails in this Mohammedan city of Cairo.

The business of oriental Cairo is so divided that all the shops of a certain kind are together. The bazaars, as these shops are called, cover many acres, and they consist of narrow streets, often roofed with matting, and having branches running off at every few paces into courts about which shops open, and in which only certain articles are sold. You find alleys leading to out-of-the-way places, the existence of which you had not suspected, and you are always stumbling on new and strange things. The stores seem very small at first, but you are surprised to find that great stocks are kept in other buildings near by; and their turbaned owners are quite as sharp in bargaining as we are. They ask three times what they expect to get, and the one-price system is unknown.

The Mohammedans are very fond of perfumery, and there are dozens of perfumery shops in the Tunis Bazaar of Cairo. These shops are kept by fair-faced men dressed in fine gowns, who sell only the articles which are made in North Africa. You can buy attar of roses by the ounce, and if you get a good article you find it is worth more than its weight in gold. In the gold and silver bazaar you see the work going on under your eyes; and if you fancy an article,

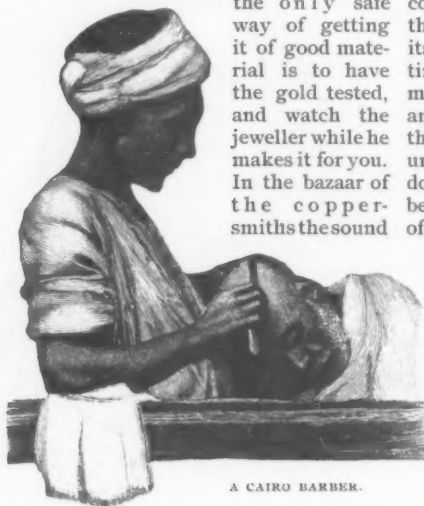
the only safe way of getting it of good material is to have the gold tested, and watch the jeweller while he makes it for you. In the bazaar of the copper-smiths the sound

of the buying is mixed with the hammering of the workmen.

The babel of oriental Cairo is made up of the cries of peddlers in Arabic, of the drone-like singing of the boys and women as they carry loads through the streets, of the sing-song of the Koran as read by the merchants, and of the thousand and one street cries. The water-carrier, with his black bag of goat or pig skin on his back, asks you to drink in poetic language. The auctioneer cries his wares through the bazaars in high-flown terms, and you are jostled this way and that by a crowd far more good-natured and much more polite than that you will find in the West. There are mosques everywhere, and in every one you see worshipers, with their faces toward Mecca, bowing and praying. You may enter, but you must first take your shoes from your feet, though your hat may remain on your head; and you are surprised, when you do so, to find how peaceful and solemn is the atmosphere which surrounds you. The Arabians knew well how to build churches, but I find nothing in Cairo which will compare with the beauties of the mosques of North India.

I attended a great religious celebration at the alabaster mosque of Mohammed Ali during my visit to Cairo. Its floor, which is about the size of an acre, was covered with rare Persian rugs, and the thousand lamps which hang down from its many domes blazed with light. The tinsel and the gaudiness of the day in the mosque were softened by these lamps, and the great walls of alabaster, with their onyx-like veins, as they shone out under the stained glass of the great windows near the roof, produced a soft and beautiful effect. It was the anniversary of the birthday of Mohammed, and all of

the elite of Mohammedan Cairo was present. The Khedive was there with his pashas and beys, and several thousand turbans bobbed up and down in their prayers under the gaslight. The praying went on singly and in groups, and all sects were present. Here the whirling dervishes, in high caps like so many sugar-loaves, whirled around and around until their skirts stood out like hoops, and until one of them fell to



A CAIRO BARBER.



EGYPTIAN PEASANTS.

the floor in a fit. Then the howling saints of Mohammedanism went through their peculiar gymnastics, throwing their matted hair to the floor as they bent over, and flinging it back again to their shoulders as they rose, grunting and gasping all the while as though they were in terrible pain. At the right more quiet worshippers bowed and prayed before the tomb of Mohammed Ali in one corner, and in another part of the mosque gray-bearded old men in gowns and turbans faced each other and went through their worship together. Mixed with it all was the chatting of friends and the sound of the drums and fifes of the dervishes, and the noise was greater than that of a stock exchange when prices are rising, and not conducive to Western ideas of worship.

On another day I visited the great Mohammedan University of Cairo. This is in the old mosque of El Azar, just off from the book bazaar, and near the street of the barbers. It is the largest Mohammedan university in the world, and the Khedive told me that it contains more than fourteen thousand students.

Entering the vast court of the mosque, you find boys and men from every part of the Mohammedan countries, sitting with their legs crossed upon the stones, and moving their bodies to and fro while they study from books which they either hold in their hands or have resting on little racks in front of them. All wear turbans and gowns, and all study out loud. It is Babel confounded. You pass among them, and though your dress may be strange they pay no attention to you. Here a long-bearded, sober-faced teacher is reading or lecturing to a band of students who are seated in a circle around him, taking notes. Each has a long brass inkstand and a reed pen, and when he has finished his notes he puts his pen into the handle of the inkstand holder, shuts up the box at the end containing the ink, and tucks the whole into the belt of his gown, carrying his writing apparatus always with him.

This studying was all going on in the open air. The court contains more than an acre. It is walled with a wide tier of chambers in which different classes



A SHEIK.

study, and each of which has many bookcases black with age, and made of the lattice work which is so beautifully done by the Egyptians. These walls reach upward for a hundred feet, and the sky which roofs them is of the clearest of blue. Over the corners of the entrance two tall minarets pierce the heavens, and at the opposite side is the Hall of Instruction, or the main room of the mosque,—a vast apartment whose roof is upheld by three hundred and eighty columns of granite and marble, all of ancient origin. The mosque itself is one of the oldest of the mosques of Cairo, and it has been a university for more than a thousand years.

On the floor of the great hall of instruction hundreds of men were sitting and reading. They wore different dresses, and when I asked the guide who the green-turbaned men were, he replied that green was the color of the Prophet, and that these men had earned the right to wear it from having taken the pilgrimage

to Mecca. The white-gowned men, he told me, were from Tunis, and he pointed out students from India, from Ethiopia, and from Constantinople. This university has three hundred and twenty one sheiks or professors. These receive no salary either from the mosque or the government, and they support themselves by copying books and teaching in private families. The president of the university receives a salary of five hundred dollars a year, and the students pay nothing for their instruction. The first thing taught here is the Arabic grammar, for the teaching is done in Arabic, and the Koran is written in that language. The lectures

are given on the Koran, and every student is expected to learn it by heart. I am told that the Khedive can recite it from one end to the other, and he is the most devout of Mohammedans. Egyptian law is largely founded upon the Koran, and the law-school of this university is based upon the study of it and the Mohammedan traditions.

The modern sciences are not taught, and the students have a contempt for what they suppose to be the ignorance of the western world. They are said to be very fanatical, and it is considered dangerous for Christians to visit the university. During the hour I spent inside its walls I received no discourtesy from any one. I was allowed to go where I pleased, and I spent some time watching the teaching of the various classes. When I left I was given a page of the Koran, and one of the professors bowed me out with many salaams.

This university is a type of Mohammedan education pure and simple. It is, however, not a fair type of the great educational movements which are now going on in Egypt, and which are bound to create a great change in the people of the Nile valley. Here are a number of schools under the Khedive which have a good curriculum, including the sciences taught at the Western universities, and there are seminaries for women as well as men. Six thousand pupils of both sexes are educated here every year. The increased travel to Egypt, and the number of foreigners who are now living in

the country, has created a demand for Egyptian help having a knowledge of English and French, and you find Egyptians everywhere who have a smattering of both languages. The better class of young Arabs are now being educated. I am told that the Egyptians are very bright intellectually; and as to the character of the men in power at Cairo, there is no doubt that they have as good brains as the statesmen of Europe who are sent by their governments to guard the payment of the great debt which Egypt has contracted. They speak English and French, and it is a question whether, if Egypt were free, she would not be quite as well ruled by them as by the foreign powers under the dictation of the European bankers.

This vast country, embracing some of the best of North Africa, brought in a trade of something like ten million dollars a year to Egypt, which has been lost by the revolution of the Mahdi and the action of England. It has been allowed to relapse into a state of anarchy,

and its exports are lost to the world. At present there is no traveling up the Nile further than the first cataract, and civilization has been pushed many steps to the rear. England is not likely to let go her grip upon Egypt. She must hold it in order to guard the Suez Canal and her highway to her possessions in India. She has done some good in purifying the administration of justice and in fixing the regular collection of taxes. Forced labor is now done away with, and there is no coming down upon the peasant a second time for the collection of the year's taxes. The extent of taxation must be seen, to be appreciated. There is a tax upon everything, and the only things that seem to be free are the sands of the deserts, the hot sun, and the air which blows up and down the valley of the Nile. Egypt has all the high taxes of a protective tariff without the protective-tariff wages. Her farmers can earn, while working in the fields, from five to twenty cents a day, and the average of farm labor in the country above Cairo is, I am told, not more than seven cents per diem. The work done is at times wonderfully hard. The irrigation of the Nile valley is largely accomplished by men who draw the water up in buckets or baskets from one level to another; and such men, wearing almost no clothing or the cheapest of cottons, receive not much more than a nickel for laboring from morn until night.

In travelling over Egypt one can not fail to be struck with the contrast between the soil and the people. The valley of the Nile is the richest of the lands which God has given to man. It is as green as America after a June rain, and its cattle have coats which glisten with fatness. The people only are poor. They live in mud huts, and their food is chiefly composed of vegetables and milk. They work as hard as any people on the face of the earth, and they are barely able to live. Still they sell to other countries more than sixty million dollars worth of products every year; and they are in fact to-day, as they have been in the past, little more than slaves of the government. The profits all go to pay debts which were contracted without their consent,



A PAGE OF THE KORAN, FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF CAIRO.



and for which they have received no benefit. And with all this the Egyptian people are as bright as the peasantry of any country of Europe. They are kind and polite, and among themselves, in spite of their hardships, they seem to live happy lives. If Egypt could have what she makes, the land and the people would rapidly change, and it would be a brave man who would say that she might not in the future approach the civilization and culture which made her so noted in the far-away days of the past. Now that the attention of the world is directed to Egypt, it is to be hoped that the reforms that are so much needed there will be forced upon her rulers for the redemption of Egypt's resources.

IN NEW MEXICO.

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

HE stepped without his cabin door ;
The white moon cut his shadow tall
Waist-high in halves, and strewed it o'er
From ground to gray adobe wall.

The air that swelled his shaggy chest
From peaks of snow blew fresh and free,
That reared two skyward miles their
crest
Above the far, forgotten sea.

The bare brown valley at his feet,
The staggering mesa's cliffs behind,
The spring's wee, wavering silver sheet,
The cedars lisping with the wind—

He claimed them all, in one wide glance
Of eyes half careless, half content,
O'er sky and moon-beguiled expanse ;
And half his heavy brows unbent.

He stretched, with thick arms overhead—
The slow half-yawn of powerful men.
Ha ! "Click !" yon sullen cedar said,
And spat a crash of fire—and then

A shadow sneaking down the trail,
A still length sprawled upon the
ground ;
A blot upon the forehead pale,
A dark pool widening fast around !



WEALTHY WOMEN OF AMERICA.

BY WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS.



MISS THORON, OF BOSTON.

A MILLION of dollars is always an object of interest, and especially so when it is in the hands of a pretty woman. And if she be a maiden, or a marriageable widow, the dramatic effect of the situation is considerably heightened. There is no part of the world where this alluring spectacle is so common as in the United States, and especially the city of New York.

There are two dozen women in the United States, who have more money than any of the crowned heads of Europe, except Queen Victoria, the richest of sovereigns, and half a dozen who have as much as she.

Mrs. Leland Stanford has the finest and most valuable collection of diamonds in the world, excepting, of course, the crown jewels of Russia and England. She wears the choicest gems from the caskets of Queen Isabella of Spain, and the Empress Eugenie. One of her necklaces is worth six hundred thousand dollars alone, and the entire collection is valued at more than two millions. She has one set of blue diamonds which emit violet rays, another of pink tints, a third as yellow as topazes, and a fourth of flawless white stones.

Each necklace has a pendant, brooch, earrings and from four to six bracelets, and several finger rings, all set in the same style, and of stones to match. Mrs. Stanford has over sixty diamond finger rings, each worth from fifty to five thousand dollars, which she keeps on a strip of black tape. She has very few other jewels, as she does not care for them, although there is a necklace of pearls in her possession that is exquisitely handsome and of great value. To accommodate her jewels Mrs. Stanford has a safe of black steel with burglar-proof time locks. It has a separate drawer for each set of diamonds, and is usually kept in a bank, for she seldom wears her gems.

Since the death of Miss Catherine Wolfe, of New York, Miss Mary Garrett is undoubtedly the wealthiest spinster in the United States, although her fortune has shrunk considerably by the decline in the value of Baltimore and Ohio railway stock, in which the most of it is invested. No one outside the Garrett family knows exactly what Miss Mary is worth, but she inherited one-third of the property of her father, the late John W. Garrett, which was estimated at between thirty and forty millions. She is now between thirty-five and forty years of age, and has most charming manners, and an intellectual force and business ability which she inherited from her father. During her father's later years she was his constant companion and most trusted adviser. He had more confidence in her judgment than in that of either of his sons, and although he had a dozen private secretaries, she was his only confidential aid. In his private



MRS. LELAND STANFORD, OF WASHINGTON.

offices at his country home and his city mansion she had her little rosewood desk beside her father's table, and there they often worked and consulted late into the night. She looked after all his other interests outside of the railroad, and it is said he never bought a piece of property or made any important investment without first consulting her. It was this confidence between husband, wife and daughter that made John W. Garrett's domestic life so happy.

In personal appearance Miss Garrett is of a small, trim figure, dark hair and eyes, and not resembling either of her brothers. She wears glasses constantly, and dresses in black. She has never put aside the heavy mourning robes and gowns she donned at her father's death. She can not be persuaded to permit her name to be published in connection with her generous acts. Nearly every institution for the invalid or the unfortunate in Maryland receives handsome gifts from her annually.

Miss Jennie Flood, the daughter of the late bonanza millionaire of San Francisco, is one of the richest women in the United States, as she inherited the entire fortune of her father. Mr. Flood is believed to have left somewhere from ten to twenty millions of dollars,—no one

knows how much, as the estate is not yet settled; but Miss Flood was already a very rich woman in her own right, and is worth from four to five million dollars in real estate and securities. She stands on the books of the United States Treasury at Washington as the owner of two million five hundred thousand dollars in four per cent. registered bonds, which of themselves, with the premium, are worth more than three millions. These bonds were dropped into her lap one day as she sat in her San Francisco home mending a pair of gloves. It was the day Mr. Flood made his greatest strike on the Comstock lode, and represented his profits during the few hours previous. Mr. Flood was of Irish parentage, and was born in the city of New York about sixty years ago. When the California excitement broke out in '49, he caught the gold fever, and went around the Horn. Arriving in San Francisco he was enabled to pick up information that he used to great advantage, and upon it laid the foundation of his immense fortune. Miss Flood is about thirty years of age, is a devout Catholic, and has a horror of fortune-hunters.

In a beautiful house on Fifth Avenue, New York, lives Donna Francisca Apaucio vel Vescuciadiayo de Quesaltenango Barrios, who is a very wealthy woman. Her husband was the President of Guatemala, and was killed while attempting to secure the union of the five Central American Republics, in April, 1885. He was a man of great ability and energy, but considerable of a tyrant, and the manner in which he is said to have obtained his wife illustrates his character and methods. While he was making a journey through the country soon after his election to the Presidency, he saw in a convent a very beautiful girl. It was love at first sight. Inquiring the name and residence of her parents, he wrote them saying that he would like to make the daughter his wife as soon as she was old enough to be married, which he thought would be in about two years. In the mean time he desired her to be educated in French and English.

The parents, who belonged to one of the old aristocratic families of Guatemala, and looked upon Barrios as an up-



MRS. MARSHALL O. ROBERTS, OF NEW YORK.



MME. BARRIOS, WITH HER CHILDREN AND MAIDS.

start, took no notice of that letter or several others that he wrote to them at intervals during the next two years. Shortly before the expiration of that time he notified them that he desired the marriage to be performed with considerable ceremony, and thought it should take place at the capital of the country, in the grand cathedral, instead of at her home; whereupon the father wrote him that there were reasons why he was compelled to refuse the hand of his daughter even to a President, and declined the match. This enraged Barrios, who immediately sent an aid-de-camp to bring the young lady to the capital. She could not be found. Her father was placed under arrest and sent to prison, where he lay for two or three months until he finally yielded and permitted the wedding to take place. Barrios proved to be not only an affectionate and devoted husband, but a most amiable son-in-law; for after he took the old gentleman out of prison he made him financial agent of the government, and thus enabled him, in negotiating loans for the country, to make a great deal of money. After her husband's death Mrs. Barrios came to

the city of New York to reside, and intends to make it her permanent home.

The stock of the Chemical Bank in New York is held at a higher premium, I understand, than the shares of any corporation in the United States. The par value is one hundred dollars, and there are but three thousand shares in all, which draw twenty-five per cent. dividends monthly. Twenty shares belonging to the estate of the late Catherine Wolfe, the first that have been sold for years, brought four thousand one hundred and ninety-five dollars each at auction in December, 1888. It is not generally known that the largest holder of this stock is a woman, Adele de Talleyrand Perigord, Duchess of St. Dino, who was formerly Mrs. Stevens, of New York, and is the owner of the Stevens Building on Wall Street and much other valuable real estate in the same locality. She owns three hundred shares of Chemical Bank stock.

Miss Julia Rhineclander, of New York, is also a large owner of Chemical Bank stock, and has other securities of a similar character to the value of twelve millions of dollars. It is said that she has a larger amount of "convertible" property,—

stocks, bonds, etc.,—than any woman in the world, and is the happy possessor of twenty millions or so in real estate in addition. She is an Episcopalian of the most devout sort, and spends a large part of her immense income in charity. She has concentrated all the wealth of two rich families in herself, being an orphan who has inherited, besides the fortunes of both parents, the money of half a dozen wealthy kinsfolk.

Miss Helen Gould, so report goes, will doubtless inherit a vast fortune from her father, but does not need it, as she already has several millions invested advantageously in her own name, for Mr. Gould has been a most devoted father. His wife had a small fortune when she married him, which had increased to several millions at the time of her death, and was left entirely to the daughter. She cares nothing for society, and is very religious. The Gould family, though very quiet folks, have never been church people until recently, when Miss Gould secured a pew in a Presbyterian church, and gradually, through her influence, her mother and the rest of them became regular attendants. She was her mother's constant companion, and this, with her charities, has made up the interest of her life. Her favorite form of benevolence is to gather up convalescent children in the hospitals in summer, and send them to the country to recover their strength.

Mrs. Griswold Gray, of New York, the daughter of the late Richard Irving, is a



MISS GRACE MYER.

widow worth several millions. Miss Daisy Stevens, daughter of the late Frederick Stevens, and Miss Annie Cutting are also millionaires.

Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, wife of the son of the senior member of the well-known law firm of Alexander & Green, who lives in New York, is worth about six million dollars. She was

the only daughter of the late Charles Crocker, who assisted in the construction of the Central and Southern Pacific railroads, and at the time of his death was one of the vice-presidents of those corporations. When Mr. Crocker died, in 1888, his estate

scheduled twenty-five million two hundred and sixty-six thousand dollars. One-third of it went to his wife, one-third to his daughter, and the remaining third was divided between his two sons, both of whom had previously received large sums from him.

Mrs. Fair, the divorced wife of the Nevada millionaire, received a very large fortune from her husband when the decree was granted. She is a large, fine-looking Irish woman, with more courage and common sense than education and refinement; and during the early days, when her husband was laying the foundations of his wealth, she was his helpmeet and his mainstay. She lived with him in his cabin, cooked his meals, washed his clothing, and many a time carried his entire property around in her bosom in the shape of gold-dust. When he "made his pile" he built her a fine house on "Nob Hill" in San Francisco, and lived contentedly there until 1883, when she left him and began a suit for divorce.

A decree was granted giving Mrs. Fair the custody of the minor children, the family residence on Nob Hill, and four million five hundred thousand dollars in United States bonds as alimony. Mrs. Fair returned to her former home with her son and two daughters, and has since resided there. She does not go into society, for she has no taste or experience in that direction, but is religious and charitable, and devotes herself to the education of her children, who, she in-



MRS. WILLIAM ASTOR, OF NEW YORK.



MISS JOSEPHINE PATTEN.

THE PATTEN SISTERS.

MISS EDITH PATTEN.

tends, shall enjoy privileges of which she was deprived.

Mrs. Anastasia Patten, who died in California last summer, left an estate of more than three million dollars. She was another woman of Mrs. Fair's character and early experience—of Irish birth, of early poverty and privation in a miner's cabin. But she saw much of the world.

Shortly after the death of her husband she settled up his affairs, invested her money securely, and took her five little daughters to Europe, where she proposed to give them such an education as would qualify them for the social position their money would command; and she did not return to the United States until the three elder of the five were old enough to go into society. Then she selected Washington as her home, and built one of the most spacious and luxurious houses in that city of beautiful mansions. No house at the capital is furnished in better taste, and the owner, with her daughters, was most hospitable and popular.

Of the five daughters, one only, Augusta, is married,—the wife of Congressman John R. Glover, of St. Louis. Of the others, Miss Mary and Miss Josephine are in society, and the two younger sisters in school. The four occupy the residence of their late mother, and entertain handsomely, but in a quiet way. Miss Mary keeps well posted concerning the rise and fall of stocks, knows all about silver mining, and can give off-

hand the value of any piece of real estate at the capital.

Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt, who lives alone with her son George in the great palace at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-first Street, New York, is the richest woman in the world; but her life is as quiet, and her manners as unostentatious, as those of a village matron. Her house, in point of costliness and artistic decoration, is beyond question the most superb in existence, surpassing the palace of any king; but her only pleasure is found in the society of her children and grandchildren.

Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, of New York, is supposed to be worth from fifteen to twenty millions, which was inherited from her late husband, the famous merchant. Mrs. Moses Taylor has quite as much money. Her husband was another merchant of Mr. Roberts's era, an old-fashioned, conservative man of business, who sought privacy instead of publicity, abhorred speculation, and was a devout Presbyterian.

Hetty Green, the Vermont woman who is so frequently seen on Wall Street, and by her eccentricities has attracted much attention, is supposed to be worth from fifteen to twenty millions, and is



MISS HETTY GREEN.



MRS. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, OF WASHINGTON.

rapidly accumulating more. Mrs. D. P. Morgan, whose late husband left a fortune of eight or ten millions, is residing in Washington with her daughters, Mrs. Kissam and Mrs. Carter. Mrs. Mark Hopkins, the widow of another of the Central Pacific syndicate, who is now building a three-million-dollar residence at Great Barrington, Mass., is worth twenty or twenty-five millions. Mrs. Emily H. Moir pays the largest assessment on real estate of any woman in New York, and her property is valued at nine million dollars.

Mrs. Astor owns from six to seven million dollars' worth of real estate in her own right, and Commodore Vanderbilt's widow was worth ten or twelve millions. Mrs. Robert Goellet has several millions, and Mrs. Clarkson Potter more than one. Miss Mary Callender, of Fifth Avenue, is said to have an income of over one hundred thousand dollars a year, while the Misses Leary and the Misses Furness have quite as much. Miss Grace Dodge has a fortune of a million and a half, and Mayor Hewitt's two daughters received large legacies from their grandfather, the late Peter Cooper.

Mrs. William C. Whitney, the wife of the Secretary of the Navy, will be a very rich woman, as her father is worth several millions, and her brother, Oliver H.

Payne, a bachelor, has twenty millions at least, which she and her children will inherit. The wife of Whitelaw Reid is the heir to the fortune of D. O. Mills, and has already received from her father all the money she will ever need.

Mrs. Jeannette Bell, the wife of the late Isaac Bell, recently United States Minister to The Hague, shared with her brother, James Gordon Bennett, the estate of their father, although *The New York Herald* was willed entirely to her brother. Mrs. Bell is quite different from her brother, as she is fond of nothing but her home and her children, and lives quietly at Newport.

Mrs. Hicks Lord is one of the most conspicuous rich women in New York, and obtained her money by marrying an old gentleman with millions, who lived but a short time after the wedding, and left her his entire estate. Mrs. Frank Leslie inherited a good business and considerable money from her late husband, and has increased it by her own skillful management. She has a very large income.

Mrs. Andrew G. Coffin, of Clinton Street, Brooklyn, is twenty-four years old and has four or five millions. Her husband was the head of the wholesale drug house of Coffin, Remington & Co.



MRS. ADDISON CAMMAK, OF NEW YORK.

He was eighty-three and she twenty at the time of their marriage.

Another young and beautiful woman who will some day have many millions, is the wife of Addison Cammack, "the Ursa Major" of Wall Street. She was Miss Gertrude Hildreth, of Washington, and her father formerly lived at Alexandria, Va. Upon his death her mother removed to Washington, and obtained a clerkship in one of the departments. Miss Hildreth was never known in the society of Washington, for she was still in school when Mr. Cammack met her.

There are many wealthy women in Boston. One of the richest is Mrs. Sutton, who spends most of her time at Peabody, Mass. Mrs. Hemmingway is supposed to be worth from six to eight millions, and is a liberal patroness of the sciences. Mrs. Frederick Lenoir, of Springfield, owns several millions' worth of property; and Mrs. Shaw, the daughter of Prof. Agassiz, has an income of two or three hundred thousand dollars a year, with which she supports a number of free kindergartens.

Mrs. William Walter Phelps, wife of the member of Congress from New Jersey, not only shares her husband's wealth, which is large, but has a million or more in her own right, inherited from her father, Mr. Joseph Sheffield, the Connecticut manufacturer, and the founder of the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale.

The richest woman in Pittsburg is Mrs. Schenley, whose fortune, mostly in real estate, is estimated at twenty millions.

Miss Thoron, of Boston, is the grand-

daughter and heiress of Samuel G. Ward, a retired banker, worth several millions, who was for many years the representative of the Barings in this country. Her father was a Frenchman, and she inherits his looks as well as his manners. Miss Thoron is to marry Mr. William C. Endicott, Jr., the son of the recent Secretary of War.

Chicago has a very wealthy woman in Miss Roxanna Wentworth, the only child of the late "Long John" Wentworth, who died not long ago. Mr. Wentworth was one of the earliest settlers of Chicago, and left his daughter from six to eight millions' worth of real estate, one of the finest cattle farms in the world, and a large amount of stocks and bonds. She is a lady of thirty or thirty-two years of age, was graduated at Vassar College, and is tall, plain-featured, and intellectual. Her father was a most eccentric



MRS. EUGENE HALE, OF MAINE, AND HER SONS.

man, and she was his constant companion and confidante. He never permitted her to receive attentions from gentlemen, and she was seldom seen except in his company. It is understood to have been his wish that she should marry her cousin, Moses G. Wentworth.

Mrs. Horatio O. Stone, of Chicago, is one of the wealthiest and one of the most beautiful women in the West. She was Miss Elizabeth Yeager, of Clifton Springs, N. Y., and became the third wife of one of the early settlers in the Western metropolis, who made an immense fortune in real estate and other business operations. Mr. Stone's second wife was also a native of Clifton Springs, and Elizabeth Yeager was her friend. At one time when they were visiting the old home, the latter told Mr. Stone in jest that she would never marry until she found a husband like him. She was quite a girl at the time, but he remembered the remark, and a



MISS MARY GWENDOLEN CALDWELL, OF NEW ORLEANS.



MRS. WALSH, OF ST. LOUIS.

year or two after the death of Mrs. Stone wrote her recalling the incident, and asking if she was of the same mind still. She replied that she was, and a wedding followed soon after.

In Milwaukee Mrs. Alexander Mitchell, the widow of the late president of the Milwaukee and St. Paul road, has many millions of dollars, and several of her neighbors have nearly as much.

A very wealthy woman at Peoria, Ill., is Mrs. Lydia Bradley, who was for some time president of a National bank, and the only woman who ever held such a position. There are several hundred female directors of National banks, and several ladies occupy positions as cashiers, but Mrs. Bradley enjoys the distinction of being the only woman who ever held a presidency.

The number of wealthy women in Philadelphia is very large. There are a dozen or more worth four or five million dollars. One is the widow of Thomas A. Scott. Mrs. Richard W. Townshend, the wife of the Third-Street broker, will be a very wealthy woman some day, for she will inherit one-half of the fortune of her father, William L. Scott, of Erie, Pa., who, as is well known, is one of the richest men in the United States.

There is in Erie another woman who is worth an immense amount of money,



MRS. ALEXANDER MITCHELL, OF MILWAUKEE.

and she divides her time between a beautiful home in that city and the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York. This is Mrs. Charles M. Reed, whose husband found Mr. Scott a page in the House of Representatives, brought him to Erie, and gave him his start in life. General Reed at one time had a monopoly of steamship navigation and the coal trade on the Great Lakes. He also owned canals and railroads, and when he died left his widow six or eight million dollars.

In Buffalo Mrs. Albert J. Myer, widow of "Old Probabilities," the founder of the United States signal service, is a very rich woman. Her daughter Grace is a very interesting young lady. One of the richest women in the West is Mrs. Amasa Stone, whose husband died not many years ago, leaving thirteen or fourteen millions of dollars. By his will one million went to the Western Reserve University at Cleveland, and the balance was divided between his widow and his daughter, Mrs. John Hay, the wife of the poet, diplomat, and biographer of Lincoln.

Mrs. Zachariah Chandler, widow of the famous stalwart, inherited several millions, and her only daughter, the wife of Senator Hale, of Maine, received as much more. Mrs. Hale has three splendid boys, who will ultimately inherit all this property. Each of them at his birth was presented with fifty thousand dollars

in United States bonds by his grandfather, the interest upon which has been accumulating ever since.

In St. Louis lives Mrs. Walsh, a very handsome brunette, who divides her time between that city and Washington, with a large fortune. When the Grand Duke Alexis, of Russia, visited the United States in 1871, Mrs. Walsh was a girl in her teens. He fell in love with her, and his demonstrations of affection were so marked that his aids-de-camp hurried him away from the city lest something serious should happen.

Another very wealthy woman in Washington is Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell, the wife of the inventor of the telephone, who not only shares her husband's millions, but is the only living child of Gardiner G. Hubbard, from whom she will inherit several millions more.

After giving handsome endowments to the Corcoran Art Gallery, the Louise Home for old ladies, the Columbian University, the Protestant Orphan Asylum, and other charitable and educational institutions, the late philanthropist, W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, left his fortune, amounting to several millions of dollars, in equal parts to Miss Lulie and



MISS LULIE EUSTIS, OF WASHINGTON.

W. E. Eustis, his grandchildren and only legal heirs. Miss Lulie is a great favorite in Washington, but is not fond of society. She prefers outdoor life, is a tall, slender blonde, with short curly hair, has a face like a boy, knows all about horses and dogs, can handle a rifle and a fishing-rod with great skill.

Miss Mary Gwendolen Caldwell is a young lady possessing several million dollars. Her father was originally a theater manager in New Orleans, and accumulated money there in business and real estate speculation. Dying, he left it all to two daughters, Miss Mary, who is twenty-five or -six years of age, and her younger sister. Miss Caldwell divides her time between Washington and New York. While in the latter city she lives at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. She is a devout Catholic, and two years ago gave five hundred thousand dollars toward the endowment of the new Catholic university now being erected at Washington. While she was in Rome recently she had a private audience with the Pope, by whom she was decorated with the order of the Golden Rose. Mrs. General Sherman was the only other American woman to be so honored.

Miss Alice L. and Miss Janette Riggs, daughters of the late George W. Riggs, of Washington, are ladies of great and accumulating wealth. Their father was the partner of the late W. W. Corcoran, the philanthropist, and succeeded to the



MISS ALICE RIGGS, OF WASHINGTON.

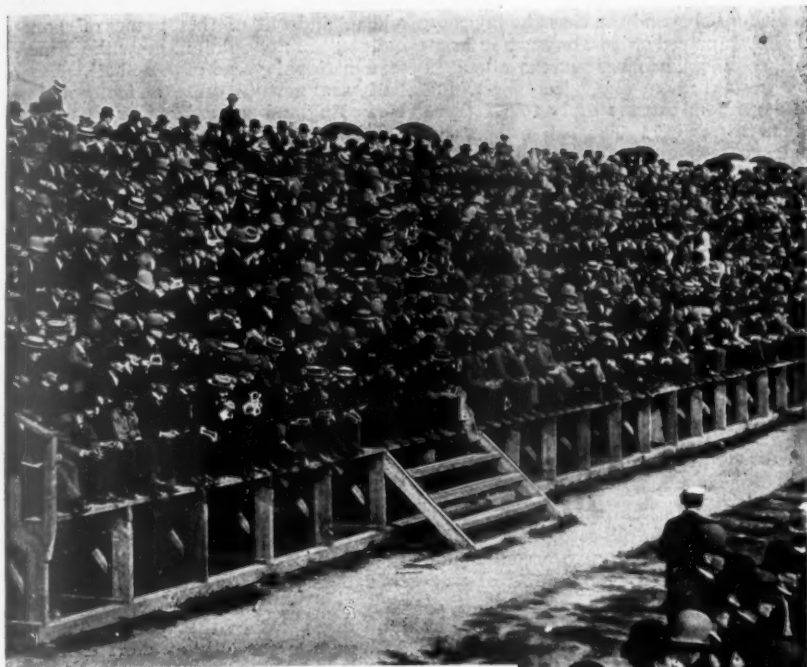
business under the firm name of Riggs & Company. The bank, which is still the largest and most profitable in Washington, is owned by the Misses Riggs, their sister, and Mr. Frank Riggs, their brother. Alice Riggs is between forty-five and fifty years of age, and her sister, Miss Janette, is perhaps six or eight years younger. They live simply, have no taste for fashionable gayety, and have been in mourning during the last ten or twelve years, first for their mother, then for their father, and more recently for their brother. They are very religious and devoted to benevolent works.

Mrs. Hayward M. Hutchinson, the widow of one of the Alaska Seal Company, lives on Massachusetts Avenue in Washington, and enjoys a handsome income from her stock in that company.

The wealthiest actress in the United States is Miss Charlotte Crabtree, the charming Lotta, who has accumulated more than a million dollars. Mrs. Langtry is said to have made half a million during her short career on the stage, and Mary Anderson has quite as much. Mrs. Langtry owns three hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of New York real estate, the most of it lying in the northwestern portion of the city. She also has considerable property in Chicago, Kansas City, and San Francisco.



MRS. HUTCHINSON, OF WASHINGTON.



IN THE FIELD PAPERS.

BASE-BALL.

BY A. G. SPALDING.

(Photographed by Joseph Hall.)

BASE-BALL is distinctively an American game. While authorities differ as to its origin, no one, so far as I know, claims that it is other than American, excepting as it may have some resemblance to other games. One authority claims that the game of base-ball was taken from the old English game of rounders, while another claims that it was an evolution from the "old cat" ball or "town ball," played two or three generations ago. A French gentleman whom I met in Paris recently insisted that it was similar to the old French game of *tecque*, introduced into Normandy many years ago. Until I saw and played in a game of rounders in Liverpool last March, I was of the opinion that base-ball was the direct outgrowth of the English game of rounders; but

since seeing this game,—of which the Englishmen talk so much, and with which they occasionally seek to belittle our national game by saying that "it is nothing but the old game of rounders, you know,"—I am satisfied that base-ball has no connection with rounders whatever. It is no more like that game than battledoor and shuttlecock are like rackets and lawn tennis. About the only similarity is in the shape of the field, though rounders has five bases: home base, first, second, third and fourth base, which is located half way between third and home base. Instead of scoring a run when a circuit of the bases is made, as in base-ball, they score by the number of bases that are made on the hit; and while it is necessary for the base runner to reach the fifth or home base, he gets no

credit for it beyond the bases he takes on his hit. Instead of base bags, as in baseball, rounders has base sticks stuck in the ground about sixty feet apart, and base runners must simply touch these sticks in passing. The ball used is soft and small—smaller than a tennis ball. The bat used is a paddle, or miniature cricket bat, about twenty inches long,

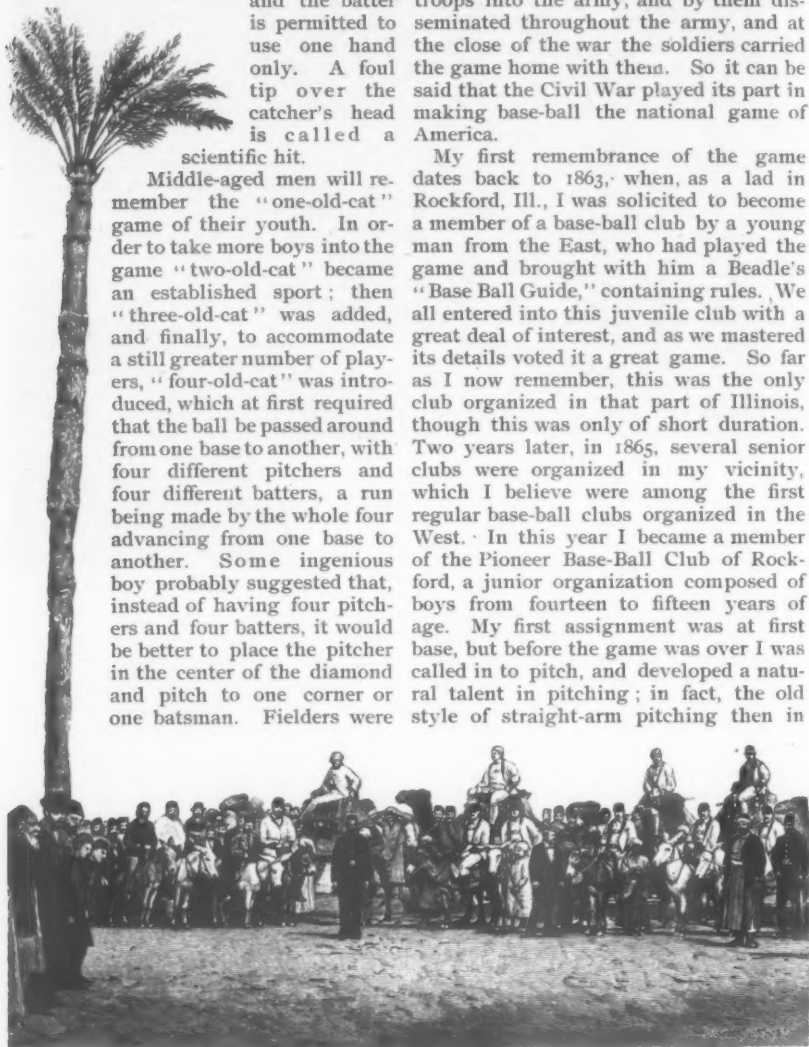
and the batter is permitted to use one hand only. A foul tip over the catcher's head is called a

scientific hit.

Middle-aged men will remember the "one-old-cat" game of their youth. In order to take more boys into the game "two-old-cat" became an established sport; then "three-old-cat" was added, and finally, to accommodate a still greater number of players, "four-old-cat" was introduced, which at first required that the ball be passed around from one base to another, with four different pitchers and four different batters, a run being made by the whole four advancing from one base to another. Some ingenious boy probably suggested that, instead of having four pitchers and four batters, it would be better to place the pitcher in the center of the diamond and pitch to one corner or one batsman. Fielders were

added, and out of this game of "one-old-cat," in my opinion, grew the American national game of base-ball. Baseball was getting quite a foot-hold in New England and New York State previous to the breaking out of the Civil War, when it was temporarily checked. The seed thus sown was carried by the New England and New York troops into the army, and by them disseminated throughout the army, and at the close of the war the soldiers carried the game home with them. So it can be said that the Civil War played its part in making base-ball the national game of America.

My first remembrance of the game dates back to 1863, when, as a lad in Rockford, Ill., I was solicited to become a member of a base-ball club by a young man from the East, who had played the game and brought with him a Beadle's "Base Ball Guide," containing rules. We all entered into this juvenile club with a great deal of interest, and as we mastered its details voted it a great game. So far as I now remember, this was the only club organized in that part of Illinois, though this was only of short duration. Two years later, in 1865, several senior clubs were organized in my vicinity, which I believe were among the first regular base-ball clubs organized in the West. In this year I became a member of the Pioneer Base-Ball Club of Rockford, a junior organization composed of boys from fourteen to fifteen years of age. My first assignment was at first base, but before the game was over I was called in to pitch, and developed a natural talent in pitching; in fact, the old style of straight-arm pitching then in



THE CHICAGO AND ALL-AMERICAN CLUBS.



A. G. SPALDING.

vogue seemed to come to me very naturally, and I believe I could pitch as swiftly, and nearly as accurately, in my first effort as I was ever able to do afterward. My pitching talent soon attracted the attention of the Forest City Club, of Rockford, and a few weeks later I became a member of that organization. Ross Barnes was also a player in this junior club, and afterward became a member of the Forest City Club, and in later years became one of the best general players in the country; in fact, in my opinion as an all-round player he has never been excelled.

The Rockford Club played the leading Western clubs during 1866, and became prominent as one of the leading clubs of the Northwest. Its reputation was made national in 1867 by being the only club to defeat the Nationals of Washington, then on their memorable tour through the West, the first extended trip ever made

by a base-ball club. I remained with the Rockford Club until the spring of 1871, when I joined the Bostons under the management of Harry Wright. I remained in Boston until 1876, during which time the Boston Club won the championship four years.

In 1876, in company with Ross Barnes, James White, Cal McVey, of Boston, and A. C. Anson, of Philadelphia, I became manager and captain of the Chicago Club, remaining with them during 1876 and 1877, retiring from active play the latter year. Such a thing as a professional base-ball club was unknown until the Cincinnati Red Stockings was organized in 1869 as a full-fledged professional club. Their success at the time was considered phenomenal; but when it is remembered that they were the only professional club in the country, who devoted their whole time to playing, their success is not so remarkable as it might appear from their record, which was the playing of a whole season, 1869, without the loss of a game. In the sixties every possible effort was made to keep the game on an amateur basis, but in order to secure the services of desirable players business positions were offered them. This system became so universal that it resulted finally in the establishment of the Cincinnati Club, and their success was so pronounced that other cities who hoped for equal success found it necessary to organize professional clubs. The season of 1870 saw a number of professional clubs organized in the leading cities in the country, and in 1871, the year in which the Boston Club was organized, many more were added; so, as



ON THE WAY TO THE PYRAMIDS.



CLARKSON, PITCHER, BOSTON.

amateur playing gave way to semi-professional, semi-professional clubs gradually gave way to full professional clubs.

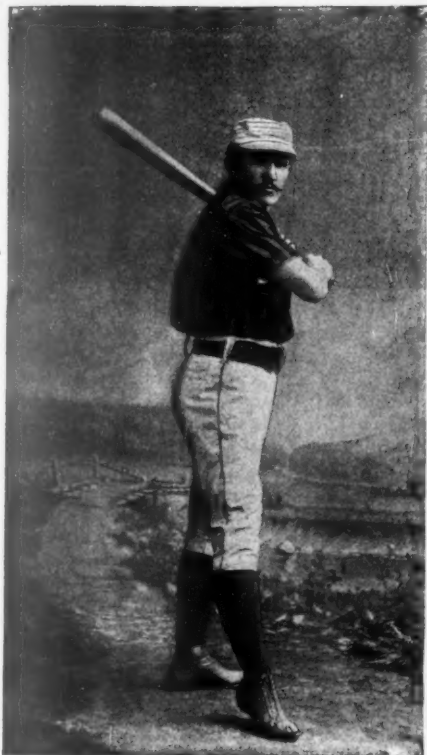
The game grew in popularity very fast from 1869 to 1873 and 1874, and with it grew many abuses which are little understood or known at the present time. The most unfortunate thing for the reputation of base-ball was the gambling influence that controlled the game in those early professional days, and it came very near strangling the life out of it. It was no uncommon thing to see spectators, and players even, betting openly on the game then in progress, and of course frequent charges of corruption had some basis for their truth, and I regret to say that there were frequent occasions when players were guilty of throwing games in the interest of the pool-rooms.

It was my good fortune to be selected as the *avant-courrier* to visit England in the winter of 1874, to arrange for the tour of the Bostons and the Athletics of Philadelphia during the following summer. While the exhibition games

between these two leading clubs excited some interest and curiosity in England, it can not be said that the game made a very lasting impression on our English cousins, nor was the undertaking a financial success. It did have the effect, however, of bringing the game to the attention of many people in this country who had never given it much thought before, and was also the indirect means of bringing many new clubs into existence.

Base-ball can not be said to have been put upon a permanent and honest basis, independent of the gambling influence, until the organization of the National League in 1876. It was my pleasure to be closely associated with the late Wm. A. Hulbert, of Chicago, to whom is due every credit for taking the game out of the hands of the gamblers, and putting it on a reputable basis. He was the right man in the right place. As a member of the Chicago Club, and as a delegate of that organization to the meetings of the old National Association, he had an opportunity of seeing how corrupt the game had become, not only among the players but among the men running the clubs, and his mind soon discerned the fact that if base-ball was to become a popular and successful professional game in this country, it must be run on entirely different methods. Acting on this judgment, he determined to break away from the old association, and this resulted in the organization of the National League. He had the true interests of the game at heart, and anything that savored in any way of corruption or dishonesty found in him a vigorous enemy. As before stated, I left the Boston Club in the fall of 1875 and spent the greater part of the following winter in Chicago, during which time Mr. Hulbert and myself had frequent conferences as to the best plan to effect a new organization, and, if possible, to get the game on a more reputable and permanent basis.

There was at the time an intense feeling between the Eastern and Western clubs, and it was considered a matter of some doubt whether the Eastern men, then in control of base-ball, would look with favor on this new movement. During those long winter evenings, which were spent so delightfully at Mr. Hul-



JOHN M. WARD, SHORTSTOP, NEW YORK.

bert's house, the original draft of a new constitution was made, which, with a few minor changes afterward, became the first constitution of the National League. In order to ascertain the sentiments of the other Western clubs, an informal meeting of the four Western clubs was held at Louisville in the latter part of December, 1875. The St. Louis Club was represented by the late Charles A. Fowle; the Cincinnati Club by the late John A. Joyce; the Louisville Club by W. N. Haldeman, Thomas Shirley, and Charles E. Chase; and the Chicago Club by W. A. Hulbert and myself. The necessity of a new organization was discussed and a draft of the constitution was submitted; and after a thorough and animated discussion, lasting the greater part of two days, the revolution was then and there decided upon, and W. A. Hulbert and Charles A. Fowle were ap-

pointed a committee to communicate with the Eastern clubs located at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Hartford.

This Louisville meeting was held with closed doors; and although it was known throughout the base-ball world that such a meeting had been held, the proceedings and designs of that meeting were not known until the Western Committee met the representatives of the Eastern clubs at the Grand Central Hotel in New York City, Feb. 2, 1876. The Boston Club was represented by N. T. Appollonio; the New York Mutuals by William H. Cammeyer; the Athletics of Philadelphia by Geo. W. Thompson; and the Hartfords by the present Governor of Connecticut, Hon. Morgan G. Buckley. When the new movement was fully explained to the Eastern delegates and the proposed constitution submitted, they entered into it with enthusiasm; and the result was, then and there, the organization of the present National League of professional base-ball clubs. Gambling was prohibited on the ground of any of the League clubs; liquor selling was abolished; players were expelled for being interested in any wager on the game; in fact, everything was done that could be done to raise the game out of its slough of corruption.

The game had sunk so low in the estimation of the general public that it was with the greatest effort that the public could be made to believe that the efforts of the League were honest. The first two years resulted in a financial loss to nearly every club connected with the League. The gamblers had been alienated from the game for the reason that they could not control it, and the reputable part of the community had not recovered from their apathy toward it on account of the previous corruption.

One of the abuses that the old National Association permitted, and usually exercised toward the Western clubs, was the failure of the Eastern clubs to return the last visit of the season to the Western clubs. It was expected that the National League would remove this difficulty; but in the first year of its organization the Mutuals of New York and the Athletics

of Philadelphia continued this breach of contract, by refusing to play their Western games. This so incensed Hulbert and his Western associates that, at a meeting of the League in the fall of 1876, both the New York and Philadelphia clubs were expelled. They pleaded for mercy, but in vain. Considering the financial loss that the clubs had just sustained, and the fact that the League had to take in such smaller cities as Worcester and Syracuse to replace the populous cities of New York and Philadelphia, this showed something of the character of Hulbert and his associates.

1877 was another disastrous year, financially, for nearly all the clubs in the League; but advancement was being made in the public mind, which was becoming educated up to the new idea of running professional base-ball; but in the fall of 1877 the game received a blow that well-nigh ruined all hope of resurrection. After all protestations of honesty in League clubs, it was discovered that four players in the Louisville Club had been guilty of selling games during the season of 1877. Instead of covering it up and whitewashing it over, as might have been done, the League considered

it best to make a manly breast of the whole matter and expel the players. The expelling of the New York and Philadelphia clubs for failing to carry out their business agreement, and the expelling of these Louisville players for crookedness, were probably the best things that were ever done for professional base-ball; for from that time on the public had faith in the National League, and really believed they were honestly trying to do what they professed, that is, to make the game pure, reputable, and worthy of the patronage of the best class of people.

Since then the game has gradually increased in popularity, until now it is on a better basis—certainly from a professional view—than any other game in the world; and I believe it attracts as spectators, in the aggregate, more people during a season than all other out-door athletic games combined.

I look forward to the time when base-ball will become the universal game of the world, as I believe it is destined to be. The English game of cricket, while it has great merit, is more of a players' game and not so much of a spectators', whereas base-ball is quite



Photographed by Joseph Hall.

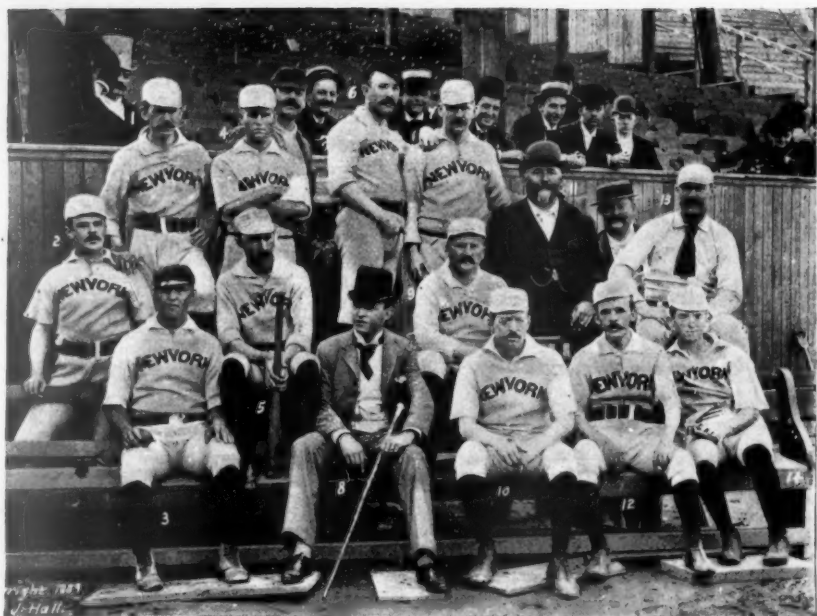
ACTORS' BASE-BALL CLUB, NEW YORK,—"THE FIVE A'S."

1. O'Rourke,
2. R. Carroll,
3. Canfield,
4. J. Carroll,

5. J. Kelly, Umpire,
6. Roberts,
7. De Wolf Hopper,
8. Wilson,

9. Lackey,
10. Engels,
11. Powers,
12. McIntosh,

13. Lawson,
14. Ferguson,
15. M. Carroll,
16. Collyer.



Photographed by Joseph Hall.

THE PRESS BASE-BALL CLUB, NEW YORK.

1. Mandago,
2. Escrevege,
3. Rudolph,
4. Smith,

5. Harris,
6. Doc. McDonough,
7. Dickerson,
8. Austin,

9. Rankin,
10. Metcalf,
11. Engels,
12. Stackhouse,

13. J. Kelly, Umpire,
14. Adams.

as much a spectators' game as it is a players'.

Of course, cricket has been for many years, and always will be, the national game of England and her colonies; but I believe there is plenty of room for base-ball in these countries without interfering in the least with cricket. I believe that, while it would not detract from the cricket interest, it would bring a class of people into this sport that at present have not the time to devote to cricket. Cricket is essentially a game for the aristocracy, while base-ball, like football, is a game for the people. In England, where they have a large leisure class, they have plenty of time to devote to cricket, which takes two or three days to play it; whereas in new countries like America, Canada, and Australia, whose people are busy in developing the natural resources of a new country, they have not the time to devote to cricket.

In the recent trip of the Chicago and

All-America teams around the world we found base-ball well established in the Sandwich Islands, where they already had a league of five or six clubs. I understand that our visit has given an additional impetus to the sport, and double the number of clubs exist there now that did a year ago. In New Zealand they never heard of base-ball, though I am informed that several clubs have been organized there since our visit; and as the New Zealanders have a delightful country and climate, and are a sport-loving people, there is no doubt that the game will become a fixture there. My latest advices from Australia indicate that the game has already taken a good foothold in Victoria, South Australia, and New South Wales, and there are between fifty and sixty clubs now organized and playing, with the promise of many more in the future. It is questionable whether base-ball or any other athletic game will ever take much of a hold in India, prin-



O'BRIEN, LEFT FIELD, BROOKLYN.

cipally because the climate is so very hot; and whatever interest there is in athletics in that country is entirely in the hands of the English residents there.

It is hardly reasonable to expect that base-ball or any athletic game will take possession of Egypt, except by the English residents; for in a country where they use a stick for a plow, and hitch a donkey and a camel together to draw it, and do many other things as they did twenty centuries ago, it is hardly reasonable to expect that the modern game of base-ball will become one of its sports. We found very little interest in athletic sports in Italy and France; in fact, it was with the greatest difficulty that we could find a place to play a game of base-ball in either of those countries, and not in a single place did we find an inclosed ground.

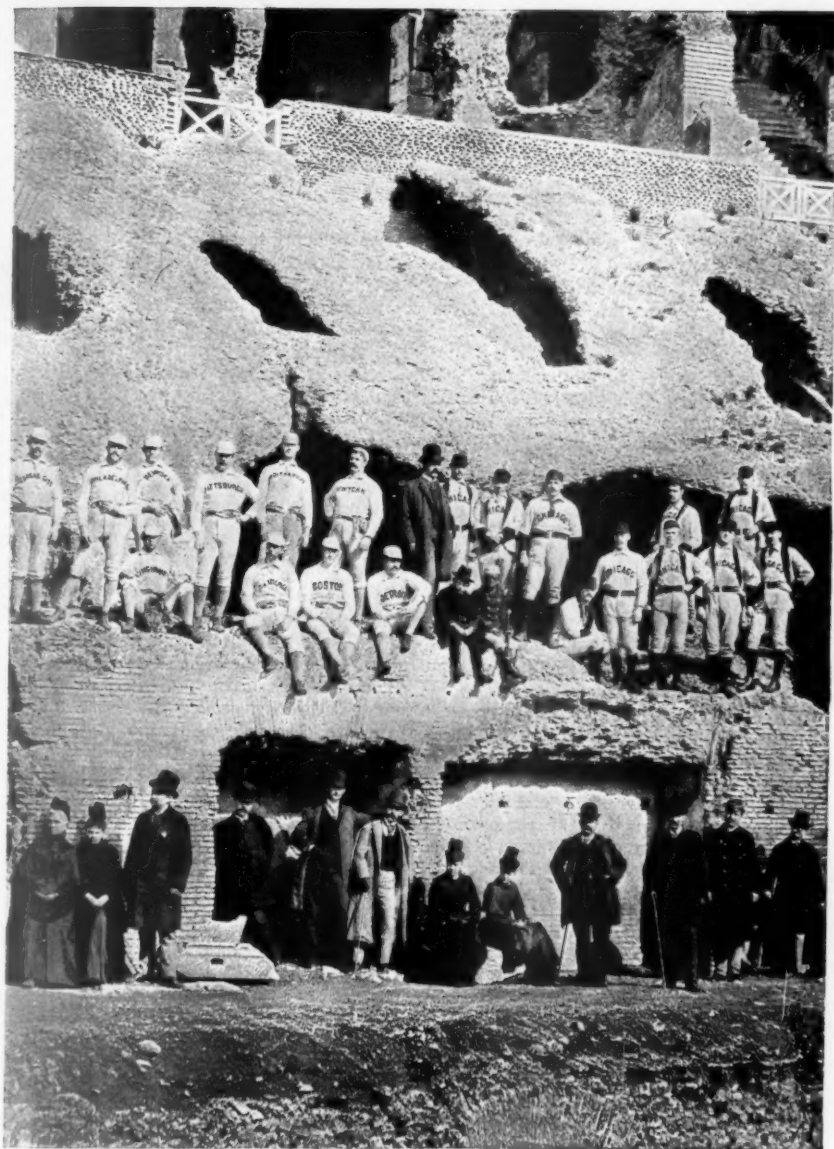
In looking at the small stature of the Italian and Frenchman, and comparing it with the Englishman, Australian, and American, I was impressed with the idea

that athletic sport has had its influence in developing the physical nature of the English-speaking countries. I am not sufficiently familiar with the Italian character to make an intelligent estimate as to whether any kind of athletic sport will ever take there; but I do believe that base-ball is a game well adapted to the French. There is plenty of excitement about it, and it can be played quickly. They have tried to transplant the English game of cricket to French soil, but it has proved a failure, principally because it is too slow and long drawn out to satisfy the lively Frenchman.

After having traveled about ten weeks through countries where the English language is little spoken, and where no interest was manifested in athletic sports, it was a great pleasure for our party to arrive in England, where we found an interest in out-door sports, even though they did not look favorably upon our American game. It is not natural for Englishmen to look with much favor on any new thing, and especially would it



COMISKY, FIRST BASE, ST. LOUIS.



THE CHICAGO AND ALL-AMERICA CLUBS IN THE COLISEUM, ROME.

be unreasonable to expect that they would look with favor on a new sport; for they are so thoroughly wedded to cricket and foot-ball that it will require some little time and patience to induce

them to take up base-ball. That base-ball would become very popular if it was once introduced I have no doubt.

It would be a great thing for England, America, Australia, Canada, and other

English-speaking countries if we could all hit upon some athletic sport which would make it possible for us to have international contests; for I believe such international contests would do more to cement a friendly feeling between these nations than anything else that can be suggested. It is unfortunate that no game at present exists in which we all can take an interest.

The following extract from a personal letter recently received from Hon. Daniel O'Connor, the Postmaster-General of New South Wales, gives an idea how these athletic visits are looked upon in Australia:

"I heartily agree with our mutual and cultured friend, Consul Griffin, in the belief that your felicitous visit did so much toward making the people of your own great land and our infant nation better acquainted with each other; and I trust it is only the first of a cordial interchange which will have the effect of still more warmly uniting and strengthening the bonds between us, children as we are of the great old mother, speaking the same language, claiming the same glorious traditions, with an equal share in the splendid achievements of our dead and gone ancestors,—the one race, only separated by the envious waters of an ocean."

Few people have any idea of the enormous amount of interest taken in baseball throughout the United States. The casual observer is apt to consider that the game is confined to the professional clubs, where, as a matter of fact, I venture to assert that for every professional club in this country there are five hundred amateur clubs, possibly more. Nearly every town, village, and hamlet in America has its representative club; and who

can deny the assertion that these numerous clubs are the means of developing into strong physical manhood the youths of our land? Wellington, when asked to what he ascribed his success at Waterloo, replied, "To the cricket fields of England." The time may come when some American general may properly ascribe his success to the base-ball fields of America. The rapidly growing interest that is yearly being manifested in all kinds of athletic sports augurs well for the future of American institutions, and every kind of athletic sport that permits of good wholesome rivalry should be encouraged. They all have their merits and their vortaries; but for boys from the age of ten to twenty-five I claim that there is no sport equal to base-ball. In order to get the best physical results from any exercise, it is necessary to have the mind pleasantly occupied. Sawing wood or turning a grindstone may be good exercise, but what boy will do either if he can possibly avoid it? Is there a case on record where a parent has had to urge his son to play base-ball?

Among the special features that commend base-ball is the ease with which suitable grounds can be obtained, the inexpensiveness of the implements as compared with other games, the short time it takes to complete the game, and, above all, the intense interest and enjoyment the player gets out of it. It develops the mental as well as the physical qualities, and to be a skillful player a man must think quickly, act promptly, and control his temper. Without wishing to disparage any other game or sport, I unhesitatingly pronounce base-ball the peer of them all, and expect to see it become the universal athletic sport of the world.



FROM "THE POINT" TO THE PLAINS.

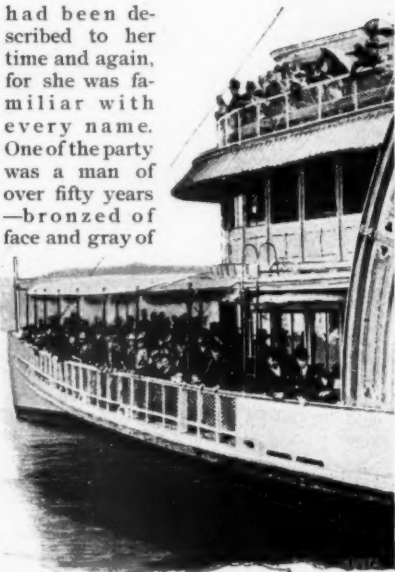
BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. ARMY.

I.

SHE was standing at the very end of the forward deck, and, with flushing cheeks and sparkling eyes, gazing eagerly upon the scene before her. Swiftly, smoothly rounding the rugged promontory on the right, the steamer was just turning into the highland "reach" at Fort Montgomery and heading straight away for the landings on the sunset shore. It was only mid-May, but the winter had been mild, the spring early, and now the heights on either side were clothed in raiment of the freshest, coolest green; the vines were climbing in luxuriant leaf all over the face of the rocky scarp that hemmed the swirling tide of the Hudson; the radiance of the evening sunshine bathed all the eastern shores in mellow light and left the dark slopes and deep gorges of the opposite range all the deeper and darker by contrast. A lively breeze had driven most of the passengers within doors as they sped through the broad waters of the Tappan Zee, but, once within the sheltering traverses of Dunderberg and the heights beyond, many of their number reappeared upon the promenade deck, and first among them was the bonnie little maid now clinging to the guard-rail at the very prow, and, heedless of fluttering skirt or fly-away curl, watching with all her soul in her bright blue eyes for the first glimpse of the haven where she would be. No eyes on earth look so eagerly for the grim, gray *façade* of the riding-hall or the domes and turrets of the library building, as those of the girl who has spent the previous summer at West Point.

Utterly absorbed in her watch she gave no heed to other passengers who presently took their station close at hand. One was a tall, dark-eyed, dark-haired young lady in simple and substantial traveling dress. With her were two men in tweeds and Derby hats, and to these companions she constantly turned with questions as to prominent objects in the rich and varied landscape. It was evident that she was seeing for the first time sights that

had been described to her time and again, for she was familiar with every name. One of the party was a man of over fifty years—bronzed of face and gray of



hair, but with erect carriage and piercing black eyes that spoke of vigor, energy, and probably of a life in the open air. It needed not the tri-colored button of the Loyal Legion in the lapel of his coat to tell that he was a soldier. Any one who chose to look—and there were not a few—could speedily have seen, too, that these were father and daughter.

The other man was still taller than the dark, wiry, slim-built soldier, but in years he was not more than twenty-eight or nine. His eyes, brows, hair, and the heavy mustache that drooped over his mouth were all of a dark, soft brown. His complexion was clear and ruddy; his frame powerful and athletic. Most of the time he stood a silent but attentive listener to the eager talk between the young lady and her father, but his kindly eyes rarely left her face; he was ready to respond instantly when she turned to question him, and when he spoke it was with the unmistakable intonation of the South.

The deep, mellow tones of the bell were booming out their landing signal as the steamer shot into the shadow of a high, rocky cliff. Far aloft on the overhanging piazzas of a big hotel, fluttering handkerchiefs greeted the passengers on the decks below. Many eyes were turned thither in recognition of the salute, but not those of the young girl at the bow. One might, indeed, have declared her resentful of this intermediate stop. The instant the gray walls of the riding school had come into view she had signaled, eagerly, with a wave of her hand to a gentleman and lady seated in quiet conversation under the shelter of the deck. Presently the former, a burly, broad-shouldered man of forty or thereabouts, came sauntering forward and stood close behind her.

"Well, Nan! Most there I see. Think you can hold on five minutes longer, or shall I toss you over and let you swim for it?"

For answer Miss Nan clasps a wooden pillar in her gray-gloved hands, and tilts excitedly on the toes of her tiny boots, never once relaxing her gaze on the dock a mile or more away up stream.

"Just think of being so near Willy—and all of them—and not seeing one to speak to until after parade," she finally says.

"Simply inhuman!" answers her companion with commendable gravity, but with humorous twinkle about his eyes. "Is it worth all the long journey, and all the excitement in which your mother tells me you've been plunged for the past month?"

"Worth it, Uncle Jack!" and the blue eyes flash upon him indignantly. "Worth it? You wouldn't ask if you knew it all, as I do."

"Possibly not," says Uncle Jack, whimsically. "I haven't the advantage of being a girl with a brother and a baker's dozen of beaux in bell buttons and gray. I'm only an old fossil of a 'cit,' with a scamp of a nephew and that limited conception of the delights of West Point which one can derive from running up there every time that versatile youngster gets into a new scrape. You'll admit my opportunities have been frequent."

"It isn't Willy's fault—and you know it, Uncle Jack, though we all know how

good you've been; but he's had more bad luck and—and—injustice than any cadet in the corps. Lots of his classmates told me so."

"Yes," says Uncle Jack, musingly. "That is what your blessed mother, yonder, wrote me when I went up last winter, the time Billy submitted that explanation to the commandant with its pleasing reference to the fox that had lost its tail—you doubtless recall the incident—and came within an ace of dismissal in consequence."

"I don't care!" interrupts Miss Nan with flashing eyes. "Will had provocation enough to say much worse things: Jimmy Frazer wrote me so, and said the whole class was sticking up for him."

"I do not remember having had the honor of meeting Jimmy Frazer," remarks Uncle Jack, with an aggravating drawl that is peculiar to him. "Possibly he was one of the young gentlemen who didn't call owing to some temporary impediment in the way of light prison—"

"Yes; and all because he took Will's part, as I believe," is the impetuous reply. "Oh! I'll be so thankful when they're out of it all."

"So will they, no doubt. 'Sticking up'—wasn't that Mr. Frazer's expression?—for Bill seems to have been an expensive luxury all round. Wonder if sticking up is something they continue when they get to their regiments? Billy has two or three weeks yet in which to ruin his chances of ever reaching one—and he has exhibited astonishing aptitude for tripping himself up thus far."

"Uncle Jack! How can you speak so of Willy, when he is so devoted to you? When he gets to his regiment there won't be any Lieutenant Lee to nag and worry him night and day. *He's* the cause of all the trouble."

"That so?" draws Uncle Jack. "I didn't happen to meet Mr. Lee, either—he was away on leave—but as Bill and your mother had some such views, I looked into things a bit. It appears to be a matter of record that my enterprising nephew had more demerit before the advent of Mr. Lee than since. As for 'extras' and confinements, his stock was always big enough to bear the market down to bottom prices."

The boat is once more under way, and

a lull in the chat close at hand induces Uncle Jack to look about him. The younger of the two men lately standing with the dark-eyed girl has quietly withdrawn, and is now shouldering his way to a point out of ear-shot. There he calmly turns and waits; his glance again resting upon her whose side he has so suddenly quitted. She has followed him with her eyes until he stops; then with heightened color resumes a low-toned chat with her father. Uncle Jack is a keen observer, and his next words are inaudible except to his niece.

"Nan, my child, I apprehend that remarks upon *"A SUITABLE CANDIDATE FOR THE OFFICE OF GENERAL IN CHIEF."* the characteristics of the officers at the Point had best be confined to the bosom of the family. We may be in their very midst."

She turns, flushing, and for the first time her blue eyes meet the dark ones of the older girl. Her cheeks redden still more, and she whirls about again.

"I can't help it, Uncle Jack," she murmurs. "I'd just like to tell them all what I think of Will's troubles."

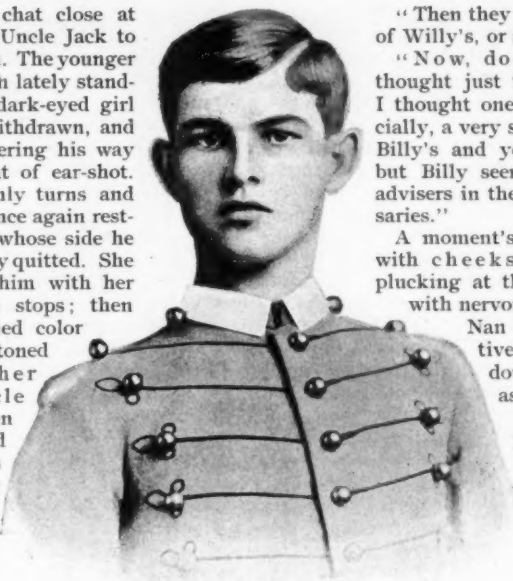
"Oh! Candor is to be admired of all things," says Uncle Jack, airily. "Still it is just as well to observe the old adage, 'Be sure you're right,' etc. Now, I own to being rather fond of Bill, despite all the worry he has given your mother, and all the bother he has been to me—"

"All the worry that others have given him, you ought to say, Uncle Jack."

"Well, har-d-ly. It didn't seem to me that the corps, as a rule, thought Billy the victim of persecution."

"They all tell me so, at least," is the indignant outburst.

"Do they, Nan? Well, of course that settles it. Still, there were a few who reluctantly admitted having other views when I pressed them closely."



"Then they were no friends of Willy's, or mine either!"

"Now, do you know, I thought just the other way? I thought one of them, especially, a very stanch friend of Billy's and yours, too, Nan, but Billy seems to consider advisers in the light of adversaries."

A moment's pause. Then, with cheeks still red, and plucking at the rope netting with nervous fingers, Miss Nan essays a tentative. Her eyes are downcast as she asks:

"I suppose you mean Mr. Stanley?"

"The very man, Nanette; very much of a man to my thinking."

The bronzed soldier standing near can not but have heard the name and the words. His face takes on a glow and the black eyes kindle.

"Mr. Stanley would not say to me that Willy is to blame," pouts the maiden, and her little foot is beating impatient tattoo on the deck.

"Neither would I—just now—if I were Mr. Stanley; but all the same he decidedly opposed the view that Mr. Lee was 'down on Billy,' as your mother seems to think."

"That's because Mr. Lee is tactical officer commanding the company, and Mr. Stanley is cadet captain. Oh! I will take him to task if he has been—been—"

But she does not finish. She has turned quickly in speaking, her hand clutching a little knot of bell buttons hanging by a chain at the front of her dress. She has turned just in time to catch a warning glance in Uncle Jack's twinkling eyes, and to see a grim smile lurking under the gray mustache of the gentleman with the Loyal Legion button who is leading away the tall young lady with the dark hair. In another moment they have rejoined the third member of

their party—he who first withdrew—and it is evident that something has happened which gives them all much amusement. They are chatting eagerly together, laughing not a little, although the laughter, like their words, is entirely inaudible to Miss Nan. But she feels a twinge of indignation when the tall girl turns and looks directly at her. There is nothing unkindly in the glance. There even is merriment in the dark, handsome eyes and lurking among the dimples around that beautiful mouth. Why did those eyes—so heavily fringed, so thickly shaded—seem to her, familiar as old friends? Nan could have vowed she had somewhere met that girl before, and now that girl was laughing at her. Not rudely, not aggressively to be sure—she had turned away again the instant she saw that the little maiden's eyes were upon her—but all the same, said Nan to herself, she *was* laughing. They were all laughing, and it must have been because of her outspoken defense of brother Will, and equally outspoken defiance of his persecutors. What made it worse was that Uncle Jack was laughing, too.

"Do you know who they are?" she demands indignantly.

"Not I, Nan," responds Uncle Jack. "Never saw them before in my life, but I warrant we see them again, and at the Point, too. Come, child. There's our bell, and we must start for the gangway. Your mother is hailing us now. Never mind this time, little woman," he continues kindly, as he notes the cloud on her brow. "I don't think any harm has been done, but it is just as well not to be impetuous in public speech. Ah! I thought so. They are to get off here with us."

Three minutes more and a little stream of passengers flows out upon the broad government dock, and, as luck would have it, Uncle Jack and his charges are just behind the trio in which, by this time, Miss Nan is deeply, if not painfully, interested. A soldier in the undress uniform of a corporal of artillery hastens forward and, saluting, stretches forth his hand to take the satchel carried by the tall man with the brown mustache.

"The lieutenant's carriage is at the gate," he says, whereat Uncle Jack, who is conducting her mother just in front,

looks back over his shoulder and nods compassionately at Nan.

"Has any despatch been sent down to meet Colonel Stanley?" she hears the tall man inquire, and this time Uncle Jack's backward glance is a combination of mischief and concern.

"Nothing, sir, and the adjutant's orderly is here now. This is all he brought down," and the corporal hands to the inquirer a note, the superscription of which the young officer quickly scans; then turns, and, while his soft brown eyes light with kindly interest and he bares his shapely head, accosts the lady on Uncle Jack's arm:

"Pardon me, madame. This note must be for you. Mrs. McKay, is it not?"

And as her mother smiles her thanks and the others turn away, Nan's eager eyes catch sight of Will's well known writing. Mrs. McKay rapidly reads it as Uncle Jack is bestowing bags and bundles in the omnibus and feigning the acceptive porter, who now rushes back to the boat in the nick of time.

"Awful sorry I can't get up to the hotel to see you," says the note, dolorously, but by no means unexpectedly. "I'm in confinement and can't get a permit. Come to the officer-in-charge's office right after supper, and he'll let me see you there awhile. Stanley's officer-of-the-day, and he'll be there to show the way. In haste, WILL."

"Now *isn't* that poor Willy's luck every time!" exclaims Miss Nan, her blue eyes threatening to fill with tears. "I *do* think they might let him off the day we get here."

"Unquestionably," answers Uncle Jack, with great gravity, as he assists the ladies into the yellow omnibus. "You duly notified the superintendent of your impending arrival, I suppose?"

Mrs. McKay smiles quietly. Hers is a sweet and gentle face, lined with many a trace of care and anxiety. Her brother's whimsical ways are old acquaintances, and she knows how to treat them; but Nan is young, impulsive, and easily teased. She flares up instantly.

"Of course we *didn't*, Uncle Jack; how utterly absurd it would sound! But Willy knew we were coming, and *he* must



" THEN WOULD FOLLOW THE HALF-HOUR'S WALK AND CHAT."

have told him when he asked for his permit, and it does seem too hard that he was refused."

"Heartless in the last degree," says Uncle Jack, sympathetically, but with the same suggestive drawl. "Yonder go the father and sister of the young gentleman whom you announced your intention of castigating because he didn't agree that Billy was being abused, Nan. You will have a chance this very evening, won't you? He's officer-of-the-day, according to Billy's note, and can't escape. You'll have wound up the whole family by tattoo. Quite a good day's work. Billy's opposers will do well to take warning and keep out of the way hereafter," he continues teasingly. "Oh—ah—*corporal!*" he calls, "who was the young officer who just drove off in the carriage with the lady and gentleman?"

"That was Lieutenant Lee, sir." Uncle Jack turns and contemplates his

niece with an expression of the liveliest admiration.

"'Pon my word, Miss Nan, you are a most comprehensive young person. You've indeed let no guilty man escape."

II.

THE evening that opened so clear and sunshiny has clouded rapidly over. Even as the four gray companies come "trotting" in from parade, and, with the ease of long habit, quickly forming line in the barrack area, some heavy raindrops begin to fall; the drum major has hurried his band away; the crowd of spectators, unusually large for so early in the season, scatters for shelter; umbrellas pop up here and there under the beautiful trees along the western roadway; the adjutant rushes through the "delinquency list," in a style distinguishable only to his stolid, silent audience standing immova-



"SHE WALKED TOWARD THE LITTLE PARTY, STILL TWIRLING THE CARD IN HER TAPERING FINGERS."

bly before him—a long perspective of gray uniforms and glistening white belts. The fateful book is closed with a snap, and the echoing walls ring to the quick commands of the first sergeants, at which the bayonets are struck from the rifle barrels, and the long line bursts into a living torrent sweeping into the hall-ways to escape the coming shower.

When the battalion reappears, a few moments later, every man is in his overcoat, and here and there little knots of upper classmen gather, and there is eager and excited talk.

A soldierly, dark-eyed young fellow, with the red sash of the officer-of-the-day over his shoulder, comes briskly out of the hall of the fourth division. The chevrons of a cadet captain are glistening on his arm, and he alone has not donned the gray overcoat, although he has discarded the plumed shako in deference to the coming storm; yet he hardly seems to notice the downpour of the rain; his face is grave and his lips set and compressed as he rapidly makes his way through the groups awaiting the signal to "fall in" for supper.

"Stanley! Oh, Stanley!" is the hail from a knot of classmates, and he halts and looks about as two or three of the party hasten after him.

"What does Billy say about it?" is the eager inquiry.

"Nothing—new."

"Well—that report as good as finds him on demerit, doesn't it?"

"The next thing to it: though he has been as close to the brink before."

"But—great Scott! He has two weeks yet to run; and Billy McKay can no more live two weeks without demerit than Patsy, here, without 'spooning.'"

Mr. Stanley's eyes look tired as he glances up from under the visor of his forage cap. He is not as tall by half a head as the young soldiers by whom he is surrounded.

"We were talking of his chances at dinner time," he says gravely: "Billy never mentioned this break of his yesterday, and was surprised to hear the report read out to-night. I believe he had forgotten the whole thing."

"Who 'skinned' him?—Lee? He was there."

"I don't know; McKay says so, but

there were several officers over there at the time. It is a report he cannot get off, and it comes at a most unlucky moment."

With this remark Mr. Stanley turns away and goes striding through the crowded area toward the guard-house. Another moment and there is sudden drum beat; the gray overcoats leap into ranks; the subject of the recent discussion—a jaunty young fellow with laughing blue eyes—comes tearing out of the fourth division just in time to avoid a "late," and the clamor of ten score voices gives place to silence broken only by the rapid calling of the rolls and the prompt "here"—"here," in response.

If ever there was a pet in the corps of cadets he lived in the person of Billy McKay. Bright as one of his own buttons; jovial, generous, impulsive; he had only one enemy in the battalion—and that one, as he had been frequently told, was himself. This, however, was a matter which he could not at all be induced to believe. Of the Academic Board in general, of his instructors in large measure, but of the four or five ill-starred soldiers known as "tactical officers" in particular, Mr. McKay entertained very decided and most unflattering opinions. He had won his cadetship through rigid competitive examination against all comers; he was a natural mathematician of whom a professor had said that he "could stand in the fives and wouldn't stand in the forties"; years of his boyhood spent in France had made him master of the colloquial forms of the court language of Europe, yet a dozen classmates who had never seen a French verb before their admission stood above him at the end of the first term. He had gone to the first section like a rocket and settled to the bottom of it like a stick. No subject in the course was really hard to him—his natural aptitude enabling him to triumph over the toughest problems. Yet he hated work, and would often face about with an empty black-board and take a zero and a report for neglect of studies, that half an hour's application would have rendered impossible. Classmates who saw impending danger would frequently make stolen visits to his room toward the close of the term and profess to be baffled by the

lesson for the morrow, and Billy would promptly knock the ashes out of the pipe he was smoking contrary to regulations and lay aside the guitar on which he had been softly strumming—also contrary to regulations; would pick up the neglected calculus or mechanics; get interested in the work of explanation, and end by having learned the lesson in spite of himself. This was too good a joke to be kept a secret, and by the time the last year came Billy had found it all out and refused to be longer hoodwinked.

There was never the faintest danger of his being found deficient in studies, but there was ever the glaring prospect of his being discharged "on demerit." Mr. McKay and the regulations of the U. S. Military Academy had been at loggerheads from the start.

And yet—frank, jolly and generous as he was in all intercourse with his comrades, there was never a time when this young gentleman could be brought to see that in such matters he was the arbiter of his own destiny. Like the Irishman whose first announcement on setting foot on American soil was that he was "agin the government," Billy McKay believed that regulations were made only to oppress; that the men who drafted such a code were idiots, and that those whose duty it became to enforce it were simply spies and tyrants, resistance to whom was innate virtue. He was forever ignoring or violating some written or unwritten law of the academy; was frequently being caught in the act and was invariably ready to attribute the resultant report to ill luck which pursued no one else, or to a deliberate persecution which followed him forever. Every six months he had been on the verge of dismissal, and now, a fortnight from the final examination, with a margin of only six demerit to run on, Mr. Billy McKay had just been read out in the daily list of culprits or victims as "Shouting from window of barracks to cadets in area during study hours—three forty-five, and four P.M."

There was absolutely no excuse for this performance. The regulations enjoined silence and order in barracks during "call to quarters." It had been raining a little, and he was in hopes there would be no battalion drill, in

which event he would venture on throwing off his uniform and spreading himself out on his bed with a pipe and a novel—two things he dearly loved. Ten minutes would have decided the question legitimately for him, but, being of impatient temperament, he could not wait, and, catching sight of the adjutant and the senior captain coming from the guard-house, Mr. McKay sung out in tones familiar to every man within ear-shot:

"Hi, Jim! Is it battalion drill?"

The adjutant glanced quickly up—a warning glance as he could have seen—merely shook his head and went rapidly on, while his comrade, the cadet first captain, clinched his fist at the window and growled between his set teeth, "Be quiet, you idiot!"

But poor Billy persisted. Louder yet he called:

"Well—say—Jimmy! Come up here after four o'clock. I'll be in confinement, and can't come out. Want to see you."

And the windows over at the office of the commandant being wide open, and that official being seated there in consultation with three or four of his assistants, and as Mr. McKay's voice was as well known to them as to the corps, there was no alternative. The colonel himself "confounded" the young scamp for his recklessness, and directed a report to be entered against him.

And now, as Mr. Stanley is betaking himself to his post at the guard-house, his heart is heavy within him because of this new load on his comrade's shoulders.

"How on earth could you have been so careless, Billy?" he had asked him as McKay, fuming and indignant, was throwing off his accoutrements in his room on the second floor.

"How 'd I know anybody was over there!" was the boyish reply. "It's just a skin on suspicion anyhow. Lee couldn't have seen me, nor could anybody else. I stood way back by the clothes-press."

"There's no suspicion about it, Billy. There isn't a man that walks the area that doesn't know your voice as well as he does Jim Pennock's. Confound it! You'll get over the limit yet, man, and break your—your mother's heart."

"O come now, Stan! You've been

nagging me ever since last camp. Why 'n thunder can't you see I'm doing my best? Other men don't row me as you do, or stand up for the 'tacks.' I tell you that fellow Lee never loses a chance of skinning me: he *takes* chances, by gad, and I'll make his eyes pop out of his head when he reads what I've got to say about it."

"You're too hot for reason now, McKay," said Stanley, sadly. "Step out or you'll get a late for supper. I'll see you after awhile. I gave that note to the orderly, by the way, and he said he'd take it down to the dock himself."

"Mother and Nan will probably come to the guard-house right after supper. Look out for them for me, will you, Stan,—until old Snipes gets there and sends for me?"

And as Mr. Stanley shut the door instantly and went clattering down the iron stairs, Mr. McKay caught no sign on his face of the sudden flutter beneath that snugly buttoned coat.

It was noticed by more than one of the little coterie at his own table that the officer-of-the-day hurried through his supper and left the mess hall long before the command for the first company to rise. It was a matter well known to every member of the graduating class that, almost from the day of her arrival during the encampment of the previous summer, Phil Stanley had been a devoted admirer of Miss Nannie McKay. It was not at all to be wondered at.

Without being what is called an ideal beauty, there was a fascination about this winsome little maid which few could resist. She had all her brother's impulsiveness, all his enthusiasm, and, it may be safely asserted, all his abiding faith in the sacred and unimpeachable character of cadet friendships. If she possessed a little streak of romance that was not discernible in him, she managed to keep it well in the background; and though she had her favorites in the corps, she was so frank and cordial and joyous in her manner to all, that it was impossible to say which one, if any, she regarded in the light of a lover. Whatever comfort her gentle mother may have derived from this state of affairs, it was "hard lines on Stanley," as his classmates put it, for there could be little doubt that the cap-

tain of the color company was a sorely smitten man.

He was not what is commonly called a "popular man" in the corps. The son of a cavalry officer, reared on the wide frontier and educated only imperfectly, he had not been able to enter the academy until nearly twenty years of age, and nothing but indomitable will and diligence had carried him through the difficulties of the first half of the course. It was not until the middle of the third year that the chevrons of a sergeant were awarded him, and even then the battalion was taken by surprise. There was no surprise a few months later, however, when he was promoted over a score of classmates and made captain of his company. It was an open secret that the commandant had said that if he had it all to do over again, Mr. Stanley would be made "first captain"—a rumor that big John Burton, the actual incumbent of that office, did not at all fancy. Stanley was "square" and impartial. His company was in admirable discipline, though many of his classmates growled and wished he were not "so soundly military." The second classmen, always the most critical judges of the qualifications of their seniors, conceded that he was more soldierly than any man of his year, but were unanimous in the opinion that he should show more deference to men of their standing in the corps. The "yearlings" swore by him in any discussion as to the relative merits of the four captains; but with equal energy, swore at him when contemplating that fateful volume known as "the skin book." The fourth classmen—the "plebes"—simply worshipped the ground he trod on; and as between General Sherman and Philip Stanley, it is safe to say these youngsters would have determined on the latter as the more suitable candidate for the office of general-in-chief. Of course they admired the adjutant—the plebes always do that—and not infrequently to the exclusion of the other cadet officers—but there was something grand, to them, about this dark-eyed, dark-faced, dignified captain who never stooped to trifle with them; was always so precise and courteous, and yet so immeasurably distant. They were ten times more afraid of him than they

had been of Lieutenant Rolfe, who was their "tack" during camp, or of the great, handsome, kindly-voiced dragoon who succeeded him—Lieutenant Lee, of the— cavalry. They approved of this latter gentleman because he belonged to the regiment of which Mr. Stanley's father was lieutenant-colonel, and to which it was understood Mr. Stanley was to be assigned on his graduation. What they could not at all understand was that, once graduated, Mr. Stanley could step down from his high position in the battalion of cadets and become a mere file closer. Yes. Stanley was too strict and soldierly to command that decidedly ephemeral tribute known as "popularity," but no man in the corps of cadets was more thoroughly respected. If there were flaws in the armor of his personal character they were not such as to be vigorously prodded by his comrades. He had firm friends—devoted friends, who grew to honor and trust him more with every year; but, strong though they knew him to be, he had found his conqueror. There was a story in the first class that in Stanley's old leather writing-case was a sort of secret compartment, and in this compartment was treasured "a knot of ribbon blue" that had been worn last summer close under the dimpled white chin of pretty Nannie McKay.

And now on this moist May evening as he hastens back to barracks, Mr. Stanley spies a little group standing in front of the guard-house. Lieutenant Lee is there—in his uniform now, and with him are the tall girl in the simple traveling dress, and the trim, wiry, gray mustached soldier whom we saw on the boat. The rain is falling steadily, which accounts for and possibly excuses Mr. Lee's retention of the young lady's arm in his as he holds the umbrella over both, but the colonel no sooner catches sight of the officer-of-the-day than his own umbrella is cast aside, and with light, eager, buoyant steps, father and son hasten to meet each other. In an instant their hands are clasped—both hands, and through moistening eyes the veteran of years of service, and the boy in whom his hopes are centered, gaze into each other's faces.

"Phil—my son!"

"Father!"

No other words. It is the first meeting in two long years. The area is deserted save by the smiling pair watching from under the dripping umbrella with eyes nearly as moist as the skies. There is no one to comment or to scoff. In the father's heart, mingling with the deep joy at this reunion with his son, there wells up sudden, irrepressible sorrow. "Ah, God!" he thinks. "Could his mother but have lived to see him now!" Perhaps Philip reads it all in the strong yet tremulous clasp of those sinewy brown hands, but for the moment neither speaks again. There are some joys so deep, some heart longings so overpowering, that many a man is forced to silence or to a levity of manner which is utterly repugnant to him, in the effort to conceal from the world the tumult of emotion that so nearly makes him weep. Who that has read that inimitable page will ever forget the meeting of that genial sire and gallant son in the grimy old railway car filled with the wounded from Antietam, in Doctor Holmes's "My Search for the Captain"?

When Phil Stanley, still clinging to his father's hand, turns to greet his sister and her handsome escort, he is suddenly aware of another group that has entered the area. Two ladies, marshaled by his classmate, Mr. Pennock, are almost at his side, and one of them is the blue-eyed girl he loves.

III.

LOVELY as is West Point in May, it is hardly the best time for a visit there if one's object be to see the cadets. From early morn until late at night every hour is taken up with duties, academic or military. Mothers, sisters and sweet-hearts, whose eyes so eagerly follow the evolutions of the gray ranks, can only hope for a few words between drill and dress parade, or else in the shortest half hour in all the world—that which intervenes 'twixt supper and evening "call to quarters." That Miss Nannie McKay should make frequent and unfavorable comment on this state of affairs goes without saying; yet, had she been enabled to see her beloved brother but once a month and her cadet friends at intervals

almost as rare, that incomprehensible young damsel would have preferred the Point to any other place in the world.

It was now ten days since her arrival, and she had had perhaps three chats with Willy, who, luckily for him, though he could not realize it, was spending most of his time "confined to quarters," and consequently out of much of the temptation he would otherwise have been in. Mrs. McKay had been able to see very little more of the young man, but she had the prayerful consolation that if he could only be kept out of mischief a few days longer he would then be through with it all, out of danger of dismissal, actually graduated, and once more her own boy to monopolize as she chose.

It takes most mothers a long, long time to become reconciled to the complete usurpation of all their former rights by this new parent whom their boys are bound to serve—this anything but *Alma Mater*—the war school of the nation. As for Miss Nan, though she made it a point to declaim vigorously at the fates that prevented her seeing more of her brother, it was wonderful how well she looked and in what blithe spirits she spent her days. Regularly as the sun came around, before guard mount in the morning and right after supper in the evening, she was sure to be on the south piazza of the old hotel, and when presently the cadet uniforms began to appear at the hedge, she, and others, would go tripping lightly down the path to meet the wearers, and then would follow the half hour's walk and chat in which she found such infinite delight. So, too, could Mr. Stanley, had he been able to appear as her escort on all occasions; but despite his strong personal inclination and effort, this was by no means the case. The little lady was singularly impartial in the distribution of her time, and only by being first applicant had he secured to himself the one long afternoon that had yet been vouchsafed them—the cadet half holiday of Saturday.

But if Miss Nan found time hanging heavily on her hands at other hours of the day, there was one young lady at the hotel who did not—a young lady whom, by this time, she regarded with constantly deepening interest—Miriama Stanley.

Other girls, younger girls, who had found their ideals in the cadet gray, were compelled to spend hours of the twenty-four in waiting for the too brief *half* hour in which it was possible to meet them; but Miss Stanley was very differently situated. It was her first visit to the Point. She met, and was glad to meet, all Philip's friends and comrades; but it was plainly to be seen, said all the girls at Craney's, that between her and the tall cavalry officer whom they best knew through cadet descriptions, there existed what they termed an "understanding," if not an engagement. Every day, when not prevented by duties, Mr. Lee would come stalking up from barracks, and presently away they would stroll together—a singularly handsome pair, as every one admitted. One morning soon after the Stanleys' arrival he appeared in saddle on his stylish bay, accompanied by an orderly leading another horse, side-saddled; and then, as by common impulse, all the girls prom-enading the piazzas, as was their wont, with arms entwining each other's waists, came flocking about the south steps. When Miss Stanley appeared in her riding habit and was quickly swung up to saddle by her cavalier, and then, with a bright nod and smile for the entire group she gathered the reins in her practised hand and rode briskly away, the sentiments of the fair spectators were best expressed, perhaps, in the remark of Miss McKay:

"What a shame it is that the cadets can't ride! I mean can't ride—*that* way," she explained with suggestive nod of her curly head toward the pair just trotting out upon the road around the Plain. "They ride—lots of them—better than most of the officers."

"Mr. Stanley for instance," suggests a mischievous little minx with hazel eyes and laughter-loving mouth.

"Yes, Mr. Stanley, or Mr. Pennock, or Mr. Burton, or a dozen others I could name, not excepting my brother," answers Miss Nan, stoutly, although those readily flushing cheeks of hers promptly throw out their signals of perturbation. "Fancy Mr. Lee vaulting over his horse at the gallop as they do."

"And yet Mr. Lee has taught them so much more than other instructors. Sev-

eral cadets have told me so. He always does, first, everything he requires them to do; so he must be able to make that vault."

"Will doesn't say so by any means," retorts Nannie with something very like a pout; and as Will is a prime favorite with the entire party and the center of a wide circle of interest, sympathy and anxiety in those girlish hearts, their loyalty is proof against opinions that may not coincide with his. "Miss Mischief" reads temporary defeat in the circle of bright faces and is stung to new effort:

"Well! there are cadets whose opinions you value quite as much as you do your brother's, Nannie, and they have told me."

"Who?" challenges Miss Nan, yet with averted face. Thrice of late she has disagreed with Mr. Stanley about Willy's troubles; has said things to him which she wishes she had left unsaid; and for two days now he has not sought her side as heretofore, though she knows he has been at the hotel to see his sister, and a little bird has told her he had a long talk with this same hazel-eyed girl. She wants to know more about it—yet does not want to ask.

"Phil Stanley, for one," is the not unexpected answer.

Somebody who appears to know all about it has written that when a girl is beginning to feel deep interest in a man she will say things decidedly detrimental to his character solely for the purpose of having them denied, and for the pleasure of hearing him defended. Is it this that prompts Miss McKay to retort:

"Mr. Stanley cares too little what his classmates think, and too much of what Mr. Lee may say or do."

"Mr. Stanley isn't the only one who thinks a deal of Lieutenant Lee," is the spirited answer. "Mr. Burton says he is the most popular tactical officer here, and many a cadet—good friends of your brother's, Nannie, has said the same thing. You don't like him because Will doesn't."

"I wouldn't like or respect any officer who reports cadets on suspicion," is the stout reply. "If he did that to any one else I would despise it as much as I do because Willy is the victim."

The discussion is waxing hot. "Miss Mischief's" blood is up. She likes Phil Stanley; she likes Mr. Lee; she has hosts of friends in the corps, and she is just as loyal and quite as pronounced in her views as her little adversary. They are fond of each other, too, and were great chums all through the previous summer; but there is danger of a quarrel to-day.

"I don't think you are just in that matter at all, Nannie; I have heard cadets say that if they had been in Mr. Lee's place or on officer-of-the-day duty they would have had to give Will that report you take so much to heart. Everybody knows his voice. Half the corps heard him call out to Mr. Pennock."

"I don't believe a single cadet who's a friend of Will's would say such a thing," bursts in Miss Nan, her eyes blazing.

"He is a friend—and a warm friend, too."

"You said there were several, Kitty, and I don't believe it possible."

"Well. There were two or three. If you don't believe it, you can ask Mr. Stanley. He said it, and the others agreed."

Fancy the mood in which she meets him this particular evening, when his card was brought to her door. Twice has "Miss Mischief" essayed to enter the room and "make up." Conscience has been telling her savagely that in the impulse and sting of the moment, she has given an unfair coloring to the whole matter. Mr. Stanley had volunteered no such remark as that she so vehemently quoted. Asked point blank whether he considered as given "on suspicion," the report which Mrs. McKay and Nannie so resented, he replied that he did not; and, when further pressed, he said that Will alone was blamable in the matter; Mr. Lee had no alternative, if it was Mr. Lee who gave the report, and any other officer would have been compelled to do the same. All this "Miss Mischief" would gladly have explained to Nannie could she have gained admission, but the latter "had a splitting headache," and begged to be excused.

It has been such a lovely afternoon. The halls were filled with cadets "on permit," when she came out from the dining-room, but nothing but ill-luck

seemed to attend her. The young gentleman who had invited her to walk to Fort Putnam, most provokingly twisted an ankle at cavalry drill that very morning, and was sent to hospital. *Now*, if Mr. Stanley were all devotion, he would promptly tender his services as substitute. Then she could take him to task and punish him for his disloyalty to Will. But Mr. Stanley was not to be seen: "Gone off with another girl," was the announcement made to her by Mr. Werrick, a youth who dearly loved a joke, and who saw no need of explaining that the other girl was his own sister. Sorely disappointed, yet hardly knowing why, she accepted her mother's invitation to go with her to the barracks where Will was promenading the area on what Mr. Werrick called "one of his perennial punishment tours." She went, of course; but the distant sight of poor Will, duly equipped as a sentry, dismally tramping up and down the asphalt, added fuel to the inward fire that consumed her. The mother's heart, too, yearned over her boy—a victim to cruel regulations and crueler task-masters. "What was the use of the government's enticing young men away from their comfortable homes," Mrs. McKay had once indignantly written, "unless it could make them happy?" It was a question the "tactical department" could not answer, but it thought volumes.

But now evening had come, and with it Mr. Stanley's card. Nan's heart gave a bound, but she went down-stairs with due deliberation. She had his card in her hand as she reached the hall, and was twisting it in her fingers. Yes. There he stood on the north piazza—Pennock with him, and one or two others of the graduating class. They were chatting laughingly with Miss Stanley, "Miss Mischief," a bevy of girls and a matron or two, but she knew well his eyes would be on watch for her. They were. He saw her instantly; bowed, smiled, but to her surprise, continued his conversation with a lady seated near the door. What could it mean? Irresolute she stood there a moment, waiting for him to come forward; but though she saw that twice his eyes sought hers, he was still bending courteously and listening to the voluble words of the somewhat

elderly dame who claimed his attention. Nan began to rebel against that woman from the bottom of her heart. What was she to do? Here was his card. In response she had come down to receive him. She meant to be very cool from the first moment; to provoke him to inquiry as to the cause of such unusual conduct, and then to upbraid him for his disloyalty to her brother. She certainly meant that he should feel the weight of her displeasure; but then—then—after he had been made to suffer, if he was properly contrite, and said so, and looked it, and begged to be forgiven, why then, perhaps she might be brought to condone it in a measure and be good friends again. It was clearly his duty, however, to come and greet her, not hers to go to the laughing group. The old lady was the only one among them whom she did not know—a new arrival. Just then Miss Stanley looked round; saw her and signaled smilingly to her to come and join them. Slowly she walked toward the little party, still twirling the card in her taper fingers.

"Looking for anybody, Nan?" blithely hails "Miss Mischief." "Who is it? I see you have his card."

For once Nannie's voice fails her, and she knows not what to say. Before she can frame an answer there is a rustle of skirts and a light footfall behind her, and she hears the voice of a girl whom she never has liked one bit.

"Oh! You're here, are you, Mr. Stanley! Why, I've been waiting at least a quarter of an hour. Did you send up your card?"

"I did; full ten minutes ago. Was it not brought to your room?"

"No, indeed! I've been sitting there writing, and only came down because I had promised Mr. Fearn that he should have ten minutes, and it is nearly his time now. Where do you suppose they could have sent it?"

Poor little Nan! It has been a hard day for her, but this is just too much. She turns quickly, and, hardly knowing whither she goes, dodges past the party of cadets and girls now blocking the stairway and preventing flight to her room; hurries out the south door and around to the west piazza, and there, leaning against a pillar, is striving to

hide her blazing cheeks—all in less than a minute.

Stanley sees through the entire situation with the quick intuition of a lover. She has not treated him kindly of late. She has been capricious and unjust on several occasions, but there is no time to think of that now. She is in distress—and that is more than enough for him.

"Here comes Mr. Fearn himself to claim his walk, so I will go and find out about the card," he says, and blesses that little rat of a bell-boy as he hastens away.

Out on the piazza he finds her alone, yet with half a dozen people hovering nigh. The hush of twilight is over the beautiful old Point. The moist breath of the coming night, cool and sweet, floats down upon them from the deep gorges on the rugged flank of Cro' Nest, and rises from the thickly lacing branches of the cedars on the river bank below. A flawless mirror in its grand and reflected framework of cliff and crag and beetling precipice, the Hudson stretches away northward unruffled by the faintest cat's-paw of a breeze. Far beyond the huge black battlements of Storm King and the purpled scour of Breakneck the night lights of the distant city are twinkling through the gathering darkness, and tiny dots of silvery flame down in the cool depths beneath them reflect the faint glimmer from the cloudless heaven where—

"The sentinel stars set their watch in the sky."

The hush of the sacred hour has fallen on every lip save those of the merry party in the hall, where laugh and chatter and flaring gas-light bid defiance to influences such as hold their sway over souls brought face to face with Nature in this, her loveliest haunt on earth.

Phil Stanley's heart is throbbing as he steps quickly to her side. Well, indeed, she knows his footfall; knows he is coming; almost knows *why* he comes. She is burning with a sense of humiliation, wounded pride, maidenly wrath and displeasure. All day long everything has gone agley. Could she but flee to her room and hide her flaming cheeks and cry her heart out, it would be relief inexpressible, but her retreat is cut off. She cannot escape. She cannot face

those keen-eyed watchers in the hallways. Oh! it is almost maddening that she should have been so—so fooled! Every one must know she came down to meet Phil Stanley when his card was meant for another girl—that girl of all others! All aflame with indignation as she is, she yet means to freeze him if she can only control herself.

"Miss Nannie," he murmurs, quick and low, "I see that a blunder has been made, but I don't believe the others saw it. Give me just a few minutes. Come down the walk with me. I cannot talk with you here—now, and there is so much I want to say." He bends over her pleadingly, but her eyes are fixed far away up the dark wooded valley beyond the white shafts of the cemetery, gleaming in the first beams of the rising moon. She makes no reply for a moment. She does not withdraw them when finally she answers, impressively:

"Thank you, Mr. Stanley, but I must be excused from interfering with your engagements."

"There is no engagement now," he promptly replies; "and I greatly want to speak with you. Have you been quite kind to me of late? Have I not a right to know what has brought about the change?"

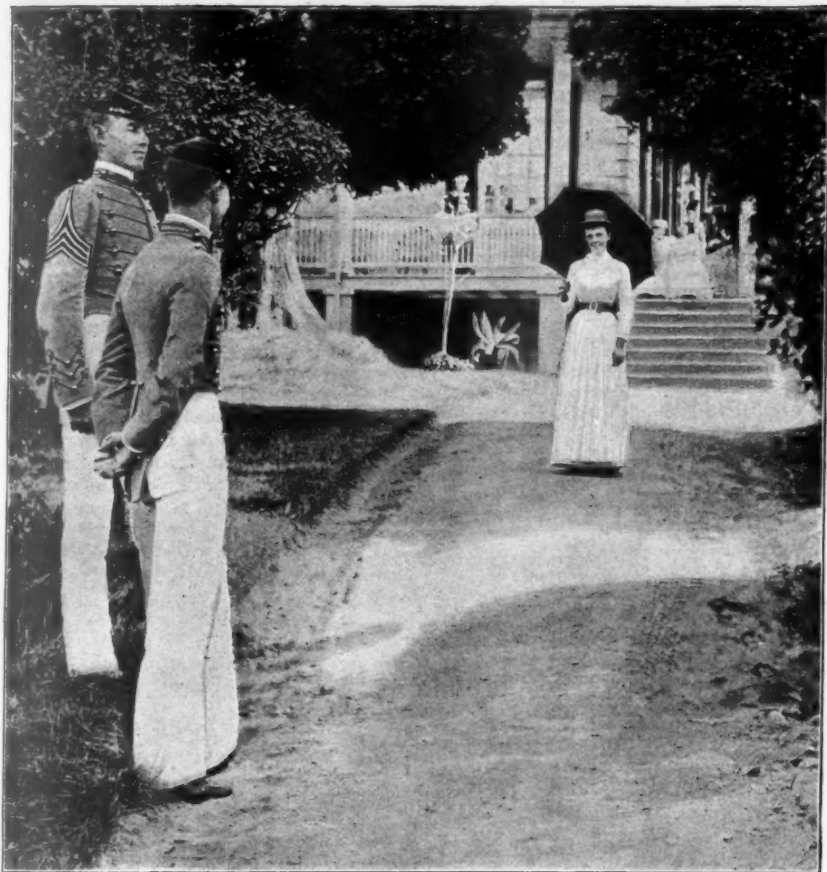
"You do not seem to have sought opportunity to inquire,"—very cool and dignified now.

"Pardon me. Three times this week I have asked for a walk—and you have had previous engagements."

She has torn to bits and thrown away the card that was in her hand. Now she is tugging at the bunch of bell buttons, each graven with the monogram of some cadet friend, that hangs as usual by its tiny golden chain. She wants to say that he has found speedy consolation in the society of "that other girl" of whom Mr. Werrick spoke, but not for the world would she seem jealous.

"You could have seen me this afternoon, had there been any matters you wished explained," she says. "I presume you were more agreeably occupied."

"I find no delight in formal visits," he answers quietly; "but my sister wished to return calls and asked me to show her about the post."



"WHEN THE CADET UNIFORMS BEGAN TO APPEAR AT THE LEDGE SHE WOULD GO TRIPPING DOWN THE PATH."

Then it was his sister. Not "that other girl!" Still she must not let him see it makes her glad. She needs a pretext for her wrath. She must make him feel it in some way. This is not at all in accordance with the mental private rehearsals she has been having. There is still that direful matter of Will's report for "shouting from window of barracks," and "Miss Mischief's" equally direful report of Mr. Stanley's remarks thereon.

"I thought you were a loyal friend of Willy's," she says, turning suddenly upon him.

"I was—and am," he answers simply.

"And yet I'm told you said it was all his own fault, and that you yourself would have given him the report that so nearly 'found him on demerit.' A report on suspicion, too," she adds with scorn in her tone.

Mr. Stanley is silent a moment.

"You have heard a very unfair account of my words," he says at last. "I have volunteered no opinions on the subject. In answer to direct question I have said that it was not justifiable to call that a report on suspicion."

"But you said you would have given it yourself."

"I said that as officer-of-the-day I

would have been compelled to do so. I could not have signed my certificate otherwise."

She turns away in speechless indignation. What makes it all well nigh intolerable is that he is by no means on the defensive. He is patient, gentle, but decidedly superior. Not at all what she wanted. Not at all eager to explain, argue or implore. Not at all the tearful penitent she has pictured in her plans. She must bring him to a realizing sense of the enormity of his conduct. Disloyalty to Will is treason to her.

"And yet—you say you have kept, and that you value, that knot of blue ribbon that I gave you—or that you took—last summer. I did not suppose that you would so soon prove to be—no friend to Willy, or—"

"Or what, Miss Nannie?" he asks. His face is growing white, but he controls the tremor in his voice. She does not see. Her eyes are downcast and her face averted now, but she goes on desperately.

"Well, never mind *that* now; but it seems to me that such friendship is—simply worthless."

She has taken the plunge and said her say, but the last words are spoken with sinking inflection, followed instantly by a sinking heart. He makes no answer whatever. She dares not look up into his face to see the effect of her stab. He stands there silent only an instant; then raises his cap, turns and leaves her.

Sunday comes and goes without a sight of him except in the line of officers at parade. That night she goes early to her room—and on the bureau finds a little box securely tied, sealed and addressed to her in his well known hand. It contains a note and some soft object carefully wrapped in tissue paper. The note is brief enough:

"It is not easy to part with this, for it is all I have that was yours to give, but even this must be returned to you after what you said last night.

"Miss Nannie, you may sometime think more highly of my friendship for your brother than you do now, and then, perhaps, will realize that you were very unjust. Should that time come I shall be glad to have this again."

It was hardly necessary to open the

little packet, as she did. She knew well enough it could contain only that

"Knot of ribbon blue."

IV.

JUNE is here. The examinations are in full blast. The Point is thronged with visitors and every hostelry in the neighborhood has opened wide its doors to accommodate the swarms of people interested in the graduating exercises and eager for the graduating ball. Pretty girls there are in force, and at Craney's they are living three and four in a room; the joy of being really there on the Point, near the cadets, aroused by the morning gun and shrill piping of the reveille, saluted hourly by the notes of the bugle, enabled to see the gray uniforms half a dozen times a day and to actually speak or walk with the wearers half an hour out of twenty-four whole ones, being apparent compensation for any crowding or discomfort. Indeed, crowded as they are, the girls at Craney's are objects of boundless envy to those whom the Fates have consigned to the resorts down around the picturesque but distant "Falls." There is a little coterie at "Hawkshurst" that is fiercely jealous of the sisterhood in the favored nook at the north edge of the Plain, and one of their number, who is believed to have completely subjugated that universal favorite, Cadet McKay, has been heard to say that she thought it an outrage that they had to come home so early in the evening and mope away the time without a single cadet, when up there at Craney's the halls and piazzas were full of gray-coats and bell buttons every night until tattoo.

A very brilliant and pretty girl she is, too, and neither Mrs. McKay nor Nannie can wonder at it that Will's few leisure moments are monopolized. "You are going to have me all to yourself next week, little mother," he laughingly explains; "and goodness knows when I'm going to see Miss Waring again." And though neither mother nor sister is at all satisfied with the state of affairs, both are too unselfish to interpose. How many an hour have mothers and, sometimes, sisters, waited in loneliness at the old hotel for boys whom some other

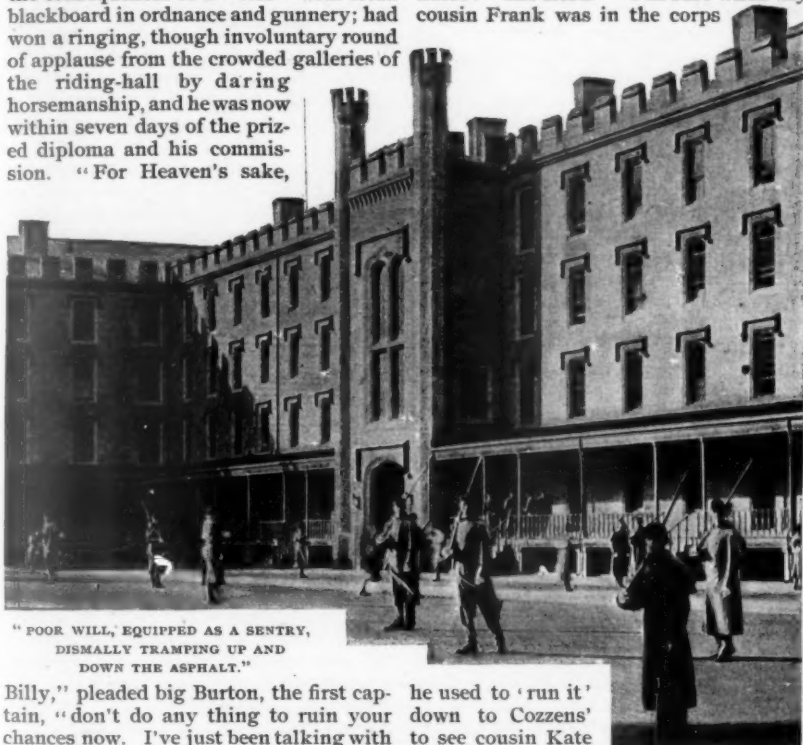
fellow's sister was holding in silken fetters somewhere down in shady "Flirtation!"

It was with relief inexpressible that Mrs. McKay and Uncle Jack had hailed the coming of the 1st of June. With a margin of only two demerit Will had safely weathered the reefs and was practically safe—safe at last. He had passed brilliantly in engineering; had been saved by his prompt and ready answers, the consequences of a "fess" with clean blackboard in ordnance and gunnery; had won a ringing, though involuntary round of applause from the crowded galleries of the riding-hall by daring horsemanship, and he was now within seven days of the prized diploma and his commission. "For Heaven's sake,

"backed out" before, and now—he would dare a dozen dismissals rather than that she should have a chance to say "I knew you would not come."

That very afternoon, just after the ride in the hall, before the Board of Visitors, Miss Waring had been pathetically lamenting that with another week they were to part, and that she had seen next to nothing of him since her arrival.

"If you only *could* get down to Hawkshurst!" she cried. "I'm sure when my cousin Frank was in the corps



"POOR WILL," EQUIPPED AS A SENTRY,
DISMALLY TRAMPING UP AND
DOWN THE ASPHALT."

Billy," pleaded big Burton, the first captain, "don't do any thing to ruin your chances now. I've just been talking with your mother and Miss Nannie, and I declare I never saw that little sister of yours looking so white and worried."

McKay laughs, yet his laugh is not light-hearted. He wonders if Burton has the faintest intuition that at this moment he is planning an escapade that means nothing short of dismissal if detected. Down in the bottom of his soul he knows he is a fool to have made the rash and boastful pledge to which he now stands committed. Yet he has never

he used to 'run it' down to Cozzens' to see cousin Kate—and that was what made her cousin Kate to me," she adds with sudden dropping of the eyelids that is wondrously effective.

"Easily done!" recklessly answers McKay, whose boyish heart is set to hammer-like beating by the closing sentence. "I didn't know you sat up so late there, or I would have come before. Of course I *have* to be here at 'taps.' No one can escape that."

"Oh—but really, Mr. McKay, I did

not mean it! I would not have you run such a risk for worlds! I meant—some other way." And so she protests, although her eyes dance with excitement and delight. What a feather this in her cap of coquetry! What a triumph over the other girls—especially that hateful set at Craney's! What a delicious confidence to impart to all the little coterie at Hawkshurst! How they must envy her the romance, the danger, the daring, the devotion of such an adventure—for her sake! Of late years such tales had been rare. Girls worth the winning simply would not permit so rash a project, and their example carried weight. But here at "Hawkshurst" was a lively young brood, chaperoned by a matron as wild as her charges, and but little older; and eager one and all for any glory or distinction that could pique the pride or stir the envy of "that Craney set." It was too much for a girl of Sallie Waring's type. Her eyes have a dangerous gleam, her cheeks a witching glow; she clings tighter to his arm as she looks up in his face.

"And yet—wouldn't it be lovely?—To think of seeing you there!—Are you sure there'd be no danger?"

"Be on the north piazza about quarter of eleven," is the prompt reply.

"I'll wear a dark suit, eye-glass, brown mustache, etc. Call me Mr. Freeman while strangers are around. There goes the parade drum. *Au revoir*," and he darts away. Cadet Captain Stanley, inspecting his company a few moments later, stops in front and gravely rebukes him:

"You are not properly shaved, McKay."

"I shaved this morning," is the somewhat sullen reply, while an angry flush shoots up toward the blue eyes.

"No razor has touched your upper lip, however, and I expect the class to observe regulations in this company, demerit or no demerit," is the firm, quiet answer, and the young captain passes on to the next man. McKay grits his teeth.

"Only a week more of it, thank God!" he mutters when sure that Stanley is beyond ear-shot.

Three hours more and "taps" is sounded. All along the brilliant *façade* of barracks there is sudden and simultaneous "dousing of the glim" and a

rush of the cadets to their narrow nests. There is a minute of banging doors and hurrying footsteps, and gruff queries of "All in?" as the cadet officers flit from room to room in each division to see that lights are out and every man in bed. Then forth they come from every hallway; tripping lightly down the stone steps and converging on the guard-house, where stand at the doorway the dark forms of the officer-in-charge and the cadet officer-of-the-day. Each in turn halts, salutes, and makes his precise report; and when the last sub-division is reported, the executive officer is assured that the battalion of cadets is present in barracks, and, at the moment of inspection at least, in bed. Presumably they remain so.

Two minutes after inspection, however, Mr. McKay is out of bed again and fumbling about in his alcove. His roommate sleepily inquires from beyond the partition what he wants in the dark, but is too long accustomed to his vagaries to expect definite information. When Mr. McKay slips softly out into the hall, after careful *reconnaissance* of the guard-house windows, his chum is sound asleep and dreaming of no worse freak on Billy's part than a raid around barracks.

It is so near graduation that the rules are relaxed and in every first classman's room the tailor's handiwork is hanging among the gray uniforms. It is a dark suit of this civilian dress that Billy dons as he emerges from the blankets. A natty Derby is perched upon his curly pate, and a *monocle* hangs by its string. But he cannot light his gas and arrange the soft brown mustache with which he proposes to decorate his upper lip. He must run into Stanley's—the "tower" room, at the north end of his hall.

Phil looks up from the copy of "Military Law," which he is diligently studying. As "inspector of sub-division," his light is burned until eleven.

"You do make an uncommonly swell young cit, Billy," he says pleasantly. "Doesn't he, Mack?" he continues, appealing to his roommate, who, lying flat on his back with his head toward the light, and a pair of muscular legs in white trousers displayed on top of a pile of blankets, is striving to make out the



"IN SILKEN FETTERS ON 'FLIRTATION.'"

vacancies in a recent Army Register. "Mack" rolls over and lazily expresses his approval.

"I'd do pretty well if I had my mustache out; I meant to get the start of you fellows, but you're so meanly jealous, you blocked the game, Stan."

All the rancor is gone now. He well knows that Stanley was right.

"Sorry to have had to 'row' you about

that, Billy," says the captain, gently. "You know I can't let one man go and not a dozen others."

"Oh, hang it all! What's the difference when time's so nearly up?" responds McKay, as he goes over to the little wood-framed mirror that stands on the iron mantel. "Here's a substitute, though! How's this for a mustache?" he asks as he turns and faces them. Then he starts for the door. Almost in an in-

stant Stanley is up and after him. Just at the head of the iron stairs he hails and halts him.

"Billy. You are not going out of barracks?"

Unwillingly McKay yields to the pressure of the firm hand laid on his shoulder, and turns.

"Suppose I were, Stanley. What danger is there? Lee inspected last night, and even he wouldn't make such a plan to trip me. Who ever heard of a 'tack's' inspecting after taps two successive nights?"

"There's no reason why it should not be done, and several reasons why it should," is the uncompromising reply. "Don't risk your commission now, Billy, in any mad scheme. Come back and take those things off. Come!"

"Blatherskite! Don't hang on to me like a pickpocket, Stan. Let me go," says McKay, half vexed, half laughing. "I've got to go, man," he says more seriously. "I've promised."

A sudden light seems to come to Stanley. Even in the feeble gleam from the gas-jet in the lower hall, McKay can see the look of consternation that shoots across his face.

"You don't mean—you're not going down to 'Hawkshurst,' Billy?"

"Why not to Hawkshurst, if anywhere at all?" is the sullen reply.

"Why? Because you are risking your whole future—your profession, your good name, McKay. You're risking your mother's heart for the sport of a girl who is simply toying with you—"

"Take care, Stanley. Say what you like to me about myself—but not a word about her."

"This is no time for sentiment, McKay. I have known Miss Waring three years; you, perhaps three weeks. I tell you solemnly that if she has tempted you to 'run it' down there to see her it is simply to boast of a new triumph to the silly pack by whom she is surrounded. I tell you, she—"

"You tell me nothing! I don't allow any man to speak in that way of a woman who is my friend," says Billy, with much majesty of mien. "Take your hand off, Stanley," he adds coldly. "I might have had some respect for your counsel if you had had the least—for my feelings." And

wrenching his shoulder away, McKay speeds quickly down the stairs, leaving his comrade speechless and sorrowing in the darkness above.

In the lower hall he stops and peers cautiously over toward the guard-house. The lights are burning brilliantly up in the room of the officer-in-charge, and the red sash of the officer-of-the-day shows through the open door-way beneath. Now is his time, for there is no one looking. One quick leap through the dim stream of light from the lantern at his back and he will be in the dark area, and can pick his noiseless way to the shadows beyond. It is an easy thing to gain the footpath beyond the old retaining wall back of the guard-house, scud away under the trees along the winding ascent toward Fort Putnam, until he meets the back-road half way up the heights; then turn southward through the rocky cuts and forest aisles until he reaches the main highway; then follow on through the beautiful groves, through the quiet village, across the bridge that spans the stream above the falls; and then, only a few hundred yards beyond, there lies Hawkshurst and its bevy of excited, whispering, applauding, delighted girls. If he meet officers, all he has to do is put on a bold face and trust to his disguise. He means to have a glorious time and be back tingling with satisfaction on his exploit, by a little after midnight. In five minutes his quarrel with Stanley is forgotten, and, all alert and eager, he is half way up the heights and out of sight or hearing of the barracks.

The roads are well nigh deserted. He meets one or two squads of soldiers coming back from "pass" at the Falls, but no one else. The omnibuses and carriages bearing home those visitors who have spent the evening listening to the band at the Point are all by this time out of the way, and it is early for officers to be returning from evening calls at the lower hotel. The chances are two to one that he will pass the village without obstacle of any kind. Billy's spirits rise with the occasion, and he concludes that a cigarette is the one thing needful to complete his disguise and add to the general nonchalance of his appearance. Having no matches he waits until he reaches the northern outskirts of "the Falls," and

then steps boldly into the first bar he sees and helps himself.

Coming forth again he throws wide open the swinging screen doors, and a broad belt of light is flashed across the dusty highway just in front of a rapidly driven carriage coming north. The mettlesome horses swerve and shy. The occupants are suddenly whirled from their reposeful attitudes, though, fortunately, not from their seats. A "top hat" goes spinning out into the roadway, and a fan flies through the midst of the glare. The driver promptly checks his team and backs them just as Billy, all impulsive courtesy, leaps out into the street; picks up the hat with one hand, the fan with the other, and restores them with a bow to their owners. Only in the nick of time does he recollect himself, and crush down the jovial impulse to hail by name Colonel Stanley and his daughter Miriam. The sight of a cavalry uniform and Lieutenant Lee's tall figure on the forward seat has, however, its restraining influence, and he turns quickly away—unrecognized.

But alas for Billy! Only two days before had the distribution been made, and every man in the graduating class was already wearing the beautiful token of their brotherhood. The civilian garb, the Derby hat, the *monocle*, the stick, the cigarette and the false mustache were all very well in their way, but in the beam of light from the windows of that ill-starred saloon there flashed upon his hand a gem that two pairs of quick, though reluctant eyes, could not and did not fail to see—the class ring of 187—.

V.

THERE was a sense of constraint among the occupants of Colonel Stanley's carriage as they were driven back to the Point. They had been calling on old friends of his among the pretty villas below the Falls; had been chatting joyously until that sudden swerve that pitched the colonel's hat and Miriam's fan into the dust, and the veteran cavalryman could not account for the lull that followed. Miriam had instantly grasped the situation. All her father's stories of cadet days had enabled her to understand at once that here was a cadet—a class-

mate of Philip's—"running it" in disguise. Mr. Lee, of course, needed no information on the subject. What she hoped was, that he had not seen; but the cloud on his frank, handsome face still hovered there, and she knew him too well not to see that he understood everything. And now what was his duty? Something told her that an inspection of barracks would be made immediately upon his return to the Point, and in that way the name of the absentee be discovered. She knew the regulation every cadet was expected to obey and every officer on honor to enforce. She knew that every cadet found absent from his quarters after taps was called upon by the commandant for prompt account of his whereabouts, and if unable to say that he was on cadet limits during the period of his absence, dismissal stared him in the face.

The colonel did most of the talking on the way back to the south gate. Once within the portals he called to the driver to stop at the Mess. "I'm thirsty," said the jovial warrior, "and I want a julep and a fresh cigar. You, too, might have a claret punch, Mimi; you are drooping a little to-night. What is it, daughter,—tired?"

"Yes, tired and a little headachy." Then sudden thought occurs to her. "If you don't mind I think I will go right on to the hotel. Then you and Mr. Lee can enjoy your cigars at leisure." She knows well that Romney Lee is just the last man to let her drive on unescorted. She can hold him ten or fifteen minutes, at least, and by that time if the reckless boy down the road has taken warning and scurried back he can reach the barracks before inspection is made.

"Indeed, Miss Miriam, I'm not to be disposed of so summarily," he promptly answers. "I'll see you safely to the hotel. You'll excuse me, colonel?"

"Certainly, certainly, Lee. I suppose I'll see you later," responds the veteran. They leave him at the Mess and resume their way, and Lee takes the vacated seat by her side. There is something he longs to say to her—something that has been quivering on his lips and throbbing at his heart for many a long day. She is a queenly woman—this dark-eyed, stately army girl. It is only two years since,

her school days finished, she has returned to her father's roof on the far frontier and resumed the gay garrison life that so charmed her when a child. Then a loving mother had been her guide, but during her long sojourn at school the blow had fallen that so wrenched her father's heart and left her motherless. Since her graduation she alone has been the joy of the old soldier's home, and sunshine and beauty have again gladdened his life. She would be less than woman did she not know that here now was another soldier, brave, courteous and gentle, who longed to win her from that home to his own—to call her by the sacred name of wife. She knew how her father trusted, and Phil looked up to him. She knew that down in her own heart of hearts there was pleading for him even now, but as yet no word has been spoken. She is not the girl to signal, "speak—and the prize is yours." He has looked in vain for symptom that bids him hope for more than loyal friendship.

But to-night as they reach the brightly lighted piazza at Craney's it is she who bids him stay.

"Don't go just yet," she falters.

"I feared you were tired and wished to go to your room," he answers gently.

"Would you mind asking if there are letters for me?" she says. It is anything to gain time, and he goes at her behest, but—O luckless fate! 'tis a false move.

She sees him stride away through the groups on the piazza; sees the commandant meet him with one of his assistants; sees that there is earnest consultation in low tone, and that then the others hasten down the steps and disappear in the darkness. She hears him say, "I'll follow in a moment, sir," and something tells her that what she dreads has come to pass. Presently he returns to her with the information that there are no letters; then raises his cap, and, in the old Southern and cadet fashion, extends his hand.

"You are not going, Mr. Lee," again she falters.

"I have to, Miss Stanley."

Slowly she puts forth her hand and lays it in his.

"I—I wish you did not have to go. —Tell me!" she says, impulsively—

imploringly, "are you going to inspect?"

He bows his head.

"It is already ordered, Miss Miriam," he says, "I must go at once. Good-night."

Dazed and distressed she turns at once, and is confronted by a pallid little maid with wild, blue eyes.

"O Miss Stanley!" is the wail that greets her. "I could not help hearing, and—if it should be Willy!"

"Come with me, Nannie," she whispers, as her arm enfolds her. "Come to my room."

Meantime there has been a breeze at the barracks. A batch of yearlings, by way of celebrating their release from plebedom, have hit on a time honored scheme. Just about the same moment that disclosed to the eyes of Lieutenant Lee the class-ring gleaming on the finger of that nattily dressed young civilian, his comrade, the dozing officer-in-charge, was started to his feet by a thunder clap, a vivid flash that lighted up the whole area of barracks, and an explosion that rattled the plaster in the guard-house chimneys. One thing the commandant wouldn't stand was, disorder after "taps," and, in accordance with strict instructions, Lieutenant Lawrence sent a drummer boy at once to find the colonel and tell him what had taken place, while he himself stirred up the cadet officer-of-the-day and began an investigation. Half the corps by this time were up and chuckling with glee at their darkened windows; and as these subdued but still audible demonstrations of sympathy and satisfaction did not cease on his arrival, the colonel promptly sent for his entire force of assistants to conduct the inspection already ordered. Already one or two "bulls'-eyes" were flitting out from the officers' angle.

But the piece of boyish mischief that brings such keen delight to the youngsters in the battalion strikes terror to the heart of Philip Stanley. He knows all too well that an immediate inspection will be the result, and then, what is to become of McKay? With keen anxiety, he goes to the hall window overlooking the area, and watches the course of events. A peep into McKay's room shows that he is still absent and that his room-mate, if

disturbed at all by the "yearling fire-works," has gone to sleep again. Stanley sees the commandant stride under the gas lamp in the area; sees the gathering of the "bulls'-eyes," and his heart well nigh fails him. Still he watches until there can be no doubt that the inspection is al-



"HE HAD WON A RINGING ROUND OF APPLAUSE BY DARING HORSEMANSHIP."

face to the wall, burrows deep in the pillow and pulls the sheet well up to his chin. The door softly opens; the "bull's-eye" flashes its gleam first on one bed, then the other. "All right here," is the inspector's mental verdict as he pops out again suddenly as he entered. Billy McKay, the scapegrace, is safe, and Stanley has time to think over the situation.

ready begun. Then, half credulous—almost delighted—he notes that it is not Mr. Lee, but young Mr. Lawrence—the officer-in-charge, who is coming straight toward "B" Company, lantern in hand. Not waiting for the coming of the former, the colonel has directed another officer—not a company commander—to inspect for him.

There is but one way to save Billy now.

In less than half a minute Stanley has darted into McKay's room; has slung his chevroned coat beneath the bed; has slipped beneath the sheet and coverlet, and now, breathlessly, he listens. He hears the inspector moving from room to room on the ground floor; hears him springing up the iron stair; hears him enter his own—the tower room at the north end of the hall, and there he stops—surprised, evidently, to find Cadet Captain Stanley absent from his quarters. Then his steps are heard again. He enters the opposite room at the north end. That is all right! and now he's coming here. "Now for it!" says Stanley to himself, as he throws his white sleeved arm over his head just as he has so often seen Billy do, and turning his

face to the wall, burrows deep in the pillow and pulls the sheet well up to his chin. The door softly opens; the "bull's-eye" flashes its gleam first on one bed, then the other. "All right here," is the inspector's mental verdict as he pops out again suddenly as he entered. Billy McKay, the scapegrace, is safe, and Stanley has time to think over the situation. At the very worst, as he will be able to say he was "visiting in barracks" when found absent, his own punishment will not be serious. But this is not what troubles him. Demerit for the graduating class ceases to count after the 1st of June, and the individual sense of honor and duty is about the only restraint against lapses of discipline. Stanley hates to think that others may now believe him deaf to this obligation. He would far rather have had this happen when demerit and "confinements" in due proportion had been his award, but there is no use repining. It is a sacrifice to save—her brother.

When half an hour later his class-mate, the officer-of-the-day, enters the tower room in search of him, Stanley is there and calmly says, "I was visiting in barracks," in answer to his question; and finally when morning comes, Mr. Billy McKay nearly sleeps through reveille as a consequence of his night prowling; but his absence, despite the simultaneous in-

spection of every company in barracks, has not been detected. With one exception every bed has had its apparently soundly sleeping occupant. The young scamps who caused all the trouble have escaped Scot free, and the corps can hardly believe their own ears, and Billy McKay is stunned and perplexed when it is noised abroad that the only man "hived absent," was the captain of Company "B."

It so happens that both times he goes to find Stanley that day, he misses him. "The commandant sent for him an hour ago," says Mr. McFarland, his roommate, "and I'm blessed if I know what keeps him. Something about last night's doings, I'm afraid."

This, in itself, is enough to make him worry, but the next thing he hears is worse. Just at evening call to quarters, Jim Burton comes to his room.

"Have you heard anything about this report of Stanley's last night?" he asks, and McKay, ordinarily so frank, is guarded now in his reply. For half an hour he has been pacing his room alone. McFarland's revelations have set him to thinking. It is evident that the colonel's suspicions are aroused. It is probable that it is known that some cadet was "running it" the night before. From the simple fact that he is not already in arrest he knows that Mr. Lee did not recognize him, yet the secret has leaked out in some way, and an effort is being made to discover the culprit. Already he has begun to wonder if the game was really worth the candle. He saw her, 'tis true, and had half an hour's whispered chat with her, interrupted not infrequently by giggling, and impetuous rushes from the other girls. They had sworn melodramatically never to reveal that it was he who came, but Billy begins to have his doubts. "It ends my career if I'm found out," he reflects, "whereas they can't do much to Stan. for visiting." And thus communing with himself, he has decided to guard his secret against all comers—at least for the present. And so he is non-committal in his reply to Burton.

"What about it?" he asks.

"Why, it's simply this, Billy: Little Magee the fifer is on orderly duty to-day, and he heard much of the talk, and I got it out of him. Somebody was running

it last night—and was seen down by Cozzen's gate. Stanley was the only absentee, hence Stanley would naturally be the man suspected, but he says he wasn't out of the barracks. The conclusion is inevitable that he was filling the other fellow's place, and the colonel is hopping mad. It looks as though there were collusion between them. Now, Billy, all I've got to say is that the man he's shielding ought to step forward and relieve him at once. There comes the sentry and I must go."

Relieve him? Yes; but what means that for me? thinks poor McKay. Dismissal; a heart break for mother.—No! It is too much to face; he must think it over. He never goes near Stanley all that night. He fears to meet him, or the morrow. His heart misgives him when he is told that there has been a long conference in the office. He turns white with apprehension when they fall in for parade, and he notes that it is Phillips, their first-lieutenant, who draws sword and takes command of the company; but a few moments later his heart gives one wild bound, then seems to sink into the ground beneath his feet, when the adjutant drops the point of his sword; lets it dangle by the gold knot at his wrist; whips a folded paper from his sash, and far over the plain his clear young voice proclaims the stern order:

"Cadet Captain Stanley is hereby placed in arrest and confined to his quarters. Charge—conniving at concealing the absence of a cadet from inspection after 'taps,' eleven—eleven-fifteen P.M., on 7th instant.

"By order of Lieut.-Colonel Putnam."

VI.

THE blithest day of all the year has come. The graduating ball takes place to-night. The Point is thronged with joyous visitors, and yet over all there hovers a shadow. In the midst of all this gayety and congratulation there hides a core of sorrow. Voices lower and soft eyes turn in sympathy when certain sad faces are seen. There is one subject on which the cadets simply refuse to talk, and there are two of the graduating class who do not appear at the hotel at all. One is Mr. McKay, whose absence is al-

leged to be because of confinements he has to serve. The other is Philip Stanley, still in close arrest, and the latter has cancelled his engagements for the ball.

There had been a few days in which Miss McKay, forgetting or having obtained absolution for her unguarded remarks on the promenade deck of the steamer, had begun to be seen a great deal with Miss Stanley. She had even blushing shaken hands with big Lieutenant Lee, whose kind, brown eyes were full of fun and playfulness whenever he greeted her. But it was noticed that something, all of a sudden, had occurred to mar the growing intimacy; then that the once blithe little lady was looking white and sorrowful; that she avoided Miss Stanley for two whole days, and that her blue eyes watched wistfully for some one who did not come,—“Mr. Stanley, no doubt,” was the diagnosis of the case by “Miss Mischief” and others.

Then, like thunderclap, came the order for Phil Stanley's arrest, and then there were other sad faces. Miriam Stanley's dark eyes were not only troubled, but down in their depths was a gleam of suppressed indignation that people knew not how to explain. Colonel Stanley, to whom every one had been drawn from the first, now appeared very stern and grave; the joy had vanished from his face. Mrs. McKay was flitting about the parlors tearfully thankful that “it wasn't her boy.” Nannie had grown whiter still, and very “absent” and silent. Mr. Lee did not come at all.

Then there was startling news! An outbreak, long smoldering, had just occurred at the great reservation of the Spirit Wolf; the agent and several of his men had been massacred; their women

carried away into a captivity whose horrors beggar all description, and two troops—hardly sixscore men—of Colonel Stanley's regiment were already in pursuit. Leaving his daughter to the care of an old friend at Craney's, and after brief interview with his boy at barracks, the old soldier who had come eastward with such glad anticipation turned promptly back to the field of duty. He had taken the first train and was already beyond the Missouri. Almost immediately after the Colonel's departure Mr. Lee had come to the hotel and was seen to have a brief but earnest talk with Miss Stanley on the north piazza—a talk from which she had gone direct to her room and did not reappear for hours, while he, who usually had a genial, kindly word for every one, had turned abruptly down

the north steps as though to avoid the crowded halls and piazzas, and so returned to the barracks.

But now, this lovely June morning, the news from the far West is still more direful. Hundreds of savages have taken the warpath, and murder is the burden of every tale from around their reservation, but—this is the day of “last parade” and the graduating ball, and people cannot afford time to think of such grewsome matter. All the same, they note that Mr. Lee comes no more to the hotel, and a rumor is in circulation that he has begged to be relieved from duty at the Point and ordered to join his troop now in the field against hostile Indians.



"HER BLUE EYES WATCHED WISTFULLY FOR SOME ONE WHO DID NOT COME."

Nannie McKay is looking like a pathetic shadow of her former self as she comes downstairs to fulfill an engagement with a cadet admirer. She neglects no duty of the kind toward Willy's friends and hers, but she is drooping and listless. Uncle Jack is worried about her—so, too, is Mamma, though the latter is so wrapped up in the graduation of her boy that she has little time to think of pallid cheeks and mournful eyes. It is all arranged that they are to sail for Europe the 1st of July; and the sea air, the voyage across, the new sights and associations on the other side, will "bring her round again," says that observant "avuncular" hopefully. He is compelled to be at his office in the city much of the time, but comes up this day as a matter of course, and has a brief chat with his graceless nephew at the guard-house. Billy's utter lack of spirits sets Uncle Jack to thinking. The boy says he can "tell him nothing just now," and Uncle Jack feels well assured that he has a good deal to tell. He goes in search of Lieutenant Lee, for whom he has conceived a great fancy, but the big lieutenant has gone to the city on business. In the crowded hall at the hotel he meets Miriam Stanley, and her face gives him another pound of trouble to carry.

"You are going to the ball, though?" he hears a lady say to her, and Miriam shakes her head.

Ball, indeed!—or last parade, either! She knows she cannot bear to see the class march to the front, and her brother not there. She cannot bear the thought of even looking on at the ball, if Philip is to be debarred from attending. Her thoughts have been very bitter for a few days past. Her father's intense but silent distress and regret; Philip's certain detention after the graduation of his class; his probable court martial and loss of rank; the knowledge that he had incurred it all to save McKay (and everybody by this time felt that it *must* be Billy McKay, though no one could prove it), all have conspired to make her very unhappy—and very unjust to Mr. Lee. Philip has told her that Mr. Lee had no alternative in reporting to the commandant his discovery "down the road," but she had believed herself of sufficient value in that officer's brown eyes to

induce him to at least postpone any mention of that piece of accidental knowledge; and though, in her heart of hearts, she knows she respects him the more because she could not prevail against his sense of duty, she is stung to the quick, and, womanlike, has made him feel it.

It must be in sympathy with her sorrows that, late this afternoon, the heavens open and pour their floods upon the plain. Hundreds of people are bemoaning the fact that now there can be no graduating parade. Down in barracks the members of the class are busily packing trunks, trying on civilian garb, and rushing about in much excitement. In more senses than one Phil Stanley's room is a center of gravity. The commandant at ten o'clock had sent for him and given him final opportunity to state whose place he occupied during the inspection of that now memorable night, and he had respectfully but firmly declined. There was then no alternative but the withdrawal of his diploma, and his detention at the Point to await the action of the Secretary of War upon the charges preferred against him. "The Class," of course, knew by this time that McKay was the man whom he had saved, for after one day of torment and indecision that hapless youth had called in half a dozen of his comrades and made a clean breast of it. It was then his deliberate intention to go to the commandant and beg for Stanley's release, and to offer himself as the culprit. But Stanley had thought the problem out and gravely interposed. It could really do no practical good to him and would only result in disaster to McKay. No one could have anticipated the luckless chain of circumstances that had led to his own arrest, but now he must face the consequences. After long consultation the young counsellors had decided on the plan. "There is only one thing for us to do: keep the matter quiet. There is only one thing for Billy to do: keep a stiff upper lip; graduate with the class, then go to Washington with 'Uncle Jack,' and bestir their friends in Congress"—not just then assembled, but always available. There was never yet a time when a genuine "pull" from Senate and House did not triumph



"THE 'BULL'S-EYE' FLASHES ITS GLEAM, FIRST ON ONE BED, THEN ON THE OTHER."

over the principles of military discipline.

A miserable man is Billy! For a week he has moped in barracks, forbidden by Stanley and his advisers to admit anything—yet universally suspected of being the cause of all the trouble. He, too, wishes to cancel his engagements for the graduating ball, and thinks something ought to be done to those young idiots of yearlings who set off the torpedo. "Nothing could have gone wrong but for them," says he; but the wise heads of the class promptly snub him into silence. "You've simply got to do as we say in this matter, Billy. You've done enough mischief already." And so it results that the message he sends by Uncle Jack is: "Tell mother and Nan I'll meet them at the 'hop.' My confinements end at eight o'clock, but there's no use in my going to the hotel and tramping through the mud." The truth is, he cannot bear to meet Miriam Stanley, and 'twould be just his luck.

One year ago no happier, bonnier, brighter face could have been seen at the

Point than that of Nannie McKay. Tonight, in all the throng of fair women and lovely girls, gathered with their soldier escorts in the great mess hall, there is none so sad. She tries hard to be chatty and smiling, but is too frank and honest a little soul to have much success. The dances that Phil Stanley had engaged months and months ago are accredited now to other names, and blissful young fellows in gray and gold come successively to claim them. But deep down in her heart she remembers the number of each. It was he who was to have been her escort. It was he who made out her card and gave it to her only a day or two before that fatal interview. It was he who was to have had the last waltz—the very last—that he would dance in the old cadet gray; and though new names have been substituted for his in other cases, this waltz she means to keep. Well knowing that there would be many to beg for it, she has written Willy's name for "Stanley," and duly warned him of the fact. Then, when it comes, she means to escape to

the dressing-room, for she is promptly told that her brother is engaged to Miss Waring for that very waltz. Light as are her feet, she never yet has danced with so heavy a heart. The rain still pours, driving everybody within doors. The heat is intense. The hall is crowded, and it frequently happens that partners cannot find her until near the end of their number on that dainty card. But every one has something to say about Phil Stanley and the universal regret at his absence. It is getting to be more than she can bear—this prolonged striving to respond with proper appreciation and sympathy, yet not say too much—not betray the secret that is now burning, throbbing in her girlish heart. He does not dream it, but there, hidden beneath the soft lace upon her snowy neck, lies that "knot of ribbon blue" which she so laughingly had given him, at his urging, the last day of her visit the previous year; the knot which he had so loyally treasured and then so sadly returned. A trifling, senseless thing to make such an ado about, but these hearts are young and ardent, and this romance of his has many a counterpart, the memory of which may bring to war-worn, grizzled heads to-day a blush almost of shame—and would surely bring to many an old and sometimes aching heart a sigh. Hoping against hope poor Nannie has thought it just possible that at the last moment the authorities would relent and he be allowed to attend. If so—if so, angry and justly angered though he might be, cut to the heart though he expressed himself, has she not here the means to call him back?—to bid him come and know how contrite she is? Hour after hour she glances at the broad archway at the east, yearning to see his dark, handsome face among the new comers—all in vain. Time and again she encounters Sallie Waring, brilliant, bewitching, in the most ravishing of toilets, and always with half a dozen men about her. Twice she notices Will among them with a face gloomy and rebellious, and, hardly knowing why, she almost hates her.

At last comes the waltz that was to have been Philip's—the waltz she has saved for his sake though he cannot claim it. Mr. Pennock, who has danced

the previous galop with her, sees the leader raising his baton, bethinks him of his next partner, and leaves her at the open window close to the dressing-room door. There she can have a breath of fresh air, and, hiding behind the broad backs of several bulky officers and civilians, listen undisturbed to the music she longed to enjoy with him. Here, to her surprise, Will suddenly joins her.

"I thought you were engaged to Miss Waring for this," she says.

"I was," he answers savagely, "but I'm well out of it. I resigned in favor of a big 'cit' who's worth only twenty thousand a year, Nan, and she has been engaged to him all this time and never let me know until to-night."

"Willy!" she gasps. "Oh! I'm so glad—sorry, I mean! I never *did* like her."

"I did, Nan, more's the pity. I'm not the first she's made a fool of," and he turns away, hiding the chagrin in his young face. They are practically alone in this sheltered nook. Crowds are around them, but looking the other way. The rain is dripping from the trees without, and pattering on the stone flags. McKay leans out into the night, and the sister's loving heart yearns over him in his trouble.

"Willy," she says, laying the little white-gloved hand on his arm. "It's hard to bear, but she isn't worthy *any* man's love. Twice I've heard in the last two days that she makes a boast of it that 'twas to see her that some one risked his commission and so—kept Mr. Stanley from being here to-night. Willy, do you know who it was? *Don't* you think he ought to have come forward like a gentleman, days ago, and told the truth? *Will!* What is it? *Don't* look so! Speak to me, Willy—your little Nan. Was there ever a time, dear, when my whole heart wasn't open to you in love and sympathy?"

And now, just at this minute the music begins again. Soft, sweet, yet with such a strain of pathos and of sadness running through every chord, it is the loveliest of all the waltzes played in his "First Class Camp"—the one of all others he most loved to hear. Her heart almost bursts now to think of him in his lonely room, beyond hear-

ing of the melody that is so dear to him—that is now so passionately dear to her—"Love's Sigh." Doubtless, Philip had asked the leader days ago to play it here and at no other time. It is more than enough to start the tears long welling in her eyes. For an instant it turns her from thought of Willy's own heartache.

"Will!" she whispers, desperately. "This was to have been Philip Stanley's waltz—and I want you to take—something to him for me."

He turns back to her again, his hands clinched, his teeth set, still thinking only of his own bitter humiliation—of how that girl has fooled and jilted him—of how for her sake he had brought all this trouble on his stanchest friend.

"Phil Stanley!" he exclaims. "By Heaven! It makes me nearly mad to think of it—and all for her sake—all through me. O Nan! Nan! I *must* tell you! It was for me—to save me that—"

"Willy!" and there is almost horror in her wide blue eyes. "Willy!" she gasps—"oh *don't*—don't tell me *that*! Oh—it isn't *true*? Not you—not you, Willy. Not my brother—Oh quick! Tell me."

Startled, alarmed, he seizes her hand.

"Little sister! What—what has happened—what is—"

But there is no time for more words. The week of misery; the piteous strain of the long evening, the sweet, sad, wailing melody—his favorite waltz; the sudden, stunning revelation that it was for Willy's sake that he—her hero—was now to suffer, he whose heart she had trampled on and crushed! It is all more than mortal girl can bear. With the beautiful strains moaning, whirling, ringing, surging through her brain, she is borne dizzily away into darkness and oblivion.

* * * * *

There follows a week in which sadder faces yet are seen about the old hotel. The routine of the Academy goes on undisturbed. The graduating class has taken its farewell of the gray walls and gone upon its way. New faces, new voices are those in the line of officers at parade. The corps has pitched its white tents under the trees beyond the grassy parapet of Fort Clinton, and, with the graduates

and furlough-men gone, its ranks look pitifully thinned. The throng of visitors has vanished. The halls and piazzas at Craney's are well-nigh deserted, but among the few who linger there is not one who has not loving inquiry for the young life that for a brief while has fluttered so near the grave. "Brain fever," said the doctors to Uncle Jack, and a new anxiety was lined in his kindly face as he and Will McKay sped on their mission to the Capitol. They had to go—though little Nan lay sore stricken at the Point.

But youth and elasticity triumph. The danger is passed. She lies now, very white and still, listening to the sweet strains of the band trooping down the line this soft June evening. Her mother, worn with watching, is resting on the lounge. It is Miriam Stanley who hovers at the bedside. Presently the trumpets peal the retreat; the sunset gun booms across the plain; the ringing voice of the young adjutant comes floating on the southerly breeze, and, as she listens, Nannie follows every detail of the well-known ceremony, wondering how it *could* go on day after day with no Mr. Pennock to read the orders; with no "big Burton" to thunder his commands to the first company; with no Philip Stanley to march the colors to their place on the line. "Where is *he*?" is the question in the sweet blue eyes that so wistfully seek his sister's face; but she answers not. One by one the first sergeants made their reports; and now—that ringing voice again, reading the orders of the day. How clear it sounds! How hushed and still the listening Point!

"Head-quarters of the Army," she hears. "Washington, June 15th, 187-. Special orders, Number —."

"*First.* Upon his own application, First Lieutenant George Romney Lee, —th Cavalry, is hereby relieved from duty at the U. S. Military Academy, and will join his troop now in the field against hostile Indians.

"*Second.* Upon the recommendation of the Superintendent U. S. Military Academy, the charges preferred against Cadet Captain Philip S. Stanley are withdrawn. Cadet Stanley will be considered as graduated with his class on the 12th instant, will be released from



"THEY HAD COME UPON THE BODIES OF A LITTLE PARTY OF SOLDIERS, STRIPPED, SCALPED, AND MUTILATED."

arrest and authorized to avail himself of the leave of absence granted his class."

Nannie starts from her pillow, clasping in her thin white fingers the soft hand that would have restrained her.

"Miriam!" she cries. "Then—will he go?"

The dark, proud face bends down to her: clasping arms encircle the little white form, and Miriam Stanley's very heart wails forth in answer:

"O Nannie! He is almost there by this time—both of them. They left to join the regiment three days ago; their orders came by telegraph."

Another week, and Uncle Jack is again with them. The doctors agree that the ocean voyage is now not only advisable but necessary. They are to move their little patient to the city and board their steamer in a day or two. Will has come to them, full of disgust that he has been assigned to the artillery, and filling his mother's heart with dismay because he is begging for a transfer to the cavalry, to the —th regiment—of all others—now plunged in the whirl of an Indian war. Every day the papers come freighted with rumors of fiercer fighting; but little that

is reliable can be heard from "Sabre Stanley" and his column. They are far beyond telegraphic communication, hemmed in by "hostiles" on every side.

Uncle Jack is an early riser. Going down for his paper before breakfast, he is met at the foot of the stairs by a friend who points to the headlines of the *Herald*, with the simple remark, "Isn't this hard?"

It is brief enough, God knows.

"A courier just in from Colonel Stanley's camp brings the startling news that Lieutenant Philip Stanley, —th Cavalry, with two scouts and a small escort, who left here Sunday, hoping to push through to the Spirit Wolf, were ambushed by the Indians in Black Cañon. Their bodies, scalped and mutilated, were found Wednesday night."

Where, then, was Romney Lee?

VII.

THE red sun is going down behind the line of distant buttes, throwing long shadows out across the grassy upland. Every crest and billow of the prairie is bathed in crimson and gold, while

the "breaks" and ravines trending southward grow black and forbidding in their contrasted gloom. Far over to the southeast, in dazzling radiance, two lofty peaks, still snow-clad, gleam against the summer sky, and at their feet dark waves of forest-covered foot-hills drink in the last rays of the waning sunshine as though hoarding its treasured warmth against the chill of coming night. Already the evening air, rare and exhilarating at this great altitude, loses the sun-god's touch and strikes upon the cheek keen as the ether of the limitless heavens. A while ago, only in the distant valley winding to the south could foliage be seen. Now all in those depths is merged in somber shade, and not a leaf or tree breaks for miles the grand monotony. Close at hand a host of tiny mounds, each tipped with reddish gold, and some few further ornamented by miniature sentry, alert and keen-eyed, tell of a prairie township already laid out and thickly populated; and at this moment every sentry is chipping his pert, querulous challenge until the disturbers of the peace are close upon him,—then diving headlong into the bowels of the earth.

A dun cloud of dust rolls skyward along a well-worn cavalry trail, and is whirled into space by the hoofs of sixty panting chargers trotting steadily south. Sixty sunburned, dust-covered troopers ride grimly on, following the lead of a tall soldier whose kind brown eyes peer anxiously from under his scouting hat. It is just as they pass the village of the prairie dogs that he points to the low valley down to the front and questions the "plainsman" who lopes along by his side:

"That Black Cañon down yonder?"

"That's it, lieutenant: I didn't think you could make it to-night."

"We *had* to," is the simple reply as again the spur touches the jaded flank, and evokes only a groan in response.

"How far from here to—the Springs?" he presently asks again.

"Box Elder?—where they found the bodies?—'bout five mile, sir."

"Where away was that signal smoke we saw at the divide?"

"Must have been from those bluffs—east of the Springs, sir."

Lieutenant Lee whips out his watch

and peers at the dial through the twilight. The cloud deepens on his haggard, handsome face. Eight o'clock, and they have been in saddle almost incessantly since yesterday afternoon, weighed down with the tidings of the fell disaster that has robbed them of their comrades, and straining every nerve to reach the scene.

Only five days before, as he stepped from the railway car at the supply station, a wagon train had come in from the front escorted by Mr. Lee's own troop; his captain with it, wounded. Just as soon as it could reload with rations and ammunition the train was to start on its eight days' journey to the Spirit Wolf, where Colonel Stanley and the —th were bivouacked and scouring the neighboring mountains. Already a battalion of infantry was at the station; another was on its way, and supplies were being hurried forward. Captain Gregg brought the first reliable news. The Indians had apparently withdrawn from the road. The wagon train had come through unmolested, and Colonel Stanley was expecting to push forward into their fastnesses farther south the moment he could obtain authority from headquarters. With these necessary orders two couriers had started just twelve hours before. The captain was rejoiced to see his favorite lieutenant and to welcome Philip Stanley to the regiment. "Everybody seemed to feel that you too would be coming right along," he said; "but, Phil, my boy, I'm afraid you're too late for the fun. You can not catch the command before it starts from Spirit Wolf."

And yet this was just what Phil had tried to do. Lee knew nothing of his plan until everything had been arranged between the young officer and the major commanding the temporary camp at the station. Then it was too late to protest. While it was Mr. Lee's duty to remain and escort the train, Philip Stanley, with two scouts and half a dozen troopers, had pushed out to overtake the regiment two hundred miles away. Forty-eight hours later, as the wagon train with its guard was slowly crawling southward, it was met by a courier with ghastly face. He was one of three who had started from the ruined agency together. They met no Indians, but at Box Elder Springs had come upon the bodies of a

little party of soldiers stripped, scalped, gashed, and mutilated—nine in all. There could be little doubt that they were those of poor Philip and his new-found comrades. The courier had recognized two of the bodies as those of Forbes and Whiting—the scouts who had gone with the party; the others he did not know at all.

Parking his train then and there, sending back to the railway for an infantry company to hasten forward and take charge of it, Mr. Lee never hesitated as to his own course. He and his troop pushed on at once. And now, worn, weary, but determined, the little command is just in sight of the deep ravine known to frontiersmen for years as Black Cañon. It was through here that Stanley and his battalion had marched a fortnight since. It was along this very trail that Phil and his party, pressing eagerly on to join the regiment, rode down into its dark depths and were ambushed at the springs. From all indications, said the courier, they must have unsaddled for a brief rest, probably just at nightfall; but the Indians had left little to aid them in forming an opinion. Utterly unnerved by the sight, his two associates had turned back to rejoin Stanley's column, while he, the third, had decided to make for the railway. Unless those men, too, had been cut off, the regiment by this time knew of the tragic fate of some of their comrades, but the Colonel was mercifully spared all dread that one of the victims was his only son.

Nine were in the party when they started. Nine bodies were lying there when the couriers reached the Springs, and now nine are lying here to-night when, just after moonrise, Romney Lee dismounts and bends sadly over them—one after another. The prairie wolves have been here first, adding mutilation to the butchery of their human prototypes. There is little chance, in this pallid light and with these poor remnants, to make identification a possibility. All vestiges of uniform, arms, and equipment have been carried away, and such underclothing as remains has been torn to shreds by the herd of snarling, snapping brutes which is driven off only by the rush of the foremost troopers, and is now dispersed all over the cañon and far up the

heights beyond the outposts and sentries, yelping indignant protest.

There can be no doubt as to the number slain. All the nine are here, and Mr. Lee solemnly pencils the dispatch that is to go back to the railway so soon as a messenger and his horse can get a few hours' needed rest. Before daybreak the man is away, meeting on his lonely ride other comrades hurrying to the front, to whom he briefly gives confirmation of the first report. Before the setting of the second sun he has reached his journey's end, and the telegraph is flashing the mournful details to the distant East, and so, when the *Servia* slowly glides from her moorings and turns her prow toward the sparkling sea, Nannie McKay is sobbing her heart out alone in her little white stateroom, crushing with her kisses, bathing with her tears, the love knot she had given her soldier boy less than a year before.

Another night comes around. Tiny fires are glowing down in the dark depths of Black Cañon, showing red through the frosty gleam of the moonlight. Under the silvery rays nine new-made graves are ranked along the turf, guarded by troopers whose steeds are browsing close at hand. Silence and sadness reign in the little bivouac where Lee and his comrades await the coming of the train they had left three days before. It will be here on the morrow—early, and then they must push ahead and bear their heavy tidings to the regiment. He has written one sorrowing letter—and what a letter to have to write to the woman he loves!—to tell Miriam that he has been unable to identify any one of the bodies as that of her gallant young brother, yet is compelled to believe him to lie there—one of the stricken nine. And now he must face the father with this bitter news! Romney Lee's sore heart fails him at the prospect and he can not sleep. Good heaven! Can it be that three weeks only have passed away since the night of that lovely yet ill-fated carriage-ride down through Highland Falls, down beyond picturesque Hawkshurst?

Out on the bluffs, though he can not see them, and up and down the cañon, vigilant sentries guard this solemn bivouac. No sign of Indian has been seen except the hoofprints of a score of

ponies and the bloody relics of their direful visit. No repetition of the signal smokes has greeted their watchful eyes. It looks as though this outlying band of warriors had noted his coming, had sent up their warning to others of their tribe, and then scattered for the mountains at the south. All the same, as he rode the bluff lines at nightfall, Mr. Lee had charged the sentries to be alert with eye and ear, and to allow none to approach unchallenged.

The weary night wears on. The young moon has ridden down in the west and sunk behind that distant bluff line. All is silent as the graves around which his men are slumbering, and at last, worn with sorrow and vigil, Lee rolls himself in his blanket, and, still booted and spurred, stretches his feet toward the little watch-fire, and pillows his head upon the saddle. Down the stream the horses are already beginning to tug at their lariats and struggle to their feet, that they may crop the dew-moistened bunch grass. Far out upon the chill night air the yelping challenge of the coyotes is heard, but the sentries give no sign. Despite grief and care Nature asserts her sway and is fast lulling Lee to sleep, when, away up on the heights to the northwest, there leaps out a sudden lurid flash and, a second after, the loud ring of the cavalry carbine comes echoing down the cañon. Lee springs to his feet and seizes his rifle. The first shot is quickly followed by a second; the men are tumbling up from their blankets, and, with the instinct of old campaigners, thrusting cartridges into the opened chambers.

"Keep your men together here, sergeant," is the brief order, and in a moment more Lee is spurring upward along an old game trail. Just under the crest he overtakes a sergeant hurrying northward.

"What is it?—Who fired?" he asks.

"Morris fired, sir: I don't know why. He is the farthest post up the bluffs."

Together they reach a young trooper, crouching in the pallid dawn behind a jagged parapet of rock, and eagerly demand the cause of the alarm. The sentry is quivering with excitement.

"An Indian, sir! Not a hundred yards out there! I seen him plain enough to swear to it. He rose up from behind

that point yonder, and started out over the prairie, and I up and fired."

"Did you challenge?"

"No, sir," answers the young soldier simply. "He was going away. He couldn't understand me if I had,—leastwise I couldn't 'a understood him. He ran like a deer the moment I fired, and was out of sight almost before I could send another shot."

Lee and the sergeant push out along the crest, their arms at "ready"; their keen eyes searching every dip in the surface. Close to the edge of the cañon, perhaps a hundred yards away, they come upon a little ledge, behind which, under the bluff, it is possible for an Indian to steal unnoticed toward their sentries and to peer into the depths below. Some one has been here within a few minutes, watching, stretched prone upon the turf, for Lee finds it dry and almost warm, while all around the bunch grass is heavy with dew. Little by little as the light grows warmer in the east and aids them in their search, they can almost trace the outline of a recumbent human form. Presently the west wind begins to blow with greater strength, and they note the mass of clouds, gray and frowning, that is banked against the sky. Out on the prairie not a moving object can be seen, though the eye can reach a good rifle-shot away. Down in the darkness of the cañon the watch-fires still smoulder and the men still wait. There comes no further order from the heights. Lee, with the sergeant, is now bending over faint footprints just discernible in the pallid light.

Suddenly up he starts and gazes eagerly out to the west. The sergeant, too, at the same instant, leaps toward his commander. Distant, but distinct, two quick shots have been fired far over among those tumbling buttes and ridges lying there against the horizon. Before either man could speak or question, there comes another, then another, then two or three in quick succession, the sound of firing thick and fast.

"It's a fight, sir, sure!" cries the sergeant eagerly.

"To horse, then—quick!" is the answer, as the two soldiers bound back to the trail.

"Saddle up, men!" rings the order,

shouted down the rocky flanks of the ravine. There is instant response in the neigh of excited horses, the clatter of iron-shod hoofs. Through the dim light the men go rushing, saddles and bridles in hand, each to where he has driven his own picket pin. Promptly the steeds are girthed and bitted. Promptly the men come running back to the bivouac; seizing and slinging carbines, then leading into line. A brief word of command, another of caution, and then the whole troop is mounted, and, following its leader, rides ghostlike up a winding ravine that enters the cañon from the west, and goes spurring to the high plateau beyond. Once there the eager horses have ample room; the springing turf invites their speed. "Front into line" they sweep at rapid gallop, and then, with Lee well out before them, with carbines advanced, with hearts beating high, with keen eyes flashing, and every ear strained for sound of the fray,—away they bound. There's a fight ahead! Some one needs their aid, and there's not a man in all old "B" troop who does not mean to avenge those new-made graves. Up a little slope they ride, all eyes fixed on Lee. They see him reach the ridge, sweep gallantly over, then, with ringing cheer, turn in saddle, wave his revolver high in air, clap spur to his horse's flank and go darting down the other side.

"Come on, lads!"

Ay, on it is! One wild race for the crest, one headlong charge down the slope beyond, and they are rolling over a band of yelling, scurrying, savage horse-men, whirling them away over the opposite ridge, driving them helter-skelter over the westward prairie, until all who escape the shock of the onset or the swift bullet in the raging chase, finally vanish from their sight; and then, obedient to the ringing "recall" of the trumpet, slowly they return, gathering again in the little ravine; and there, wondering, rejoicing, jubilant, they cluster at the entrance of a deep cleft in the rocks, where, bleeding from a bullet wound in the arm, but with a world of thankfulness and joy in his handsome face, their leader stands, clasping Philip Stanley, pallid, faint, well-nigh starving, but—God be praised!—safe and unscathed.

VIII.

How the tidings of that timely rescue thrills through every heart at old Fort Warren! There are gathered the wives and children of the regiment. There is the colonel's home, silent and darkened for that one long week, then ringing with joy and congratulation, with gladness and thanksgiving. Miriam again is there, suddenly lifted from the depths of sorrow to a wealth of bliss she had no words to express. Day and night the little army coterie flocked about her to hear again and again the story of Philip's peril and his final rescue,—and then to exclaim over Romney Lee's gallantry and devotion. It was all so bewildering. For a week they had mourned their colonel's only son as dead and buried. The wondrous tale of his discovery sounded simply fabulous, and yet was simply true. Hurrying forward from the railway, the little party had been joined by two young frontiersmen eager to obtain employment with the scouts of Stanley's column. Halting just at sunset for brief rest at Box Elder Springs, the lieutenant with Sergeant Harris had climbed the bluffs to search for Indian signal fires. It was nearly dark when on their return they were amazed to hear the sound of fire-arms in the cañon, and were themselves suddenly attacked and completely cut off from their comrades. Stanley's horse was shot; but Sergeant Harris, though himself wounded, helped his young officer to mount behind him, and galloped back into the darkness, where they evaded their pursuers by turning loose their horse and groping in among the rocks. Here they hid all night and all next day in the deep cleft where Lee had found them, listening to the shouts and signals of a swarm of savage foes. At last the sounds seemed to die away, the Indians to disappear, and then hunger, thirst, and the feverish delirium of the sergeant, who was tortured for want of water, drove Stanley forth in hopes of reaching the cañon. Fired at, as he supposed, by Indians, he was speedily back in his lair again, but was there almost as speedily tracked and besieged. For a while he was able to keep the foe at bay, but Lee had come just in the nick of time; only two car-

bridges were left, and poor Harris was nearly gone.

A few weeks later, while the -th is still on duty rounding up the Indians in the mountains, the wounded are brought home to Warrener. There are not many, for only the first detachment of two small troops had had any serious engagement; but the surgeons say that Mr.

Lee's arm is so badly crippled that he can do no field work for several months, and he had best go in to the railway. And now he is at Warrener; and here, one lovely moonlit summer's evening, he is leaning on the gate in front of the colonel's quarters, utterly regardless of certain injunctions as to avoiding exposure to the night air. Good Mrs. Wilton, the major's wife—who, army fashion, is helping Miriam keep house in her father's absence—has gone in before "to light up," she says, though it is too late for callers; and they have been spending a long evening at Captain Gregg's, "down the row." It is Miriam who keeps the tall lieutenant at the gate. She has said good-night,—yet lingers. He has been there several days, his arm still in its sling, and not once has she had a word with him alone—till now. Some one has told her that he has asked for leave of absence to go East and settle some business affairs he had to leave abruptly when hurrying to take part in the campaign. If this be true—is it not time to be making her peace?

The moonlight throws a brilliant sheen on all surrounding objects, yet she stands in the shade, bowed in a little archway of vines that overhangs the gate. He has been strangely silent during the brief walk homeward, and now, so far from following into the shadows as she half hoped he might do, he stands without, the flood of moonlight falling full



"COME ON, LADS!"

upon his stalwart figure. Two months ago he would not thus have held aloof, yet now he is half extending his hand as though in adieu. She can not fathom this strange silence on the part of him who so long has been devoted as a lover. She knows well it can not be because of her injustice to him at the Point that he is unrelenting now. Her eyes have told him how earnestly she repents; and does he not always read her eyes? Only in faltering words, in the presence of others all too interested, has she been able to speak her thanks for Philip's rescue. She can not see now that what he fears from her change of mood is, that gratitude for her brother's safety, not a woman's response to the passionate love in his deep heart, is the impulse of this sweet, half-shy, half-entreating manner. He can not sue for love from a girl weighted with a sense of obligation. He knows that lingering here is dangerous,—yet he can not go. When friends are silent 'tis time for chats to close; but there is a silence that at such a time as this only bids a man to speak, and speak boldly. Yet Lee is dumb.

Once—over a year ago—he had come to the colonel's quarters to seek permission to visit the neighboring town on some sudden errand. She had met him at the door with the tidings that her father had been feeling far from well during the morning, and was now taking a nap.

"Won't I do for commanding officer this time?" she had laughingly inquired.

"I would ask no better fate—for all time," was his prompt reply, and he spoke too soon. Though neither ever forgot the circumstance, she would never again permit allusion to it. But to-night it is uppermost in her mind. She *must* know if it be true that he is going.

"Tell me," she suddenly asks, "have you applied for leave of absence?"

"Yes," he answers simply.

"And you are going—soon?"

"I am going to-morrow," is the utterly unlooked-for reply.

"To-morrow! Why!—Mr. Lee."

There can be no mistaking the shock it gives her, and still he stands and makes no sign. It is cruel of him! What has she said or done to deserve penance like this? He is still holding out his hand as though in adieu, and she lays hers, fluttering, in the broad palm.

"I—I thought all applications had to be made to—your commanding officer," she says at last, falteringly, yet archly.

"Major Wilton forwarded mine on Monday. I asked him to say nothing about it. The answer came by wire to-day."

"Major Wilton is *post* commander; but—did you not—a year ago—?"

"Did I not?" he speaks in eager joy. "Do you mean you have not forgotten *that*? Do you mean that now—for all time—my first allegiance shall be to you, Miriam?"

No answer for a minute; but her hand is still firmly clasped in his. At last—

"Don't you think you ought to have asked me, before applying for leave to go?"

Mr. Lee is suddenly swallowed up in the gloom of that shaded bower under the trellis-work, though a radiance as of midday is shining through his heart.

But soon he has to go. Mrs. Wilton is on the veranda, urging them to come in out of the chill night air. Those papers on his desk must be completed and filed this very night. He has told her this.

"To-morrow, early, I will be here," he murmurs. "And now, good-night, my own."

But she does not seek to draw her hand away. Slowly he moves back into the

bright moonbeams and she follows part way. One quick glance she gives as her hand is released and he raises his forage cap. It is *such* a disadvantage to have but one arm at such a time! She sees that Mrs. Wilton is at the other end of the veranda.

"Good-night," she whispers. "I—know you *must* go."

"I must. There is so much to be done."

"I—thought"—another quick glance at the piazza—"that a soldier, on leaving, should—salute his commanding officer?"

And Romney Lee is again in shadow and—in sunshine.

* * * * *

Late that autumn, in one of his infrequent letters to his devoted mother, Mr. McKay finds time to allude to the news of Lieutenant Lee's approaching marriage to Miss Stanley.

"Phil is, of course, immensely pleased," he writes; "and from all I hear I suppose Mr. Lee is a very different fellow from what we thought six months ago. Pennock says I always had a wrong idea of him; but Pennock thinks all my ideas about the officers appointed over me are absurd. He likes old Pelican, our battery commander, who is just the crankiest, crabbedest, soreheadedest captain in all the Artillery, and that is saying a good deal. I wish I'd got into the Cavalry at the start; but there's no use in trying now. The—th is the only regiment I wanted; but they have to go to reveille and stables before breakfast, which wouldn't suit me at all.

"Hope Nan's better. A winter in the Riviera will set her up again. Stanley asks after her when he writes, but he has rather dropped me of late. I suppose it's because I was too busy to answer, though he ought to know that in New York harbor a fellow has no time for scribbling, whereas, out on the plains, they have nothing else to do. He sent me his picture a while ago, and I tell you he has improved wonderfully. Such a swell mustache! I meant to have sent it over for you and Nan to see, but I've mislaid it somewhere."

Poor little Nan! She would give many of her treasures for one peep at the coveted picture that Will holds so lightly.

There had been temporary improvement in her health at the time Uncle Jack came with the joyous tidings that Stanley was safe after all; but even the Riviera fails to restore her wonted spirits. She droops visibly during the long winter. "She grows so much older away from Willy," says the fond mamma, to whom proximity to that vivacious youth is the acme of earthly bliss. Uncle Jack grins and says nothing. It is dawning upon him that something is needed besides the air and sunshine of the Riviera to bring back the dancing light in those sweet blue eyes and joy to the wistful little face.

"The time to see the Yosemite and 'the glorious climate of California' is April, not October," he suddenly declares one balmy morning by the Mediterranean; "and the sooner we get back to Yankeedom the better 'twill suit me."

And so it happens that, early in the month of meteorological smiles and tears, the trio are speeding westward far across the rolling prairies: Mrs. McKay deeply scandalized at the heartless conduct of the War Department in refusing Willy a two-months' leave to go with them; Uncle Jack quizzically disposed to look upon that calamity as a not utterly irretrievable ill; and Nan, fluttering with hope, fear, joy, and dread,—all intermingled; for is not *he* stationed at Cheyenne? All these long months has she cherished that little knot of senseless ribbon. If she had sent it to him within the week of his graduation, perhaps it would not have seemed amiss; but after that, after all he had been through in the campaign—the long months of silence—he might have changed, and, for very shame, she can not bring herself to give a signal he would perhaps no longer wish to obey. Every hour her excitement and nervousness increase; but when the conductor of the Pullman comes to say that Cheyenne is really in sight, and the long whistle tells that they are nearing the dinner station of those days, Nan simply loses herself entirely. There will be half an hour, and Philip actually there to see, to hear, to answer. She hardly knows whether she is of this mortal earth when Uncle Jack comes bustling in with the gray-haired colonel, when she feels Miriam's kiss upon her cheek, when

Mr. Lee, handsomer and kindlier than ever, bends down to take her hand; but she looks beyond them all for the face she longs for,—and it is not there. The car seems whirling around when, from over her shoulder, she hears, in the old, well-remembered tones, a voice that redoubles the throb of her little heart.

"Miss Nannie!"

And there—bending over her, his face aglow, and looking marvelously well in his cavalry uniform—is Philip Stanley. She knows not what she says. She has prepared something proper and conventional, but it has all fled. She looks one instant up into his shining eyes, and there is no need to speak at all. Every one else is so busy that no one sees, no one knows, that he is firmly clinging to her hand, and that she shamelessly and passively submits.

A little later—just as the train is about to start—they are standing at the rear door of the sleeper. The band of the —th is playing some distance up the platform,—a thoughtful device of Mr. Lee's to draw the crowd that way,—and they are actually alone. An exquisite happiness is in her eyes as she peers up into the love-light in his strong, steadfast face. *Something* must have been said; for he draws her close to his side and bends over her as though all the world were wrapped up in this dainty little morsel of womanhood. Suddenly the great train begins slowly to move. Part they must now, though it be only for a time. He folds her quickly, unresisting, to his breast. The sweet blue eyes begin to fill.

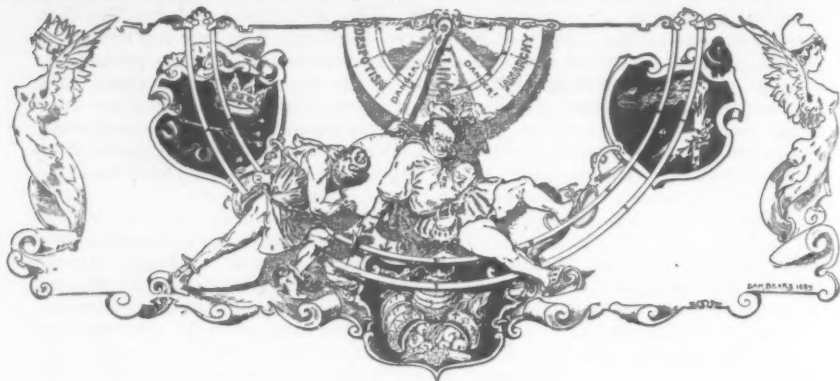
"My darling—my little Nannie," he whispers as his lips kiss away the gathering tears. "There is just an instant. What is it you tell me you have kept for me?"

"This," she answers, shyly placing in his hand a little packet wrapped in tissue paper. "Don't look at it yet! Wait!—But—I wanted to send it—the very next day, Philip."

Slowly he turns her blushing face until he can look into her eyes. The glory in his proud, joyous gaze is a delight to see. "My own little girl," he whispers, as his lips meet hers. "I know it is my love-knot."

THE END.

Social Problems, by Edward Everett Hale.



THE INDIAN POLICY of the United States has been a grievous difficulty to every administration. I do not think that our dear friend, Helen Hunt, is quite right when she speaks of our dealings with the Indians as a "Century of Dishonor." Certainly, Washington and the Adamses, Madison, Jackson, Lincoln, Hayes, and most of the rest of the Presidents, were not dishonorable men. Nor were they men who would have permitted dishonor in their administrations. The truth is rather, that the problem has been a most difficult one,—that such a republic as ours has very poor chance to maintain continuity or unity in its traditions,—and that circumstances have been changing all the time. What has come to pass, then, is this: that there have been half a dozen "Indian policies,"—not to say a dozen,—each of which was adopted with high hopes and with good intention. But—with a change of dynasty, a change of theory, and a change in the surroundings, with no one left in office to stand for the old "policy," or even to remember what it was, with no embodied public sentiment to direct or suggest one policy or another—there has been a series of changes almost as disastrous as the choice of a policy intentionally cruel would have been.

Now, if a man lived a hundred and ten years,—as the nation has lived,—if he changed his plans and purposes six or eight times in that time, and if the sixth plan ran quite counter to the second, you might and would say that he was a dishonorable man. But when a nation,

under the lead of a set of new men, who really do not know what their grandfathers promised, tries squarely to "do the fair thing" in as difficult a matter as this, I do not think it quite right to say it is *dishonored* if it do not carry forward the grandfathers' plans, if it cannot find any method of fulfilling their promises, if, in short, fulfillment is impossible. If you find that the nation is all along spending money liberally and even recklessly for these wards, you may say that its administration is foolish or even wicked. But I do not think it is quite exact to say that it is "dishonorable," unless it means to be.

Now, no one will maintain the theory that tribes of hunters own in fee-simple the lands on which they hunt. No one would pretend that the three hundred thousand Indians who were in the United States in 1607, owned all the land on which they did or did not rove. I may go a step further. Suppose a man does own a million acres, as the Bingham owned a million acres in Maine, or as Canonchet, or somebody like him, owned thousands of acres where Newport stands. This land is as worthless as so much water is, unless some one lives upon it. The United States, owning many thousands of acres of such land, have found it wise to give it away. Better to have the population and no land than to have the land with no population. So Canonchet, if it were he, was glad enough to give Aquidneck or Newport to some one who would settle there, and to receive two or three coats and a few hoes in re-

turn. What Canonchet wanted was a trading post where he could buy flints and knives and gunpowder, and sell his skins and his corn. It is absurd to say that he was cheated because he did not obtain the price for which land is sold in Newport to-day.

True, it is hard to say where the ownership of land comes from. The old writers agreed, quite generally, that if a supposed primitive settler cleared land, fenced it, cultivated it, and obtained crops from it, the land was his. In point of fact, it is probably true that generally, not always, this was done by a company, a community, and not by an individual. Thus the Onondaga tribe held the common fields, as indeed the Cherokee tribe holds the common lands to-day. This did *not* work well, as the Socialists of to-day are, however, slow to observe. And by precisely the same rules under which a man likes to buy his own coat and wear it, instead of giving any warning to a town wardrobe and wearing a coat belonging to the town, individual owners have separated to themselves their own fields—with the assent, be it observed, of the public—from what was held in common.

Now, the "Indian problem" of the United States, at this moment, is to discover how, or if, the separate property can be given to the several Indian families who are now in the United States.

Up to this time, the "policy" of the nation has been generally to deal with the Indians as tribes. Thus we had one set of treaties with Sioux, another with Utes, and so on. In recompense for certain tracts of land which these people had promised not to rove over,—that was all they could promise,—the nation annually gives such and such grants of oxen, flour, sugar, blankets, hoes and the like.

It is precisely as if, when the Irish emigration began, an officer at Castle Garden in New York had agreed to give to all the Sullivans so many blankets a year,—to *all*, observe! not to each,—and to the O'Neils so many hoes, and to the Kellys so much sugar.

No possible system could be devised which would be so sure to ruin O'Neils, or Sullivans, or Kellys. As is well known, no effort was made to preserve

the Irish sept or clan. It was left to die out, while the separate men and women were left also to care for themselves. The great Western proverb was applied with pitiless impartiality—"Root, hog, or die!" The Irishman was not afraid of the challenge. He asked for no blankets and no sugar and no hoes, till he could earn them. He went to work. And he did not die.

The starvation, misery and pauperism which have been brought about by the tribe system of dealing, under which the nation spends millions upon millions every year, and leaves the Indians worse than it found them, is now generally understood.

There is no savor of "dishonor" in any attempt to exchange it for some plan by which individual energy may be encouraged, and each man, woman and child compelled to take a share in the work of the commonwealth.

* * *

OF such plans the details will be different, according as the old "treaties" with these tribes are different, and as other circumstances vary. But it may be said roughly, and in general, that the present policy of the nation looks in the direction of breaking up the so-called "tribal system," and of endowing each Indian family with a separate holding, in the shape of a farm and house, which each head of a family shall own. The family, and not the tribe, is to be the unit in the future negotiations of the nation with its wards.

This is impossible in the affairs of the Cherokees, Choctaws and Creeks, the largest and strongest of the Indian tribes. They hold to the common system which Mr. George would favor, of land held by the State. Their success or failure will be a good visible lesson, or "terrible warning," for people interested in running the Onondaga experiments. For the rest, however, the drift is toward a general establishment of separate families on land held by each in fee-simple. But there is a feeling that the untaught Indian will be apt to sell this land for whisky. It is, therefore, generally provided that it shall not be alienated for a series of years.

* * *

SIDE BY SIDE with this "policy," is

the determination, among the more resolute friends of the Indians, that their young people of both sexes shall be educated for *this sort of life*.

If only I could print these last five words in letters of gold, so that every enthusiast, every plodding teacher, and every Indian society could read them !

The young Indians need not be educated to square the hypothenuse, to calculate compound interest, to translate Fontaine's Fables. In the successful schools, as at HAMPTON and CARLISLE, this is well understood. They are to be taught to read and write, to make and mend their clothes and shoes and harness ; they are to be started in the rudiments of such agriculture as they will carry on.

And also—which is of the first importance—so many of them are to be trained thus, that, when they go back to their own homes, they may enjoy social life with each other, may stand by each other, and take the legitimate lead which the training given them deserves. They are not to be the duds of an old civilization : they are to be the leaders of a new.

For this purpose we are to look for the education of all the Indian children—at the hands of the nation. This means about fifty thousand. It does not mean that they shall all be brought East to Hampton or Carlisle. For most of them, it is better that the education should be given near home, perhaps not at home. If the nation spends five million dollars a year in this business, it is not too much for the advantage gained.

* * *

BUT such efforts are all as futile as those of the half-dozen extinct "best Indian policies" if the practical management is to be changed every four years. Especially if the Indian Department is to be given as a political reward, to secure so many doubtful adherents in Tennessee, or to pay for so many stump speeches in Weiss-nicht-wo, no policy will succeed. And because our political clock runs down every four years and has to be wound up again ; because a man from Tennessee, as ignorant of past Indian policies as he is of Sanskrit, is tumbled in to take the place of some experienced officer who is tumbled out,—there is need of a permanent establishment pledged to

the Nation and to God to take care that the Indian is rightly handled.

This is what we gained when the NATIONAL INDIAN ASSOCIATION was founded, now six or eight years ago. Irrespective of elections and of the fourth of March it exists. Such men as Herbert Welsh, above suspicion, and without axes to grind, control its proceedings and look out over the whole prospect. When the Administration at Washington tries to sit on two stools,—the Indian Association knows it, and tells the public. When the Administration poses in Arizona as the enemy of the Indian, and in New England as his friend,—the Indian Association knows that, and explains it. When the Indian Department wants to harry out a faithful agent, because he has not made places to reward partisans,—the Indian Association knows that, and the public knows it. Against the compact force of the "Indian Ring," a well organized body of contractors in Washington, the Indian Association is a permanent institution, watchful, indifferent to party success, and, because permanent, able to hold the nation to a steadfast policy.

It is a steadfast policy which the Indian questions need. And the permanency of the National Indian Association gives some hope that it may be secured.

* * *

THE LADY AITCHESON HOSPITAL, so named for the wife of the ex-Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Lahore, India, is one of the greatest blessings of our age to the women of that province. It is supported partly by Government, from a fund established by the Countess of Dufferin, and partly by private benevolence. A lady graduate of the University at Berne has charge of the Hospital. She has able assistants and native nurses, trained by herself, who have proved excellent. Caste in India and religious prejudice forbid many women from procuring aid from a medical man, though their sufferings are severe and prolonged. It is no wonder, then, that women from near and far flock to the Hospital, where they can consult women and often obtain relief. About four thousand patients were treated last year, and Dr. Pielby, who is an excellent surgeon as well as a physician, performed many difficult sur-

gical operations. Several times during each week Dr. Bielby lectures to female students in both English and Hindoostanee on diseases and nursing. This is one of the great changes wrought in India within the last few years. Women are taught and cared for as never before, and medical missionaries find entrance where others are denied.

* * *

THE MINISTERING CHILDREN'S LEAGUE was founded by the Countess of Meath in England, and has for its motto:

"No day without a deed to crown it."

The object of this League is "to promote kindness, unselfishness and the habit of usefulness among children, and to create in their minds an earnest desire to help the needy and suffering;" also "to aid the necessities of the poor, by supplying them with warm clothing, comforts, etc." The rule is that every member must do a kind deed every day. The plan of the organization is not unlike our own Lend-a-Hand clubs in this country; and the League, and some of the clubs recognizing the same object, have opened correspondence which enlarges the work on both sides of the Atlantic. Several branches of the League have contributed to building a Home for Destitute Children in Chertsey. From sixteen to twenty children are cared for in this Home, the youngest a wee baby. The board of the inmates is paid by the branch which sends them. The League, which is growing stronger every day, owns about seven acres of land in Surrey, where the Home is situated, and it hopes to erect more cottages as the work becomes known and subscriptions are sent in. This is, to a great degree, the work of children only.

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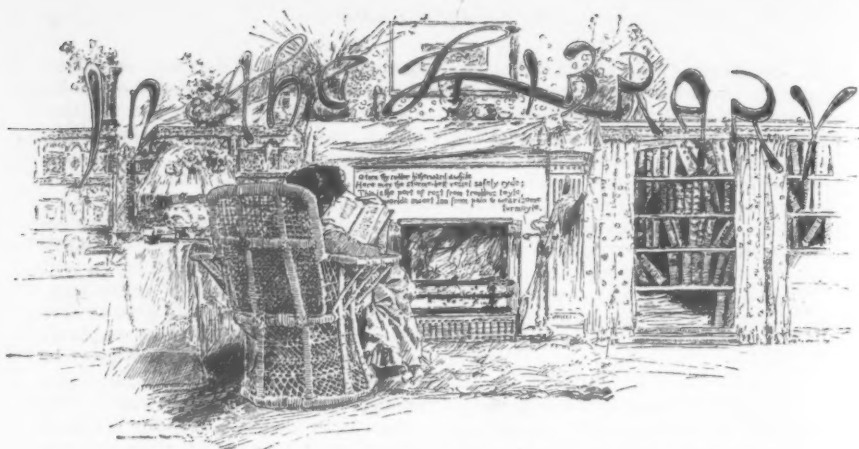
SAND-GARDENS.—In connection with the vacation schools, although quite separate from them, should be mentioned the "sand-gardens" of the Massachusetts Emergency and Hygiene Association. Three years ago the plan was first proposed, and in three obscure back yards heaps of sand were placed where the little waifs of the street could come and dig and play. Last year the School Board granted the use of as many of the yards of the school-houses as the Asso-

ciation might choose to use. In seven school-yards were placed heaps of sand, matrons were provided to oversee the children, and reins, bean-bags, and other playthings were added to the shovels and pails given to the children for use in the yard. The yards are open during the school vacations, four afternoons each week, during a season of eight weeks, at an expense of one dollar per child only. The children enjoy this play so much that for an hour before the yard is opened they may be seen clustered about the gate waiting for the matron to come. There is a marked improvement in the conduct of the children. They come cleaner than they did, as they see that the matron is pleased when they do so, and their manners are less rough. There is, however, room still for great improvement. The ladies in charge are actively at work securing contributions to enlarge their work in the coming season.

* * *

LADIES' GUIDES.—There is an institution in London of recent origin, which suggests a way to women of our own country to a new occupation. This is the "Ladies' Guide Association," situated at No. 121 Pall Mall, S.W., and is now in working order. This is a bureau of information where strangers can make known their wants, meet their friends, read their newspapers, and pass a pleasant hour.

Visitors can secure boarding places, and engage a lady guide well qualified for her duties, who will conduct them to all places of interest. The guides are intelligent ladies, refined and educated, and ready to assist strangers in any way they can. It is said that ladies in society have found this office to be a convenience, and send there whenever they need a lady to assist them in the various calls made upon their time. No one would think of offering a fee to one of these guides. It is not allowed by the Association, and the dignified manner of the guide would exclude all thought of it. Why should not New York, Brooklyn, Chicago, or Boston have just such an Association? There are certainly people who would gladly patronize it, and there must be intelligent women who would fill the position of guide with dignity, to the satisfaction of the strangers.



MR. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER has put stay-at-home Americans under lasting obligations by writing his "Studies in the South and West, with Comments on Canada." This is a country of magnificent distances, and not one inhabitant in a thousand finds enough time and money to enable him to see all parts of his native land for himself. News letters offer some information; so do commercial travelers: but the latter have their vision bounded by the business horizon; and the letter-writers, being wise in their day and generation, have acquired great skill in separating chaff from wheat, and sending the former to the newspapers, under the supposition that chaff best suits those who devour their news in haste. In this respect correspondents agree with the omnipresent writer of humorous paragraphs about cities other than his own; no one can get funny lines out of reputable facts, so fancy must make the most of faults. Within a thousand miles of the metropolis are a dozen or more great cities, each a center of business, intelligence, and social life. Yet regarding these the average American knows—or imagines—principally that Boston interests itself mainly in baked beans and Browning's poems; Philadelphians divide their time between tracing genealogies and shopping at Wanamaker's; Baltimore is devoted to beauty and horse-races; Cincinnati dotes on classical music, with beer and hot sausage between the numbers; Chicago is given over to pork-packing and large-eared women; St.

Louis is remarkable chiefly for the enormous sizes of feminine shoes worn there; and so on, *ad nauseam*. All this would be amusing were it not deplorable; the cities named are part of our common country; only in a slight sense are they rivals of one another; each is admirably contributing to the general good and prosperity of the commonwealth, and all should be objects of patriotic interest and pride.

Mr. Warner's book is a capital antidote to pernicious misconceptions as to the individuality of our great cities, and a welcome if not complete reply to many earnest questions which are oftener asked than answered. The author has visited some of the larger cities of the South and West for the purpose of studying them individually and by comparison; he has not restricted himself to any social or business set, and he evidently has used his eyes and wits as industriously as his ears. The consequence is a series of essays rather than reports; and the tone of all is likely to delight the residents of the cities described, and to largely inform all remaining Americans who are interested in the general subject. It must not be supposed, from this, that Mr. Warner has indulged in indiscriminate laudation; on the contrary, he is frequently critical. A man whose standards of comparison are naturally the older cities of the Eastern States can not fail to see room for improvement in places which were mere hamlets within the memory of men yet living; on the other hand, however, he does not fail to instance particulars in which the East can learn of the West.

Mr. Warner destroys entirely the common impression that everything in the West and South is rude, coarse, and unfinished, and that the people, particularly in the West, are ignorant, selfish, and wholly devoted to money-making. In Chicago he saw the largest dry-goods shop in America, the finest collection of rare volumes he ever found in a bookstore, and many of the most charming residences, without and within, in the United States. He found a quality of local enterprise and pride to which New York has long been a stranger. In all the Western cities he found intelligent and refined society. The thoughtful reader will wonder how it could have been otherwise; for have not the older States been sending some of their best young men and women West by thousands every year? There is a mighty "New England Association" in each of the Western cities; there might be great New York associations also, did not immigrants from the Empire State have a way of regarding the whole world as a mere suburb of the metropolis. Western pulpits are luring some of our prominent preachers with golden bait; Western colleges are coaxing good instructors from Eastern universities, and young Western men who have been architects of their own fortunes are coming East for wives. In territory and resources the West may be peculiar to itself, but in population it is largely a new East, formed of material which the older East could ill afford to lose; for, beside being nearly all of young, rich blood, it is marked by the enterprise, enthusiasm, and hopefulness that are stimulated by new opportunities.

Of the South Mr. Warner writes appreciatively and with admiration. Recognizing her transitional condition, he yet marvels at the rapidity and ability with which some changes have been made and others are making. Of Southern progress, as of that of the West, he writes in considerable detail; all of his impressions and opinions are fortified by facts, so the reader has not to be satisfied with a lot of generalizations, such as mark the conversation of the chance traveler returning from a tour. The author traveled, looked, and talked with a distinct purpose, and the result is a book which

must stand alone among those that purport to be of its kind.

Of Canada, our closest blood relation and nearest neighbor, the people of the United States know less than of England and France, so the closing chapter of Mr. Warner's book is quite as full of needed information as the others. With many interests in common, our country and Canada keep each other at arms' length by suspicious born of ignorance, and many of them are on this side of the border. Whatever may be Canada's political destiny, we can not prevent it or benefit ourselves by remaining uninformed regarding Canada's resources and people, Canada's hopes, fears, and aspirations. As our relations with the Dominion are oftener "strained" than any others, it would be only common sense to inform ourselves at better sources than perennial rantings about fisheries outrages.

JOHN HABBERTON.

"THE COMING SCHOOL."

"A GOOD education is that which gives to the body and to the soul all the beauty and all the perfection of which they are capable," said that sayer of great truths in happy phrases, Plato; and it is with his words of wisdom that Ellen E. Kenyon prefaces her little volume, containing what she has to contribute to the gradual evolution of the ideal school where this ideal education can be obtained. That many steps in the path to this greatly desired goal yet remain to be taken was very clearly demonstrated in Caroline B. Le Row's "English as She is Taught." That book took away the public breath. Was it possible that our admirable educational machine turned out such little blockheads as appeared from the absurd answers and wildly ridiculous examination papers of the children in the public schools? It seemed incredible, but Miss Le Row's testimony was not to be doubted, and her book brought about a sudden revulsion of feeling concerning the machine that we had all hitherto so much admired and trusted. The trouble is that the pendulum swung too far up on the other side. Any one who has undergone the trials of examination

knows that the excitement often trips one into a perfect slough of blunders about questions that in calmer moments could be answered with perfect ease. And even self-poised adults, when propounded a sudden problem, not uncommonly find themselves nonplused. How much more is this true of a nervous child who feels a vague terror of the vast kingdom of knowledge, any one of whose contents he may be suddenly called upon to identify, and, being possessed of an idea that some answer must be given, blurts out replies that convince the unthinking questioner that he is wanting in the first rudiments of intelligence.

Beyond a doubt, mere parrot teaching has been carried too far; but in the realization of this the tide is setting far too strongly against it. That Plato's definition of education is the correct one is admitted; but the burning question remains unsolved of *how* to give an education that will give to soul and body all the beauty and perfection of which they are capable. Ellen Kenyon writes "The Coming School" to prove that further development along the line laid down by Fröbel and Pestalozzi is the way to achieve the greatly-longed-for result. She dwells upon the supreme importance of beginning right, and upon the foolish policy which gives young children in the primary departments, where all their first ideas are formed and habits of mind fixed, to inexperienced and poorly paid teachers; and this point is an important one, extremely well taken and skillfully put. The Jesuits are credited with the saying: "Give us a child till he's twelve, and you may have him for the rest of his life," recognizing that in those years the twig is bent at the angle to which the mature tree will be inclined. Miss Kenyon would apply the kindergarten system in its fullest sense to children in this period, and says in italics: "*object lessons should supply and comprise nearly all the work of the primary schools.*" This is true enough, but it must be qualified by a proviso as to the form these object lessons would take. If they are to be like those she quotes from actual use, some parents at least would hesitate to trust the formation of their children's minds to them. The course is a series of pamphlets entitled "Busy Bee Stories

for Children who Like to be as Busy as Bees," and No. 1 begins:

"Willie ran into the house as he came home from school, and shouted: 'Oh, mamma, guess what we have studied at school to-day!'

"'I can not guess,' said mamma. . . .

"'We have studied about oranges and lemons and limes and cranberries.'

"'What did you find out about these good things, Willie?' asked mamma.

"'We found out that the orange is orange color, the lemon is yellow,' etc.

A wonderful increase of knowledge surely! Then other exercises are instanced of the teacher holding up a box, and asking its shape, color, size, and so on, and giving a lesson on the window, its color, size, shape, material, number of panes, etc. This is all very well, but a child has not only to be taught to observe, but also to train the memory, to learn habits of application, and to master details by study as well as to reason from facts when grasped. The idea of the kindergarten is well enough, but as applied to-day there is far too much play and not enough work; too much singing and making of mud-pies, and not enough training in the bending of the mind to grasp tedious details. That songs and rhymes and object lessons are an aid to memory has been demonstrated beyond a doubt, but the difficulty in all this business is that the songs are not about anything in particular as a rule, generally to the effect that

"This is the way we wash our clothes, so early Monday morning."

The object lesson is too apt to be nothing more than a mere making of mud pies or wearing of colored papers, with no resultant fact left in the child's memory. It is a suggestive commentary upon the faults of the system that a bright, acquisitive-minded child is always desperately bored by a kindergarten, and is prone to say, "But, mamma, I know all that already," and to turn eagerly to books instead. The mistake of both teacher and purveyor of children's literature to-day is to endeavor to come down to the child's level instead of lifting the child up to theirs. There is a perfect flood of infantile babble in the school-books, and children's bookshelves are loaded with "Boy's King

Arthur," and "Boy's Iliad," and so on. If the child went to the original he would fail to comprehend much of what he read, of course; but he would widen his powers in the very effort to grasp the unfamiliar. Teeth do not grow upon a constant diet of spoon food, nor muscles develop upon a road where the mountains are leveled and the valleys filled. There is far too much mental coddling going on among the teachers and trainers of children just now. There is no necessity of returning to the old brutal methods of dead languages pounded into the brain with the master's ferule, but it is as well not to enfeeble the children by removing all necessity of exertion on their part.

ELIZABETH BISLAND.

AN ALTER EGO.

A GOOD many years ago a certain female novelist published a book entitled "Too Strange Not to be True." Now the very title of this book indicates an error in art. Fiction should never be as strange as the truth. For the truth may be not only strange, but demonstrably absurd; while fiction, on the contrary, should always have a certain air of plausibility; it should be logically coherent; it should not shock the credulity of the reader. Fiction may, indeed, be impossible, but never improbable. When Dickens endeavored to defend the spontaneous combustion of his drunkard in "Bleak House," by appealing to similar instances in real life, he showed himself ignorant of this cardinal principle in art. We can tolerate in real life the improbabilities which we can not admit into fiction. The fat ladies of fiction must not weigh over two hundred and fifty pounds, in spite of the freaks in the museums. The existence of bearded ladies and dog-faced boys can not be recognized outside of actual life. Again, the same master nodded when he complained: "I have never touched a character precisely from the life, but some counterpart of that character has incredulously asked me, 'Now, really, did I ever see one like it?'" Indeed, both the inquirer and the novelist here are far astray, for the point at issue in every question of artistic creation is not whether a model sat for this or that

figure, but whether the figure itself is lifelike, probable, consistent; whether it impresses the beholder at once as a living and breathing entity. If you have to stop and ask "Is this true, is this lifelike?" the whole effect is lost, and the case is hopeless if you have to be argued into a belief of its verisimilitude. Moreover, the artist, the creator, should be in touch with a higher truth than comes within the purview of the dealer in the mere dry bones of fact. A photograph of John Smith is not half as real as one of Raphael's cherubs.

The clever author of "The Romance of an Alter Ego" has chosen a plot which is striking, ingenious, and as original as may be in these latter days when all the stories have been told. He handles his materials skillfully, the interest is sustained throughout, and if we were left to ourselves the illusion would be perfect. Of our own volition we should never stop to question the probability of the story. But Mr. Brice makes a mistake in continually jogging our elbows and asking us to listen to argument showing that similar incidents have happened over and over again in the land of fact! "Hang the land of fact!" says the irreverent reader, "we are in the land of fiction now, and we are satisfied that exactly these incidents did occur there."

And, indeed, this continual juxtaposition of the land of fact and the land of fiction produces at last the very sense of incredulity which the author is striving to guard against. We do not mind that the famous Diss De Barr masquerades here under the name of Rebecca Seaton, for it is one of the privileges of the novelist to introduce real characters under an alias. But we are bewildered when real extracts are cut out of real periodicals like *The New York World* and *The North American Review*,—cut out, too, by the autobiographical hero for the express purpose of convincing the reader that his story is a probable one. We can believe in dreams, we can believe in waking facts; but we can believe in neither when we are half way between sleeping and waking, with both states pressing upon us for recognition. Leave us to our dreams, good Mr. Author, conjure up your illusions, and if they are in harmony with

the conditions of Dreamland we will accept them for the moment. But do not disturb our slumbers.

This defect, however, is not so serious as to make us lose our interest in what is really one of the best novels of the season. The plot turns upon a case of mistaken identity, which leads the hero and the other characters through a mingled comedy and tragedy of errors—the secret of all these perplexing entanglements being well kept until the very end. There is real humor in many of the situations, and touches of true pathos. Intertwined with the warp and woof of the story are the machinations and plottings of mesmerists, clairvoyants, anarchists, and socialists. The author has a manly grasp upon the leading questions of to-day, and, what is even better, he has the courage of his opinions. You may or may not agree with him; you recognize that here is a man who has thought for himself, who has not allowed himself to be biased by the environment in which Fate has placed him, and who tells the truth as he sees it.

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|---|--|-----|
| The Reconstruction of the French Army. <i>Illustrated.</i> | COUNT PAUL VASIL..... | 533 |
| <i>From Edouard Detaille's L'Armée Française.</i> | | |
| An Original Social Experiment—Tuxedo. <i>Illustrated.</i> | B. L. R. DANE..... | 557 |
| A Great Iowa Farming Region. <i>Illustrated.</i> | S. R. DAVIS..... | 567 |
| High and Low Tide. (POEM.) <i>Illustrated.</i> | SUSAN H. SWETT..... | 576 |
| The Ritual Music of the Greek Church. <i>Illustrated.</i> | D. E. HERVEY..... | 577 |
| The Two Roads. (POEM.) <i>Illustrated.</i> | B. ZIM..... | 583 |
| Volapük. <i>Illustrated.</i> | P. G. HUBERT, Jr..... | 584 |
| Egypt Under the Khedive. <i>Illustrated.</i> | FRANK G. CARPENTER..... | 589 |
| In New Mexico. (POEM.) | CHARLES F. LUMMIS..... | 592 |
| Wealthy Women of America. <i>Illustrated.</i> | WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS..... | 593 |
| Base Ball. IN THE FIELD PAPERS. <i>Illustrated.</i> | A. G. SPALDING..... | 603 |
| From "The Point" to the Plains. <i>Illustrated.</i> | CAPT. CHARLES KING, U.S.A..... | 613 |
| <i>From Drawings by Dan Beard, Arthur Yale Goodman, and V. Grishayeff, and Photographs taken from life (through kindness of officers and visitors at West Point).</i> | | |
| Social Problems. | EDWARD EVERETT HALE..... | 650 |
| In the Library. | { JOHN HABERTON ELIZABETH BISLAND } WILLIAM S. WALSH | 654 |

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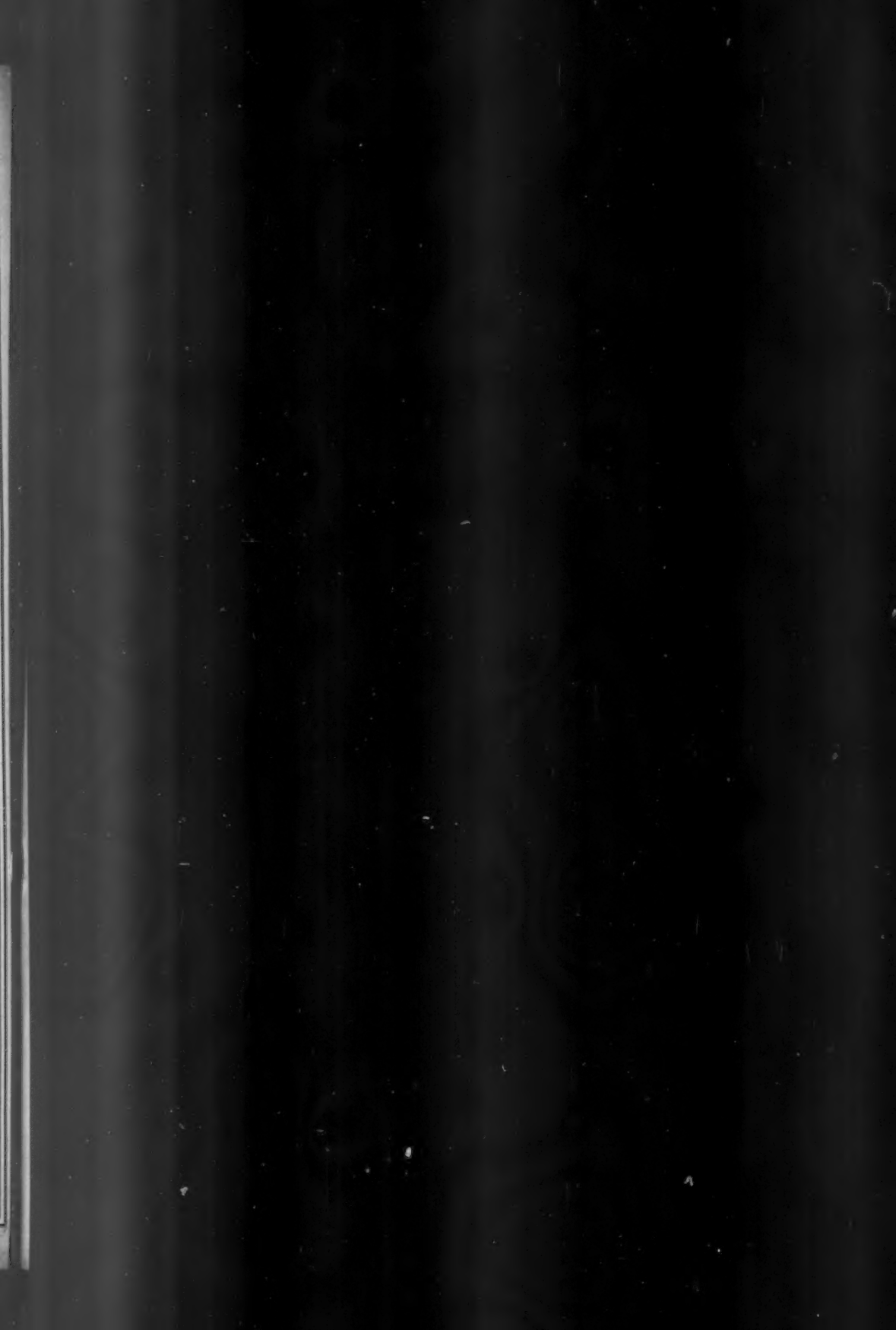
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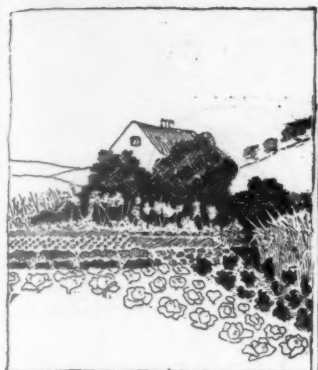
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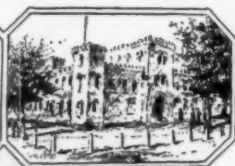
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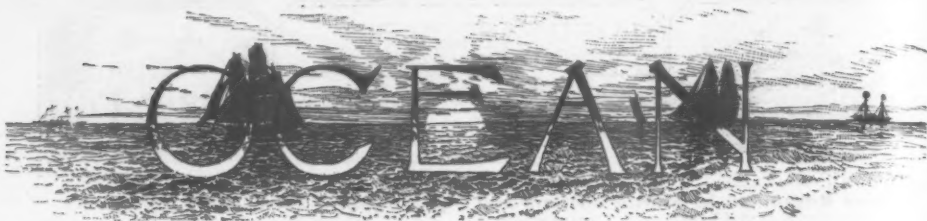
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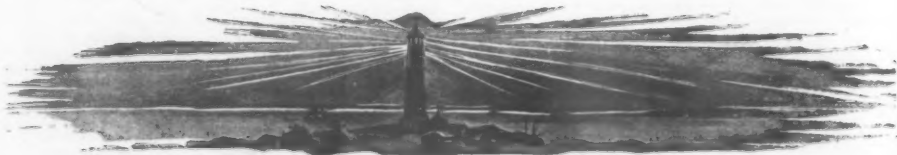
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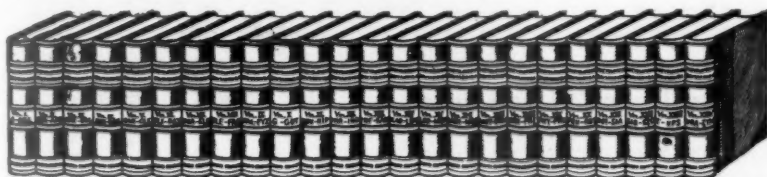
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Edition for October, 30,000 Copies.

"LEAPING INTO PUBLIC FAVOR."

THE NEW COSMOPOLITAN has been received with evidences of public favor such as have never been accorded to but one other magazine. It meets appreciation with renewed effort, and with the October issue the number of pages is increased to 128 (an addition of 24 pages, making it equal in size to Scribner's, while the price—\$2.40 a year—remains unchanged), to make room for a complete illustrated story in each number. Editorial extracts given below, and taken at random from the press of every part of the country, show that it is not subscribers alone who so kindly welcome THE COSMOPOLITAN.

At its price, THE COSMOPOLITAN is the brightest, most varied, and best edited of the magazines.—*New York Times*.

There is a charm and fascination about THE COSMOPOLITAN that every one feels, and which, like all charm, defies analysis. The appearance of the magazine is so attractive, the type so clear, the illustrations so beautiful. And with this the articles are full of breezy thought and pleasant suggestions. It wins favor for itself even before opening, by its attractive cover and color designs—an attraction that deepens by dipping still further into its contents. The department of Social Problems, by Dr. Hale, is so vital, so full of strong suggestion and truth, that its appearance lends a great distinction to the periodical presenting it.—*Boston Traveller*.

The COSMOPOLITAN for August comes to us with a rich, full and varied list of contents. THE COSMOPOLITAN now ranks foremost among the illustrated monthlies, and in this number there are no less than eleven richly illustrated articles.—*Lynchburg Daily Republican, Va.*

THE COSMOPOLITAN for June is truly a cosmopolitan magazine, and it is working its way into the homes of multitudes of readers of good literature.—*Topeka Mail, Kansas*.

This periodical, under its new management, has become one of the foremost magazines of the country. The August number is especially bright and interesting, and its excellent typography, its beautiful illustrations, and admirable make-up, contribute in no small measure to the reader's pleasure.—*Washington Post*.

THE COSMOPOLITAN for August is one of the most attractive magazines ever issued anywhere. Filled with the most delightful reading matter of splendid variety, its illustrations are not only profuse, but rich, and in all its appointments it is simply luxurious. One feels like handling it daintily, so choice and elegant is it in its general get-up.—*Erie Dispatch, Pa.*

THE COSMOPOLITAN is one of the most entertaining of the monthlies, and appears to be rapidly growing in public favor.—*Briv. of Republican, Taunton, Mass.*

THE COSMOPOLITAN has shown itself to be one of the most enterprising and interesting of our magazines, and must secure wide popularity.—*Christian Register, Boston*.

Each number strongly sustains the standing of this bright young magazine by the timeliness of its subjects and the crispness of its varied contents.—*Kansas City Times*.

The August number of THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE is filled from cover to cover with interesting reading matter, and the illustrations scattered through its pages are of a high order of merit.—*The Lumberman, Chicago*.

THE COSMOPOLITAN for July is a superbly illustrated number, and has an abundance of readable matter.—*The Age, Belfast, Me.*

THE COSMOPOLITAN is an illustrated monthly which has only to be seen to be appreciated.—*Kansas City Commercial*.

The ever interesting COSMOPOLITAN has come for August.—*Daily Commercial, Bangor, Me.*

THE COSMOPOLITAN for July is well filled with bright and taking stories and historical matter, well illustrated.—*The Christian Standard, Boston*.

THE COSMOPOLITAN for July is full of interesting and instructive articles. This monthly is growing in favor with every new number.—*The Item, Mansfield, Pa.*

THE COSMOPOLITAN for August appears to-day. It is profusely illustrated, and has practical as well as entertaining articles.—*Evening Gazette, Worcester, Mass.*

The contents of the August COSMOPOLITAN have all something to recommend them to the reader's attention. Each of the contributions is notable in its own way, and will furnish thoughtful and entertaining reading for every reader.—*Boston Times*.

THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE, which of late has made great strides into public favor.—*Republican Journal, Belfast, Me.*

THE COSMOPOLITAN for August is a handsome number of a remarkably bright magazine.—*Vox Populi, Lowell, Mass.*

THE COSMOPOLITAN for July brings regrets that we missed the June number.—*Herald, Grand Haven, Mich.*

As will be seen by its list of attractions, this number of THE COSMOPOLITAN is unusually strong, and compares favorably for interest with the older monthlies. The new management gave promise of great enterprise, a promise now made good by fulfillment.—*Buffalo Courier*.

THE COSMOPOLITAN has a close touch with popular feelings and enterprises, so that its pages reflect current life in a decisive and interesting manner.—*Boston Journal*.

This illustrated monthly of late has been climbing right up among the best publications of its kind.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*.

There is not an unreadable article in THE COSMOPOLITAN. Since this magazine came to New York it has become infused with the journalistic spirit, and its pages are made up of what in journalist's parlance is called "lively reading."—*N. Y. Critic*.

THE COSMOPOLITAN occupies a field not exactly filled by any other monthly publication, and its low price has always seemed remarkable, in view of the quantity, variety, and excellent literary quality of its offerings.—*Providence Journal*.

There are many fine articles in prose and verse, and the magazine deserves a high rank.—*Massachusetts Ploughman, Boston*.

The June number of THE COSMOPOLITAN is of a character thoroughly to sustain the reputation of this excellent monthly. The illustrations are exceptionally fine. They are executed with warmth and naturalness as well as with great artistic excellence.—*Boston Commonwealth*.

THE COSMOPOLITAN comes to the book table crisp and bright as a freshly plucked June rose.—*Teledo Journal*.

THE COSMOPOLITAN for July is full of interest. The new management of this excellent journal gives decided evidence that it will not be content with maintaining its former standard of excellence.—*The Eagle, Butler, Pa.*

THE COSMOPOLITAN, with its pages rich in illustration of the pleasant text of essay, song, and story, is one of the most readable of the magazines. The whole number is good, and twenty-five cents could hardly be better spent.—*Baltimore American*.

THE COSMOPOLITAN, the peer of any of the popular magazines of the day, both as regards literary contents and illustrations, is rapidly moving up to the front rank in circulation, and is destined soon to hustle the best of the standard periodicals. It is now come to be an established requirement in the conduct of magazines, as it is in newspapers, that their contents shall be timely, and in this regard THE COSMOPOLITAN is in no manner lacking.—*Erie Review, Pa.*

That THE COSMOPOLITAN has many readers is not to be wondered at, for its contents are interesting and varied, and the illustrations always suited to the text.—*Boston Times*.

THE COSMOPOLITAN is a model popular magazine.—*Albany Argus*.

THE COSMOPOLITAN is one of the best magazines that can be printed, and should find a place on every library table.—*Buffalo Medical Journal*.

THE COSMOPOLITAN, of New York, is a model. It is one of the finest illustrated magazines in America.—*Jeffersonian, Ohio*.

THE COSMOPOLITAN for August furnishes a most interesting table of contents for this hot weather, and any quantity of rare illustrations. This is one of the brightest, prettiest, and most readable publications that reaches our table, full of matter both valuable and entertaining, and without a single stupid or heavy page about it.—*Democratic Watchman, Bellefonte, Pa.*

For August THE COSMOPOLITAN is a bright and sparkling issue, replete with elegant illustrations and gems of literature.—*The Souvenir, Jefferson, Iowa*.

There is no deterioration in *THE COSMOPOLITAN*. On the contrary, each issue of this sterling magazine maintains the high standard of excellence attained by its predecessors, and marks an onward step in the career of the publication.—*Plain Speaker*, Hamilton, Pa.

THE COSMOPOLITAN is nearing the end of its sixth volume, and it certainly is maintaining its early-gained reputation for timely and clever descriptive articles and for modern-looking, well-made illustrations.—*Chicago Interior*.

The profusion of illustrations in *THE COSMOPOLITAN* for June constitutes an exceptional attraction of itself, for the engravings are of fine tone, and full of spirit, and therefore add much to the force of the text.—*The Citizen*, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Frequent occasion has been taken here to do credit to the intelligence with which *THE COSMOPOLITAN* is edited from month to month.—*Providence Daily Journal*.

THE COSMOPOLITAN for August has been received, and it is not only one of the finest magazines published, but it is one of the cheapest.—*Topeka Mail*, Kan.

It more than deserves its success. It is the only cheap and popular monthly which has a high intellectual tone and is at the same time bright, newsworthy and artistic.—*New York Journalist*.

The marvel is how the publishers can give so much for the money.—*Phila. Evening Call*.

It is not loaded with ponderous essays and sham aestheticism, and mystic inanities of fiction and verse. It is the sort of periodical the public likes, and it is cheap.—*Town Topics*, N. Y.

Its illustrations are excellent, and the topics discussed are invariably interesting. It has more articles in each number that are readable, and fewer uninteresting pages, than any of its contemporaries. It is only \$2.40 per annum, and it is richly worth the price.—*Boston Journal*.

THE COSMOPOLITAN is only \$2.40 a year, but it is equal to the \$4.00 magazines.—*Daily Crescent*, Frankfort, Ind.

THE COSMOPOLITAN gives evidence of superior excellence in its every department, and it meets the requirements of a large class of readers.—*Chicago Mining Review*.

THE COSMOPOLITAN for July is a superb number.—*The Record-Union*, Sacramento, Cal.

THE COSMOPOLITAN displays excellent intelligence in its editorial management, and is a strong candidate for public favor.—*The Churchman*, N. Y.

THE COSMOPOLITAN has, as usual, an attractive table of contents. Its articles are eminently readable, and the whole makes a combination thoroughly enjoyable to one in need of reading for relaxation, which is not at the same time relaxing to literary taste or to morals.—*Evening Herald*, Duluth, Wis.

The finest number of any magazine that has reached this office recently is the June number of *THE COSMOPOLITAN*. It more than compares favorably with Harper's and Century.—*The Perry Sun*, Mich.

THE COSMOPOLITAN for May is on our table, bright and beautiful, and crowded with literature of a most entertaining and instructive character. The current number is profusely and elegantly illustrated, a prominent feature of this excellent periodical, and contains contributions from the ablest writers in the literary world. *THE COSMOPOLITAN* is rapidly taking the lead among magazine publications.—*Tobacco Age*, N. Y.

THE COSMOPOLITAN pages for July prove very attractive.—*Faith and Works*, Philadelphia.

THE COSMOPOLITAN for August is out. This magazine is one of the brightest and most attractive of American magazines. It is printed on fine paper, in plain clear type, and the illustrations are remarkably good. The magazine treats of the living topics of the day in the most interesting manner.—*Fullon Co. Tribune*, Wauseonia, O.

THE COSMOPOLITAN for August is at hand. This new magazine is taking the highest rank, and becoming immensely popular among the now rapidly increasing class of readers who can appreciate, and who seek for magazine literature that combines the fascinations of fancy and splendid writing with depth of thought and soundness of philosophy. *THE COSMOPOLITAN* is a rare combination of beauty and power.—*The Democrat*, Albion, Ind.

THE COSMOPOLITAN for July is a very interesting number.—*Baltimore Telegram*.

THE COSMOPOLITAN magazine comes gallantly up to the wonderful stress of competition which is now ruling in that department of literature. Its articles are original and striking, and their variety is great, while its illustrations command the approbation of the critical. It is an excellent magazine.—*New York Sun*.

The always animated *COSMOPOLITAN* has a lively variety of papers.—*Brooklyn Times*.

THE COSMOPOLITAN moves right along with a steady march to success, and with excellent claims for patronage in its carefully prepared and magnificently illustrated contents.—*Plattsburgh Sentinel*, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

In noting the various magazines *The Inter-Ocean* intended to especially commend the May number of *THE COSMOPOLITAN*. In the excellence and variety of its text and fine illustrations this magazine, usually good, excelled itself. It has steadily and deservedly grown in public favor.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

THE COSMOPOLITAN est une revue littéraire américaine de premier ordre, comptant au nombre de ses collaborateurs les écrivains les plus distingués des Etats-Unis.—*Le Progrès de l'Est*, Sherbrooke, P. Q.

THE COSMOPOLITAN, under its enterprising management, is making a tremendous bid for public favor. It deserves a wide and remunerative popularity.—*Buffalo Express*.

THE COSMOPOLITAN in fact takes rank with the best of our magazines.—*Syracuse Courier*, N. Y.

THE COSMOPOLITAN is a first-class illustrated magazine.—*Daily Herald*, Norristown, Pa.

The August *COSMOPOLITAN* just out is better than ever, showing the growth and importance of this magazine.—*Torrington Register*, Conn.

THE COSMOPOLITAN for August is a very bright number of that excellent magazine.—*Evening Star*, Schenectady, N. Y.

A pleasing variety of subjects—popular subjects—liberally interspersed with poetry and spiced with dashes of fiction, make *THE COSMOPOLITAN* a readable publication.—*Evening News*, Newark.

The interest and variety of the programme of *THE COSMOPOLITAN* at once attract attention and promise a feast of summer reading. Description and biography occupy the chief place, and as nearly every article is illustrated, the appearance of the magazine assists its matter.—*Boston Journal*.

THE COSMOPOLITAN for August has an attractive table of contents and a list of brilliant contributors such as should give luster to any magazine.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

Notwithstanding the powerful competition which it had to meet at its outset, *THE COSMOPOLITAN* Magazine has succeeded in winning a measure of public favor and success rarely accorded to any magazine of its class, and by its original, timely and sparkling articles, and its illustrations of true and high artistic merit, has placed itself in the very front rank of our best periodical literature. To speak of it as excellent is to say but very little. The papers which compose it touch the thought and purpose of the day, and are therefore alive with interest to the reader. Its articles are from the pens of men who are identified with the profoundest scholarship of our time, as well as with the most active and pushing energies in all the departments of enterprise and development. Such a magazine introduced into a household, especially where there are young people, is an educator of no mean force, and, as such, worth many times over its pecuniary cost. It is a refiner too, coming with its freight of beauty and its exhibit of artistic excellence, and awakening in its path a taste for the beautiful and refined.—*Christian at Work*, New York.

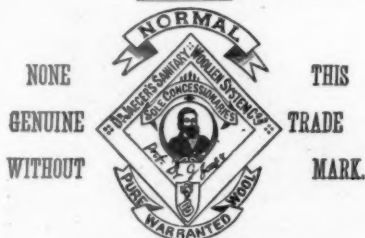
In this class of periodicals *The Times* must place *THE COSMOPOLITAN*, of New York, first. This it does without prompting or pay. It has over a hundred as well filled pages as the world can furnish. Take the April number, for instance. Here is a table of contents that would tempt the most methodical student. What are we charged for this magnificent feast? The small sum of twenty-five cents! Two dollars and forty cents a year! And yet *THE COSMOPOLITAN* is the equal of, if not the superior to, most of the four-dollar magazines. Surely the day of cheap literature has come, and there is no excuse for any one remaining in ignorance of the best literature in the language. Success to the pioneers in this movement to bring the best thought of the age within the reach of the humblest in the land!—*Daily Times*, San Antonio, Texas.

In none of the magazines is the evidence of editorial discrimination and the command of ample resources more apparent than in *THE COSMOPOLITAN*. Say what one pleases about the swarm of modern magazines, and the intense competition which crowds into the rear all that have not fairly won their footing, it remains true that once in a while a new magazine, or an old one revived, goes to the front with a bound and stays there. This has become true of *THE COSMOPOLITAN*. It is wonderfully improved under its present control, and is full of fresh interest and diversified value.—*Congregationalist*, Boston.

That elegant magazine, *THE COSMOPOLITAN*, is on our table, and we must confess we are greatly delighted with it. The illustrations are fine, and the literary excellence of the magazine is unquestionable.—*Evangelical Messenger*, Philadelphia.

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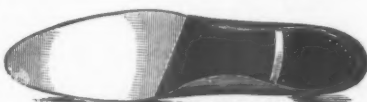
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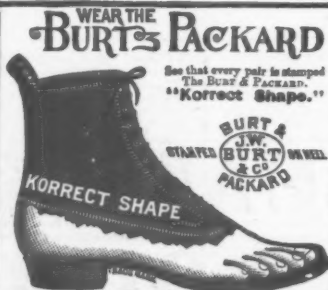
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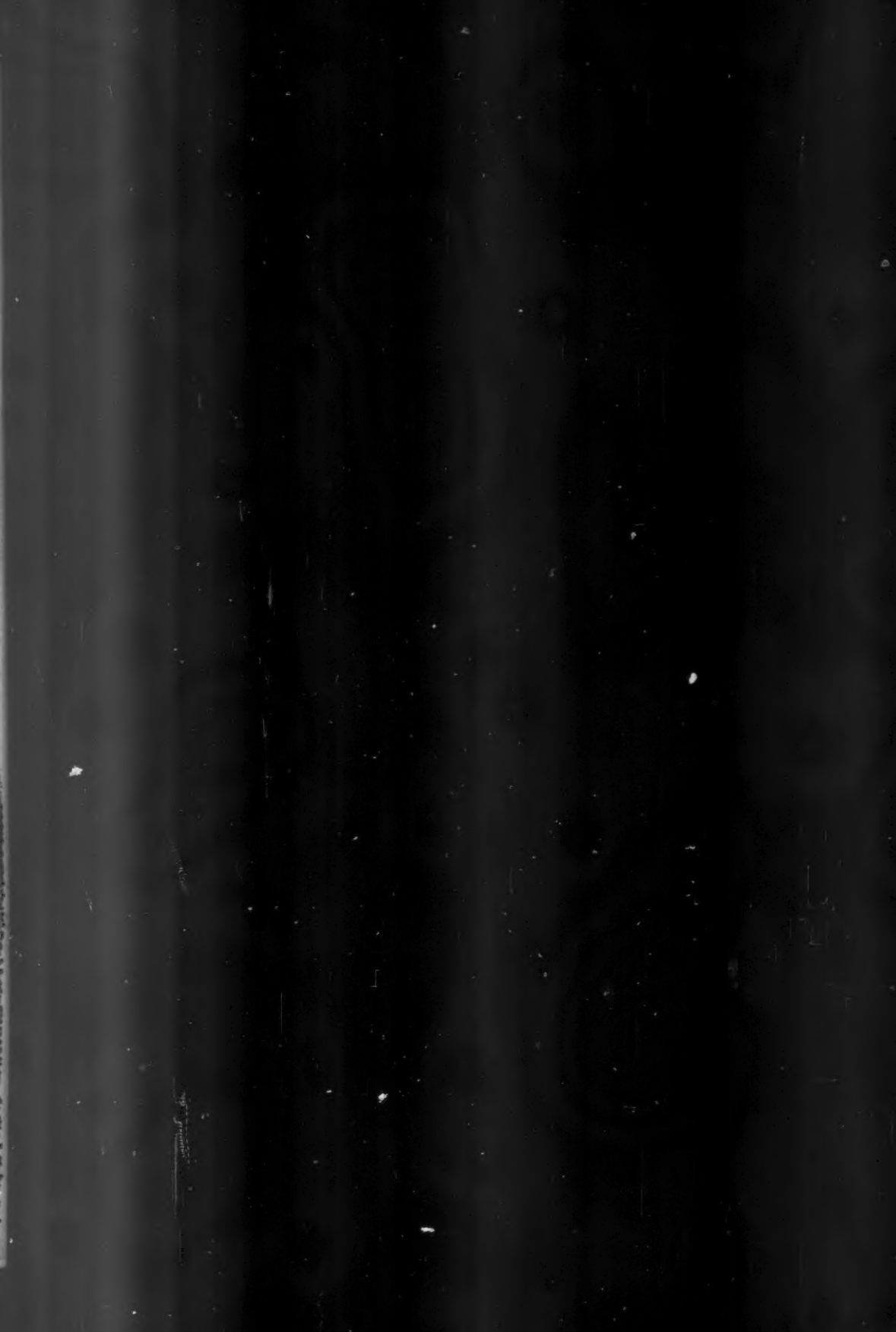
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THE SECURITY offered is first mortgage on improved and unimproved city property in Tacoma, Washington Territory. We do not make loans on farm or outside property, confining our operations to this city, where we live and KNOW every foot of ground in it. Property here has been continually increasing in value, and the same causes that have made the appreciation in the past will continue to operate in the future. The principal element of stability and prosperity in this city is its exceptional geographical situation, being the natural key and distributing point for the country west of the Rockies and North of the Columbia River. It is the terminus of the N. P. R. R., which, with its branches, drain and distribute to the back country. It is also connected by numerous steamboats with the 1,300 miles of coast line of Puget Sound, all of which center here, this being the head of deep water navigation, Puget Sound feeding from the North, and the Railroads from the South and East, Tacoma being like the hub of a wheel, the very center where all lines meet. This large and constantly increasing business gives profitable employment and occupation to all. Tacoma is the only United States port on the Sound containing grain elevators, of which it has three, with a capacity of 2,000,000 bushels per day, and it is believed that within two years we will ship more grain than any other Pacific Coast Port. At the present date there is under way for this port over 16,000 tons of shipping, including three tea ships from China. It pays vessels better to come to Tacoma, even from the South, as *we always have profitable cargoes for them*, so grown that the same vessels come in ballast for freight. This port is 80 miles nearer China than San Francisco, and it takes a week's time on a cargo of tea. The above facts make it very profitable for a merchant to pay even for the use of money, giving a mortgage on his home or property, and using said money in the active business of this place, or in improvements on said property. That this is so, is shown by the fact obtained from the City Clerk's office, that there has not been a foreclosure of a mortgage on Tacoma City property in SIX YEARS, with loans aggregating many millions of dollars.

A political map of the Puget Sound region in Washington, showing major cities, rivers, and transportation routes. The map includes labels for cities like Tacoma, Seattle, and Everett, and features like the Puget Sound, Puget Sound Canal, and various railroads. The map is oriented with North at the top.



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Prof. Chemistry and Toxicology in the New York Bellevue
Hospital Medical College. Prof. Chemistry
and Physics in the College of the
City of New York.

LEAVENING POWER

Of the various Baking Powders illustrated from actual tests.

| | |
|--|----------------------|
| ROYAL (Pure) | ████████████████████ |
| Grant's* (Alum) | ████████████████████ |
| Rumford's* (fresh) | ████████████████████ |
| Hanford's (when fresh) | ████████████████████ |
| Charm* (Alum Powder) | ████████████████████ |
| Davis* and O. K.* (Alum) | ████████████████████ |
| Cleveland's | ████████████████████ |
| Pioneer (San Francisco) | ████████████████████ |
| Osar | ████████████████████ |
| Dr. Price's | ████████████████████ |
| Snow Flake (Gross) | ████████████████████ |
| Congress | ████████████████████ |
| Hacker's | ████████████████████ |
| Gillet's | ████████████████████ |
| Hanford's (None Such), when not fresh | ████████████████████ |
| Pearl (Andrews & Co.) | ████████████████████ |
| Rumford's* (Phosphate), when not fresh | ████████████████████ |

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* All Alum Baking Powders, no matter how high their strength, are to be avoided as dangerous. Phosphate powders liberate their gas too freely, or under climatic changes suffer deterioration.

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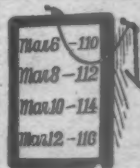


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